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MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

1927-1928

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COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U.S.N.

Reviews the year in aviation

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

A NATIONAL REVUE OF THE OUTSTANDING FIGURES, TRENDS AND EVENTS OF 1927–8

EDITED BY

HORACE WINSTON STOKES

ILLUSTRATED

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FIRST WE MUST SAY—

THIS isn't a "year book." It isn't an "almanack." It isn't in any sense a "record of facts." If facts and records are included (and there is no doubt that "Mirrors" does give a great deal of information about ourselves and what we are saying and doing) they are wholly incidental to the book's main purpose of providing both a review and a "revue" of to-day in the broader sense.

What Edith Wharton says, for example, about Mr. Sinclair Lewis as a novelist could hardly be strictly regarded as news of the year; and what John Erskine says in favor of manners and tact, could certainly not be included in a "year book," because it deals with trends, not with events.

No, indeed! In this "age of no manners at all" such articles have been published in "Mirrors" because we have tried to reflect certain things that year books do not ordinarily reflect and that will not, say in 1953, be known to any one except the intimate student of remote archæology (unless Mr. Guedalla is still writing). If it is true that we grow daily more bestial and gross, such articles as Mr. Sherwood's keen study of our humor, which consists, as he says, mostly of "loud belly laughs," will preserve these genial traits for the pleasure of the well brought up and pious generation that will certainly follow us—since we ourselves are far too selfish to have any save model children.

But articles like Dr. Erskine's and Mr. Sherwood's and Mr. Asbury's show only a part of what has been attempted in "Mirrors." The facts of the year, of course, have been handled from different angles by different

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writers. This is necessary. Aviation this year is also a factor of note in journalism, in science and in the affairs of the nation. Some articles, too, are gay; others are grave, still others seem unique. Mr. Bullard, for example, has written about the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case in a manner that does not often get between book covers, although such articles are, we believe, a very distinct contribution to American writing. Distinguished articles like Mr. Bullard's are seldom given the chance to be read "afterward" that a book sometimes affords.

Right here it may be said that "Mirrors" is very grateful to those magazines and periodicals whose names are listed on a following page as having permitted the use of copyrighted material. This material has been "keyed" a little, in two or three cases, to the needs of the book by their authors. In most cases, as in that of Commander Byrd's review of aviation, the articles were prepared especially for "Mirrors," and have not been published elsewhere.

Still further we must say, and say loudly, that the opinions of the writers are in every case their own; that no attempt has been made to hinder them in their views, even when these go directly against the views of editor or publisher.

As to the future—whether "Mirrors" is continued or not depends very largely on the reception of this issue. The publishers look on this volume, and that of last year, which was so ably edited by Grant Overton, as an experiment. They have spared no effort to give what they believe a new and excellent idea and one of some permanent historical value a fair chance for life. The decision is now with the readers.

THE EDITOR.

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MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

1927-1928

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

THAT "BIG PARADE" IN THE AIR

by Commander Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N.

AS an airman I was somewhat hesitant about undertaking the task of reviewing aeronautics during the year 1927. It was undoubtedly the most spectacular and, at the same time, most fruitful period in aviation's history. Those twelve months saw the industry spread its wings and grow. Man traveled faster and farther in the air than ever before; he made records and broke them in high frequency cycles. On every side airmen were embarking upon adventurous and scientific missions, amiably defiant of risks, confident of the worthiness of their machines.

Perhaps the missions some undertook were a bit too hazardous. None can deny that the toll of lives exacted in long-distance, transoceanic flights was heavy. But the indictment should not be laid solely to aviation's door. It was the moment's urge. The first brilliant successes—it happens in every field—generated an excitement for still more spectacular effort that would not be downed. For a while, during the summer, the noise of the opportunists' trumpetry engulfed the warnings of the wiser airmen. But in the end, when the tumult died away, and we could analyze our balance-sheet, the gain aviation had made was palpably there. Exploited for the first time on a large scale, it had won and found its place in the commerce of the world.

More important, however, than this technical advance was the advance aviation made in public psychology.

For the first time, people began to think of an airplane as something besides a man-made contraption that flew—usually, and when it didn't go into a tail-spin. As one important flight succeeded another, as new speed, altitude and distance records were made, and a coöperating press presented details with color and accuracy, the public developed a sturdy air consciousness.

It is true that, up to a year ago, the interest people took in aeronautical matters was largely the same that they took in any exciting and dangerous project. The airplane was simply a freak instrument of war and stunt. They paid little heed to the broad progress it had made since the war, the slow molding of safety factors, the building of safe airplanes. An airplane for years remained simply an airplane—and those who could tell anything about one were few and far between.

But the aerial enterprises of the year changed all that. By the end of the summer there was scarcely a person who didn't know the difference between a biplane and a monoplane; a single-engined plane and tri-motored; the meaning of "cut the gun"; how Colonel Lindbergh found his way to Paris; and that not every plane is an open cockpit affair, draughty and uncomfortable for passenger and pilot. That is a side of the year's developments that can hardly be overemphasized. It meant that the public, long apathetic and timid about aviation, was at last ready to accept its intricacies as so much more information of everyday life. It had seen that the airplane was efficient and reliable. So it pricked up its ears and began to listen to its story.

The growth of this "aviation consciousness" was reflected in the quickened practical public interest in flying. Flying clubs were organized in many cities.

Among the colleges Yale and Princeton founded them. Municipalities on every side, suddenly conscious that a new era in transportation was knocking at their gate, built or provided for publicly owned and operated airports. By the end of the year, 1,000 of them had been established and the Department of Commerce plans to have 262 lighted and marked intermediate fields—double the present number—in operation by June, 1928.

Doctors used airplanes to hurry them to patients dying in isolated hamlets; business men used them to speed them to distant appointments, and never paused to make out their wills. A number of Wall Street men, grasping an opportunity to cut down the minutes between the morning grapefruit and the business desk, plan to use seaplanes as a new commuting vehicle between Long Island and Manhattan.

A detective used a plane to fly 760 miles to obtain extradition papers in a hurry, and another used one in a race to jail a man. A prominent society woman, suddenly discovering that she had unwittingly promised to attend two weddings on the same day, at widely separated points, kept her promise by means of an airplane.

A prominent business house bought a large tri-motored plane and put it into operation as a truck, dropping its cargo by means of parachutes where landing fields were not accessible. In the month of June, a well-known flying company carried 2,000 "joy hop" passengers—double the number of the entire preceding year; and a New York woman, who had missed her train, and had to be in San Francisco within two days for an important dinner appointment, paid $470 to be transported there over the air mail route. She made it.

An enterprising New Jersey realtor took his custom-

ers over his lots in an airplane; and a young millionaire, whose activities carried him to distant places, bought an airplane and used it with such success that he practically abandoned his automobiles. When floods inundated the Mississippi states and New England, the airplane was a valuable arm of relief, in fact often made first contact with isolated communities.

Edsel Ford, believing in a great future for aviation, gives much of his time to aviation and this in spite of his very onerous burdens as active head of the great Ford Motor Company. With his factory and great experimental plant he is helping the progress of aviation generally. The Du Ponts, who have always been interested, if academically, in aviation, incorporated with Giuseppe Bellanca, famous builder and designer, in a project for the building of planes.

The Wright Aeronautical Company, builders of the famous *Whirlwind,* or *J-5,* whose production in the past was largely consumed by military demands, reported that it could not fill by half outside demands for its motors. Nor could airplane companies, geared for a normal demand, come anywhere near supplying the demand for planes that came about the middle of summer. And Wall Street made its début, officially, into aviation when the members of a brokerage house organized the nucleus of a passenger-carrying service between North and South America.

Merely scattered incidents these, lifted at random out of the daily routine of the business, but they show how strongly the airplane has become implanted in everyday life. They prove that we have learned to recognize the certain advantages of this vehicle over all other transpor-

tation media. Once granted that sympathetic appraisal, aviation began to prosper. It had waited a long time.

It is hardly necessary to cast about for the single personality that molded this consciousness. If for nothing else, the year will be remembered for the flight to Paris of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. Perhaps no single and individual achievement in all history caught the world's interest so completely. At 7:52 A.M., on the misty morning of May 20, this then-little-known National Guard officer lifted his monoplane *Spirit of St. Louis* from the boggy runway at Roosevelt Field and, alone, headed into the East.

Three thousand six hundred miles ahead of him, nineteen hundred of them over water, lay Paris. Lindbergh had no radio to guide him, nor a seaplane hull to keep him afloat should he be downed. At 5:21 P.M.—again New York time—some time after darkness had come to Paris, the wheels of his machine skipped to a stop at Le Bourget. He had taken just thirty-three hours, twenty-nine minutes, and thirty seconds. He averaged 108:18 miles an hour.

Spectacular as it was, this flight was nevertheless a sober, clear-cut and decisively planned achievement. From the day he took off from San Diego on his two-hop flight across the continent to his starting-place until he reached his air journey's end, Colonel Lindbergh formulated and executed his program with the nice precision of clockwork. Up to then the term "aviation time" meant nearly any time, weather permitting. But Colonel Lindbergh's strict adherence to schedule endowed the phrase with a new significance.

He transformed the airplane, then held in public consciousness as a not particularly dependable vehicle, into

an effortless and efficient instrument of travel. He showed that it could conquer sea and fog, be counted upon for steady performance, be navigated to its objective, and do it on time. Where others had failed before and since, though gallantly, he achieved magnificently; and, quietly and carefully, proved nearly all there was to learn, at the time, of uninterrupted flight over water.

The demonstration the Colonel gave the world in punctuality was remarkable; indeed, "we" became a synonym for punctuality, a national symbol for precisely executed endeavor. His 25,000 mile swing around the continent in midsummer with only a single tardiness, merely strengthened an already accepted reputation. So it was not surprising that cable and telegraph wires should chill the world, as they did, on December 14, 1927, when he became a few hours overdue on his non-stop flight from Washington to Mexico City.

But such fears turned out to be premature. The Colonel had simply become temporarily lost in the murky fog that hung over Tampico, and with rare judgment and skill he returned to his course to land at Mexico City for an ovation as great as that given him at the closing of the transatlantic flight. The aërial pageantry of 1927 could not have come to a more dramatic closing.*

Shortly after Lindbergh reached Paris another in many ways equally extraordinary flight took place, Clarence D. Chamberlin's non-stop flight to Germany, when he broke the world's distance record, covering 3,923 miles, which is the more remarkable in that he carried a pas-

* Editor's Note: On the verge of going to press a word must be added about the further achievements of Lindbergh who has become, even since this article was written, more than ever the informal emissary of the Department of State, and has, perhaps, done more to promote good feeling between ourselves and the Central American countries than any other man who has ever lived.

senger, Charles A. Levine, which of course cut down the amount of gasoline he could carry.

While Lindbergh's and Chamberlin's flights must stand as the greatest single contributions to aviation's history for the year, and possibly for all time, still we mustn't overlook the other airmen who, either before or after them, set out on missions quite as dangerous, for the enrichment of the industry's knowledge. The year's record of individual emprise is amazing. It is spotty with success and failure. World speed, altitude and distance records, fell before their thrusts. Here are recorded just the outstanding efforts:

January:

Pan-American Good-Will Flight well under way.

February:

De Pinedo, Italian flyer, starts tour of four Continents from Cagliari, Sardinia, on the 13th.

March:

Captain Hawthorne C. Gray, U. S. A., breaks American altitude records for free balloons, ascending 28,516 feet on the 9th.

April:

Chamberlin and Acosta break world's endurance record, remaining aloft 51 hours, 11 minutes, 25 seconds, on the 14th.

May:

3rd: Schulz, German, breaks record for gliders by remaining aloft 14 hours, 7 minutes.

4th: Captain Gray in a free balloon ascends 42,470 feet over Scott Field, breaking all records.

5th: St. Roman and M. Mouneyres, French, hop from St. Louis, Senegal, for Pernambuco, Brazil, and disappear.

8th: Nungesser and Coli, French, hop from Le Bourget, Paris, for New York, and disappear.

20th: Lindbergh hops for Paris.

20th: Carr and Gilman, British, forced down in Persian Gulf after having flown 3,419 miles from London in attempt to reach India.

June:

4th: Chamberlin hops for Germany, establishing record for sustained flight—3,923 miles.

4th: D'Oisy, French flyer, crashes two and one-half miles from Le Bourget on an attempted non-stop, 4,400-mile flight to India.

18th: Carr and MacWorth, British, forced down eighty-five miles from start on attempted flight to India.

28th: Army's *Bird of Paradise,* flown by Lts. Maitland and Hegenberger, flies to Hawaii from Oakland, California.

29th: America hops for Paris, forced down on French coast.

July:

4th: Lt. Champion, U. S. N., ascends 37,995 feet in seaplane.

14th: Smith and Bronte, civilians, fly to Hawaii.

25th: Lt. Champion ascends 39,000 feet in the same seaplane, establishing a world's record.

August:

1st: Chamberlin takes off from *Leviathan,* 100 miles at sea, demonstrating feasibility of ship-to-shore mail and passenger service.

14th: Edzard and Risticz, Germans, break endurance record, remaining aloft 52 hours, 23 minutes.

16th: Dole Race to Honolulu starts. Of fifteen planes entered, eight start, two reach their goal, and three are lost at sea.

25th: Redfern hops from Georgia on flight to Buenos Aires, and vanishes.

27th: Brock and Schlee begin round-the-world flight by hopping from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, for Croydon, England.

31st: St. Raphael, British, carrying Princess Lowenstein-

Wertheim, lost at sea in attempted flight from London to New York.

September:

3rd: Courtney, British, hops from Plymouth, England, en route to Azores and thence to New York. Forced to land in Spain because of storms.

6th: Old Glory, carrying crew of three, hops from Old Orchard, Maine, bound for Rome, and is lost at sea.

7th: Sir John Carling, Canadian, hops from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, for Windsor, England, and is lost.

16th: Princess Xenia, under auspices of William B. Leeds, American millionaire, hops from Dublin, Ireland, for New York, but is forced back by storms.

26th: British win the Schneider Cup Races.

October:

11th: Ruth Elder's *American Girl* takes off from Roosevelt Field, en route to Paris, and is forced down near Azores after covering 2,623 miles.

14th: German Junkers plane *D-1230* flies from Lisbon, Portugal, to Azores, en route to New York. The Heinkel Seaplane *D-1220* followed several weeks later.

14th: French flyers, Costes and Le Brix, fly from St. Louis, Senegal, to Port Natal, Brazil, making the first non-stop flight across the southern Atlantic.

14th: Lt. Koennecke, German flyer, attempting flight to the United States via the East, crashes at Bagdad.

23rd: Mrs. Grayson's amphibian, *Dawn,* abandons flight to Copenhagen after three unsuccessful starts.

December:

Mrs. Grayson's amphibian takes off for Newfoundland on the 24th, and disappears.

It can be seen from this record that the United States captured by a wide margin the major honors in long-distance, non-stop flight. Four American planes navigated the Atlantic on the eastern route. In spite of a dozen tries, Europe was unable to make the grade on the

westerly trip, admittedly the more difficult and dangerous because of prevailing headwinds. Two German Junker planes got as far as the Azores.

Thus, the northwest aerial passage to this continent is still to be found. Yet even now, before the year is out, come reports of new attempts contemplated for the summer. Motors and men being what they are, the flight will probably be done successfully.

Westwardly, four American planes spanned the 2,407 miles of Pacific Ocean between Oakland, California, and the Hawaiian Islands. And the round-the-world flyers, Edward F. Schlee and William Brock, his pilot, after having successfully crossed the Atlantic, gave up their globe-girdling grind at Tokio when the world-wide protest against long-distance, overseas hops in land planes reached them there. They were trying to break the round-the-world record of twenty-eight days, fourteen hours and thirty-six seconds made by Linton Wells and Edward S. Evans, the year before.

When they capitulated to public opinion, they had covered 12,295 miles in 145½ flying hours since their hop-off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, August 27. They still had 9,917 miles to go, more than 5,000 of them over the Pacific. How well their plane, a Stinson-Detroiter, performed, may be judged from the fact they were only four days behind their schedule, three of which were lost when they were blocked by storms at Omura, and another when they were delayed in Turkey by governmental red tape. Theirs was a splendid example of piloting, navigation, endurance and engine performance. Between Calcutta and Rangoon, Burma, they battled a monsoon in pitch-darkness. They hurdled the trackless

jungles of Indo-China, where no white man ever penetrated. Flying from Shanghai to Tokio, a fierce thunderstorm knocked them off their course, consumed their fuel and forced them to land at Omura, 600 miles short of Tokio. But they kept on.

Extraordinary achievement though it was, the world breathed a sigh of relief when they gave up. The preceding four weeks had taken a heavy toll of lives; their chances of striking the Midway Islands, a tiny spot in the Pacific, was a gamble even with the most expert navigation. So they came home by boat and got what by then had become the returning aviator's reception.

As nice a flying job as any turned in this summer was that to Honolulu of Army Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland, pilot, and Albert F. Hegenberger, of the Signal Corps. It was a thoroughly executed enterprise and, as a technical advance in long-distance flight, one of the most important, from the point of view of practical application, of them all. Its very perfection dimmed its inherent spectacular quantities. The web-footed Navy must take its hat off here to the Army.

Sensitively appreciative of the hazards of their contemplated flight, the flyers had made sound preparations for overweighing them with adequate safety factors. Their plane was a tri-motored Fokker, either two engines of which would be sufficient to maintain flight should one fail. The navigational problem was not an easy one. Some 2,400 miles of Pacific Ocean lay between them and their target—the Hawaiian Islands, 317 miles long. To reach this objective, they planned to use the newly developed radio direction beacon, earth inductor compass, dead reckoning and celestial observation.

At 7:09½ A.M., on June 28, they hopped off from Oakland Airport, Oakland, California. Twenty-five hours and fifty minutes later, without having had one untoward incident, they landed at Wheeler Field, Honolulu, having accomplished the longest flight ever made over water. The best speed ever made between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands before that was seventy-five hours, forty minutes and forty seconds, by the light cruiser *Omaha,* in 1923.

When they were some several hundred miles out to sea, their radio beacon stopped working; but 775 miles out they made radio contact with a ship, and checked their position. Up to the time it went bad, the radio beacon, which I regard as one of the most important aids to transoceanic flying in future years, worked splendidly. My shipmates and I were flying over Newfoundland, bound for Paris, when our own radio brought word that Hegenberger and Maitland had landed, and I radioed congratulations. I considered it then, as I do now, one of the perfect pages in aviation history.

On July 14th, two civilian flyers, Ernest L. Smith, pilot, and Emory B. Bronte, repeated the flight, but with more exciting concomitants. At 6:13 on the following day, after their radio had sent out messages of reassurance to listening ships, they flashed an S.O.S. They had only an hour's supply of fuel and land was 700 miles distant. Another message seven minutes later repeated the distress call, but changed the amount of fuel left to four hours. The steamer *Wilhelmina,* 200 miles away, turned smartly from her course and came to their aid, under full steam. Then came a final message; they were going down into the sea!

During the hours of waiting that followed, it was

feared the two flyers had been lost. Finally word came that the plane had crashed into a tree on the Island of Molokai, a leper colony sixty miles southeast of Honolulu. They had been in the air twenty-five hours and thirty minutes, having covered 2,340 miles.

"Fog hung under us all the way and we never saw water until near our destination," Smith described the flight. "We flew at an elevation of 3,600 to 4,000 feet, and once at 11,000." Their fuel tanks were absolutely dry when Smith brought the plane down, smashing tree and plane.

On June 4, two weeks and a day after Colonel Lindbergh took off, Clarence Chamberlin, one of the finest pilots in the country, was writing another page in the transatlantic history. At 6:05:27 A.M., on that day, he began the flight that was to give the world a new record and also its first transatlantic passenger, Charles A. Levine.

Half-way across the Atlantic, their lives dependent upon the slender fuel and oil lines feeding their single motor, possessing neither a radio nor radio direction beacon, they became involved in an argument over the rubber boat they carried in the event of a forced landing at sea. Mr. Levine, it seems, discovered that Clarence had forgotten to put oars in the craft when they took off. Above the pounding of the motor, he demanded an explanation.

"What was the use," replied Clarence. "It's too far to row, anyway."

Striking Germany on the night of the 5th, after having cut across Land's End, England, Chamberlin steered for what he hoped was Berlin. Passing over Dortmund, he dropped low and called out: "To Berlin, to Berlin!" The

aviation police signaled toward the capital, 260 miles away. But the flyers soon became lost again.

Describing the incident later, Chamberlin said he was positive Berlin was in one direction; Levine equally insistent it was in another. So they solved it in gentlemen's fashion.

"I steered for a while toward where I thought Berlin was," Chamberlin said, "and then Levine took the controls and went his way." At 12:25 they made a forced landing at Eisleben, 110 miles southeast of Berlin and well off their course. They had been in the air forty-two and one-half hours, during which they covered 3,923 miles. And they had gone that far by dead reckoning and the aid of a $50 compass which they had taken along as an afterthought. The tremendous vibration of the 220-horsepower motor had so damaged the mechanism of their earth inductor compass that it was useless before they cut the corner at Newfoundland.

Chamberlin emerged from his transatlantic experience as something of a wit and raconteur. It was he who so sagely described the attitude of a transatlantic flyer over mid-ocean. "Weren't you excited?" he was asked. "Didn't you feel like turning back?"

Clarence smiled slowly. "Well, you're so excited during the first half of the flight that you don't stop to worry. By that time you realize it's just as far back as ahead, that it's too far to swim either way, so . . . you just keep going."

There were bits of humor in the other flights. The public saw a certain drollness in the spectacle of transatlantic flyers lost on the other side after having crossed the ocean. Of Colonel Lindbergh circling low over a fleet of fishing vessels, 100 miles off the Irish Coast, and,

throttling down his motor, politely asking the way to Ireland. And of Brock and Schlee, lost for three hours over England in pea-soup fog, dropping messages to the life-saving station at Seaton, Devon, and asking for directions, which the guards scrawled in great white letters on the sand. It was serious business, however.

I sincerely hope that no transatlantic flyer will ever again experience the rough weather the *America* encountered. On the morning of June 29th, at 5:24 o'clock, my three shipmates—Brent Balchen and Bert Acosta, co-pilots, Lieutenant George Noville, radio engineer—and I took off from Roosevelt Field in the tri-motored Fokker. We had planned for this flight for months. Our navigational instruments were of the best. We carried a radio set with a range of from 600 to 1,000 miles. Paris was our objective, and we had scientifically projected the expedition, with eyes open to almost every possible emergency, as a forecast of transatlantic flight of the future. Emphasis had been placed upon safety factors. But the weather gods, whose will we challenged by not waiting for ideal weather, were against us.

Soon after reaching Newfoundland we met fog and then for 2,000 miles saw nothing beneath us. It looked as if we were going to reach Europe without seeing the ocean. Then we got into a storm at night over France and for six hours more were tossed about in the darkness. It was impossible to land on the land without a terrible crash, as we could see nothing beneath us. We were fortunate to find our way back to the water to land in. I believe that the very bad conditions we encountered enabled us to learn more about the scientific aspects of transatlantic flying.

Throughout the journey across we were able to main-

tain communication with ships and land stations. Operating on 690 meters, we were able to transmit messages on a range of 1,000 miles to Roosevelt Field, and 1,600 miles in communicating with the Radio Corporation of America's station at Chatham, Massachusetts. More than all else, the flight demonstrated the value—indeed, the need—of the radio for such voyages.

After this cycle of success, long-distance flight attempts, in an almost staggering number, fell into evil days. Even the tragic deaths of Captains Charles Nungesser and François Coli, French aces, who started out so bravely on the dawn of May 8, in their single-engined Levasseur biplane, *White Bird,* from Le Bourget, with the dual ambition of being the first to make the westward passage and to win the $25,000 Orteig prize; and the disappearance of Captains St. Roman and M. Mouneyres, who set out from St. Louis, Senegal, on a non-stop flight to Pernambuco, Brazil, three days before, did not steel the world to the disasters of August and September.

Indeed, the reaction following the vanishing of Nungesser and Coli was not one of fear. To the contrary, flying the Atlantic became a point of honor; an imperative tribute to the pioneers and a vindication of the airplane. After all, hadn't Chamberlin and Acosta, on April 14th, in establishing a world's endurance record by staying in the air fifty-one hours, eleven minutes and twenty-five seconds, proved the reliability of motors? So, on both sides of the ocean rose the clamorous tocsin of aerial emprise, and the summer rolled on with successful flights.

But about the middle of August the pendulum began to swing back. There was the Dole Pacific Race—from Oakland, California, to Hawaii for a $25,000 prize. Fif-

teen planes originally were entered in that race. Only eight started. Only two reached their goal. Of the others, one was unable to rise with its heavy load, one was compelled to land, another crashed at the start, two vanished in the Pacific with their crew of five, and another, Captain William P. Erwin's *Dallas Spirit,* a Swallow monoplane, which went out in an effort to find the other two, dropped into the sea with its radio spluttering "S.O.S. We are going into a tail-spin," and was lost.

In all, ten lives were lost as a result of that race. Lieutenants George W. D. Covell, pilot, and Richard S. Waggener, both San Diego Naval flyers, were killed when their low-wing Tremaine monoplane smashed into Point Loma, on August 10th. Another entrant, Captain Arthur V. Rogers, British war ace, crashed in his Bryant monoplane, *Angel of St. Louis,* while making a test flight near Los Angeles. Add to that the names of the crew of the *Miss Doran*—Auggie Pedlar, pilot, Lt. V. R. Knope, navigator, and Miss Mildred Doran, the school-teacher passenger; of the *Golden Eagle* monoplane—Jack Frost, pilot, and Gordon Scott, navigator; and Captain Erwin and his navigator, Alvin Eichwaldt, and you have an idea of the costliness of what was, in the minds of many aviation men, hasty and ill-advised preparation.

The *Woolaroc,* piloted by Arthur C. ("Art") Gobel, well-known stunt flyer, and navigated by Lt. W. V. Davis, U. S. N., won the prize. After a flight of twenty-six hours, seventeen minutes and thirty-three seconds, they landed at Wheeler Field, Honolulu. A little under two hours later, the *Aloha,* a Breese monoplane, reached the landing field, winning the second prize of $10,000. Martin Jensen was the pilot and Paul Schluter the navigator. Of the four planes that actually continued the race, the

Woolaroc was the only one equipped with a wireless, and it was Jensen's belief that he would have won had his plane been so equipped. For three hours, he reported later, he was lost while circling about and waiting for high noon so his navigator could "shoot the sun."

Misfortunes came fast after that. On August 25th, Paul Redfern took off alone in his Stinson-Detroit monoplane, *The Port of Brunswick,* from Glynn Isle Beach, Brunswick, Georgia, for a 4,600-mile flight to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. A steamer sighted him that afternoon 300 miles east of the Bahama Islands, but he was never seen again. On August 31st, the single-engined Fokker monoplane, *St. Raphael,* carrying the sixty-two-year-old Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, the first woman to fly the channel, took off from Upavon, England, and was lost. Captain Leslie Hamilton was the pilot; Col. F. L. Minchin, navigator.

Old Glory, a sister-ship to the *St. Raphael,* after waiting in vain for a westerly wind at Roosevelt Field, flew to the two-mile stretch of beach at Old Orchard, Maine, whence, on September 6th, it took off for Rome. At 4 A.M. the next morning its radio told three listening liners: "S.O.S. Five hours out of Newfoundland east." Several weeks later a searching vessel recovered a shattered wing. Its crew of three—Lloyd Bertaud, pilot, James De Witt Hill, navigator, and Philip Payne, newspaper man and passenger, had vanished.

On the day following *Old Glory's* take-off, Captain Terrence Tully and Lieutenant James Medcalfe hopped off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, after two unsuccessful attempts to fly from London, Ontario. London, England, was their objective; and their plane, the *Sir John Carling,* a single-engined, Stinson-Detroit mono-

plane. They were last seen heading out to sea over Cape St. Francis, thirty miles from the starting-point.

Public opinion, which had been thrilled by the successful flights, "stalled," in the words of William P. MacCracken, Jr., assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, with this succession of failures. There were demands that a halt be called to long-distance overseas flights in land planes. Government prohibition was urged. Even Europe contributed its protests. The result was an enforced deceleration in preparations for such attempts.

The canceling by the Navy of the leaves of Lieutenant Lawrence Curtin, pilot and navigator, and Ensign Steve Edwards, radio engineer, compelled Captain René Fonck to abandon his projected flight to Paris in the huge Sikorsky S-37, *Ville de Paris*. About the same time C. A. "Duke" Schiller and Phil Wood, who were at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, preparing for a hop to Windsor, England, in their Stinson-Detroiter, sister-ship of the *Sir John Carling,* also gave up their plans under the persuasion of the Canadian government.

The attitude of the American government and the industry, however, toward a legislative curb on flying was best expressed in the statement issued at the time by the Air Coördination Committee, composed of the Assistant Secretaries for Aeronautics of War, Navy and Commerce:

"Notwithstanding and recognizing the serious hazards attached to transoceanic flights, the members of the committee are agreed in not favoring any specific prohibition of pioneering flights.

"They believe that such flights should be discouraged except when undertaken by personnel competent to meas-

ure the risks involved, with the most careful preparation and with the best possible equipment. They are satisfied that public opinion will itself act to that end and will impose a restriction on the offering of any direct incentive for the making of exceptionally hazardous flights without requirement of reasonable precautions."

The Committee also pointed out that seaplanes or flying-boats were the logical vehicles for overseas flights. There isn't a transatlantic flyer who won't agree.

Notwithstanding this attitude, and the warnings of the weather bureau that meteorological conditions were unfavorable, in fact dangerous, two other transatlantic flight projects were pushed ahead. Curiously enough, both were built about the individuality of two women—Mrs. Frances W. Grayson, who sold Long Island real estate, and Ruth Elder, a licensed flyer and a winner of a beauty contest. Mrs. Grayson's Sikorsky amphibian, *Dawn,* after three unsuccessful attempts to take off from Old Orchard, Maine, for Copenhagen, returned to its hangar, all plans for the flight temporarily postponed.*

But Miss Elder and her pilot, Captain George Haldeman, contributed one of the most exciting, if futile, episodes in the year's events.

On October 11th, at sunset, their Stinson-Detroiter monoplane, *American Girl,* rose from the transatlantic runway at Roosevelt Field and swung directly westward out to sea, instead of following the orthodox route to Newfoundland. It was 400 miles longer, but the gen-

* On Christmas Eve, in spite of the warnings of airmen, she and her crew, including Oskar Omdal and Bryce Goldsborough, took off from Roosevelt Field for Newfoundland, whence they planned to hop for Norway. Somewhere off the coast of Maine they met a heavy gale. Nothing since has been heard of them.

erally better weather prevailing along the southern course and the added safety factor that it lay over the ship lanes, it was felt, easily compensated for the extra mileage.

Hours out to sea, they reported, a storm blew them far south of their course. Then about 350 miles northeast of the Azores, when they were 800 miles almost due west from Paris, the breaking of an oil feed pipe forced them into the sea. The tanker *Barendrecht* was providentially near and saw them fall. Both were rescued, but they had hardly been lifted from the plane, when in some unexplained fashion, it exploded and sank.

Thus ended the transatlantic aerial season—with the nice touch of the feminine hand that we all anticipated sooner or later would come.

Two other British and Irish transatlantic teams which essayed the westward flight had to give up because of storms. Captain Robert H. MacIntosh and Commandant James C. Fitzmaurice, of the Irish Free State Air Force, who took off from Dublin on September 16th, bound for New York, flew five hours out to sea and were driven back by storms. Captain F. L. Courtney's Dornier-Napier *Whale,* which took off from Plymouth, England, on the 3rd, suffered the same fate. Buffeted by a gale, it retreated to Corunna, Spain, after flying eleven hours.

The French, defeated in their attempts to make the Paris-New York flight, achieved the honor of being the first to span the South Atlantic on a non-stop flight. Hopping off from St. Louis, Senegal, at 6:23 A.M., on October 14th, the pilots, Dieudonne Costes and Joseph LeBrix, landed at Port Natal, Brazil, nineteen hours and seventeen minutes later. The distance was 2,000 miles. In the

six previous times the South Atlantic had been crossed since 1922, the year that the Portuguese aviators, Captains Sacadara and Continho, flew from Lisbon to Brazil, the flights had been broken either by starts from the Cape Verde Islands or by landings at the Island of Fernando de Noronha, 140 miles off the Brazilian coast.

Germany, as I said before, got two planes—the trimotored Junker *D-1230* and the Heinkel seaplane *D-1220*—as far as the Azores, after considerable delays caused by bad weather and motor troubles. Italy's contribution was the four-continent tour of Commander Francesco De Pinedo, one of the most remarkable flights, if not so spectacular, of the year. When he landed his Savoia flying-boat at the River Tiber, on June 16th, he had covered 25,000 miles since he started early in February.

In the course of his perambulations, Commander De Pinedo spanned the South Atlantic to Brazil, crossed the Brazilian jungles to reach this country in a series of hops; lost his plane by fire when a thoughtless youth threw a match into the oil-coated water on which it rested at Roosevelt Dam, Arizona; had another shipped from Italy and continued on. Flying back over the Atlantic, he was forced down near the Azores, and his plane towed to port. But he went on, after making repairs.

None of the Europe-to-India non-stop flights succeeded. The British gave up after their chief challenger, Flight Lieutenant C. R. Carr, crashed three times, one time in the Persian Gulf after having covered nearly 4,000 miles. Captain Pelletier d'Oisy, of Paris-to-Tokio flight fame, barely escaped with his life when his plane crashed. Our sole aspirant for the honor, Charles A.

Levine, called off his projected attempt when he and his British pilot disagreed on certain conditions.

In the matter of speed in the air, however, Europe swept the air clean. Great Britain unqualifiedly captured the Schneider Cup Races at Venice, Italy, on September 26, Flight Lieutenant Webster, flying a Supermarine-Napier monoplane, winning the event with an average speed of 281.488 miles an hour over the 217-mile course. It was the fastest speed ever made by any type of plane over the course—exceeding even the record of 278.480 miles an hour made by Warrant Officer Bonnet, of France, in 1924, in a land plane.

But a few weeks later, Major de Bernardi, Italian flyer who was forced out of the race in its early stages by motor trouble, shot over the same course in his Macchi, Fiat-motored racer and was officially clocked at 302 miles an hour, again the fastest time ever made by man.

America's only entrant, Lieutenant Alford J. Williams, famous Navy racing pilot, had to withdraw from the Schneider race because of lack of time in which to test his ship and ship it to Italy. He did not give up, however. Replacing his heavy pontoons with landing gear, he flew his plane, a twenty-four-cylinder Packard-motored affair, over the speed course at Mitchel Field, Long Island, early in November, and was unofficially clocked at the amazing speed of 322 miles an hour. The fact that a strong wind was pushing him along detracted somewhat from the importance of the velocity as an official record, but it none the less proved our designers were not lagging here.

The Germans got a modicum of satisfaction by lifting the endurance record made by Chamberlin and Acosta.

The German flyers Risticz and Edzard stayed aloft for fifty-two hours and twenty-three minutes and eleven seconds, beating the American record by slightly under an hour.

Not all the achievements of the year, however, were limited to horizontal effort. The quest for new altitude records solidly entrenched the United States in this department, though it cost us the life of one of our finest balloonists—Captain Hawthorne C. Gray. Dead from suffocation or heart failure, his body was found in the basket of his balloon after it crashed at Sparta, Tennessee, on November 5th.

His barograph and log—both of which were found in the splintered basket—testified he had ascended between 43,000 and 44,000 feet, the greatest altitude ever reached by man.

On March 9th he broke the American altitude record for free balloons by ascending 28,150 feet. It was bitter cold at that height and he descended quickly. Approaching the earth, he discovered the three knives he used to cut free his ballast were dull; too dull to be of any service. The earth was dangerously close and he literally had to tear the bags free with his frozen hands to avert a nasty crash.

On May 4th he took off from Scott Field, Illinois, on another attempt. This time he rose 42,470 feet, surpassing by 7,037 feet the previous altitude record made by the German aeronauts, Suring and Benson. The bitter cold in the rarefied space penetrated his electrically warmed flying suit; frost covered his goggles so that he could not see; and he had to jump for his life in his parachute when the balloon pitched to the earth. A

hazardous, heart-trying occupation, this, but it did not deter him from trying again.

There were also efforts of Lieutenant C. C. Champion, Jr., U. S. N., to break his own records. On July 4th he ascended to 37,995 feet in a Navy "Apache" seaplane, breaking the record he established on May 5th by more than 4,500 feet and the French record by more than 7,000 feet. In a third attempt, on July 25th, he nearly lost his life in one of the most extraordinary accidents of the year.

Seven miles above the earth, while his plane was still spiraling upwards in slow stages, and with the world's record seemingly within his grasp, his motor exploded and sprayed parts in every direction. The red-hot cylinders spat vicious tongues of flame, threatening the wings and fuselage. Down spun the plane at frightful speed, its pilot controlling, diving and side-slipping in an effort to snuff out the fire; or at least to keep it from spreading. He made a beautiful landing in a cornfield near Bolling Field, Washington, his starting-place.

It was at first believed he had broken all altitude records, for his altimeter registered 48,000 feet. Subsequent calibration of his undamaged barograph, however, showed slightly more than 39,000 feet. Still, it stands as the world's record for airplanes, inasmuch as the Aero Club of France has thrown out the record of 13,000 meters it charged was falsely established.

So much for the more spectacular side of the aeronautical picture of 1927. To be a true picture, it is necessary to include in it, more or less sketchily, though with no intent of diminishing emphasis, certain other outstanding events, and competitions, individual and collective, which endowed American aviation with deserved prestige.

There was, first of all, the Army's Pan-American or, as the newspapers called it, "Good Will Flight," to the Latin-American Republics, one of the most picturesque undertakings of the American military air force and approximating in distance the Army's world flight of 1924. It was undertaken with the view to strengthening political and fraternal relationships and of demonstrating the feasibility of aerial communication between these countries. It achieved its dual purpose in admirable fashion, and Flight Commander Herbert A. Dargue, in charge of the flight from its start at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, on December 20th, to its completion at Washington, early in May, deserves a vast amount of credit for the job. The flight covered 20,000 miles, much of it over dangerous terrain, and met with only one accident, a most unfortunate one.

On February 26th, while cruising over Buenos Aires, the *Detroit* collided with Major Dargue's flagship, the *New York,* and Captain Clinton F. Woolsey and Lieutenant John W. Benton were killed.

In June, there was the Ford Reliability Tour, a flight of some 4,000 miles in which fourteen planes were entered; and in September the National Air Races at Spokane, Washington, the latter preceded by long-distance flights from New York and San Francisco. Both were competitions for commercial planes and told the public in unmistakable terms what had been going on, though casually, in the industry for several years. That lesson, as I said before, was efficiency and reliability.

Too, there was the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race at Detroit, on September 10th, ever an exciting event to the balloonists, if not the public, for often the real thrills never creep into news print. The American aeronauts,

A. J. Hill, pilot, and A. G. Schlosser, aide, crew of the *Detroit,* won the race.

For all the fact that aviation had its big parade in 1927, not all its stuff was in the front windows. Much that was significant, and that will grow increasingly more significant, escaped attention. Particularly do I refer to the slow metamorphosis in the industry itself, the changing trends in design to meet the pressure of expanding demands and needs.

Up to a short time ago the airplane designer had little time to give to the so-called civil aeronautics we know to-day. He was too much wrapped up in his laboratory technicalities to worry about the comfort of the passengers his planes were to carry. He was first building airplanes that would fly; he was next determined that they should fly efficiently and safely.

So, following a logical evolution, he stuck to his obscure task, laboriously fought out his problems, conscientiously founded his aerodynamical concepts and, one by one, worked out his formulæ for wing loads, wing curves, balance, frontal resistance and a thousand and one other problems he knew had to be solved before the next step.

Propellor design was improved. Frontal area was relentlessly chiseled and smoothed away. Motor efficiency was boosted until the power plant weight per horsepower is as low as 18 ounces. He knew then that his airplane was efficient, and he next deflected his imagination toward making it comfortable.

Take the cabin type aircraft of to-day, for example. The cabin is broad and roomy, with adequate leg-room. Motor vibration has been so reduced by cabin insulation that one may converse with ease. It has comfortable

upholstered seats; lunch is served in some of the larger liners, and there are even writing-desks. All this, it must be realized, with no sacrifice of maneuverability, or stability. Indeed, so far as the public is concerned, the era of the leather-coated, helmeted flyer is over.

Meanwhile, in the industry itself those spirits whose eyes were on distant horizons were carefully consolidating each step of progress made. They prepared for the birth of commercial aviation that came in 1927—for the building of to-morrow's highways, out of to-day's thin paths.

In 1926, the total flying miles turned in by airplanes, including air mail, Army and Navy, and commercial, amounted to 48,586,492. William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, estimates this will be doubled when the recapitulation for 1927 is made.

By June, 1928, we shall have 8,121 miles of public air lines, supervised by the Department of Commerce, traversed at least four times daily by air mail, passenger and express planes. Airports, emergency landing fields, intermediate beacons ten to twenty-five miles apart, will dot these paths. Night flying, already an established practice along our mail routes, is increasing as fast as guiding lights are installed. In this department, particularly, we have progressed much faster than Europe.

Already commercial companies operate a ten-hour schedule between New York and Chicago; thirty hours to San Francisco; one night to Florida. A convincing reflection, indeed, of the speed and reliability the airplane offers. It is scarcely more than the beginning. The relinquishment by the Post Office of the last of its air lines to private enterprise, on September 1st, paved

the way for broader expansion. It will come in passenger and freight traffic, which the Post Office, by its legislative limitation, could not provide.

On the basis of this beginning, it doesn't seem too rash to anticipate another mighty period of transportation development—as important as, even parallel to, the railroad. Capital for the first time is flowing freely into commercial aviation. It is slowly building up dividends, after long, lean years. The prophecy of the Wrights is being realized.

What does the future hold? Again, that is a hard question, yet it is most frequently asked of me. One can build the vision only on the past, in this case a sound, promising past.

That we shall have a tremendous increase in commercial flying is obvious. The cost of operation is still a problem, but it is resolving itself as the traffic volume increases. To-day, many companies are operating on little better than a fraction of their cargo capacity. This situation will ultimately solve itself and the costs will be more economically distributed. After all, the airplane has an inherent advantage over all other competing transportation media in its speed. And it is dependable; more and more, individuals and business houses are recognizing this.

Too, more people are learning to fly for the fun of it, and the convenience. Good flying schools are training good pilots, both for commercial and pleasure work. This is bound to be a strong added impulse to aviation's gathering momentum.

Transoceanic flights will become a regular service, perhaps not immediately, but perhaps, too, within a decade. The successful flights of 1927 assured that. We

learned that an airplane motor could be counted upon for fifty hours of uninterrupted performance, and that a multi-engined plane was the most practical of all for this kind of flight. But here, as in the early stages, airplane designers must solve technical problems of safety and comfort before transoceanic service can be counted upon for passenger appeal.

One such problem is the reduction of landing speeds. Our big planes of to-day require a speed of from fifty to seventy miles an hour to keep them from dropping too fast. At such a speed the slightest miscalculation by the pilot may lead to a serious accident. With our present design, and the amount of load and passengers carried, such high speeds are unavoidable.

Perhaps some startling change in airplane design will solve this problem; possibly attachments to wings and fuselage that will add additional wind-resisting surfaces just before landing. With transatlantic flights becoming more frequent, it is becoming a more pressing problem. Too, we must look forward to the day when we shall have to come to a stop on the roofs of our skyscrapers.

A supplementary necessity is the increase of the gliding angle of planes. Roughly, this is the angle to the horizontal which a plane can assume and still keep maneuverable speed. This is particularly important in the case of engine failure and insures safety for the passenger in that it will allow a maximum ability to reach a landing field. Allied with that is the matter of ascent angle. With so many obstructions on the ground, we are finding it increasingly difficult to get off with our big planes unless there is wide latitude for running before the hop. Development of a braking device on the land, already in the experimental stages, will help, I think.

Next, there is the mooted problem of stability. For years designers have been trying to make planes automatically stable. There are a number of planes on the market so stabilized that the pilot can leave the cockpit and walk back among his passengers. The Handley-Page "wing-slot," a development of 1927, is reported to have eliminated all danger of tail-spins. The air liner of tomorrow will have perfect aerodynamical balance that will keep it steady even in a heavy wind. Perhaps this will be an application of the gyroscopic principle.

There will be an unending progress toward efficiency. In the matter of fuselage, it will take shape in the reduction of resistance by better streamlining, which will mean an economy of power and load. In the matter of motor, it will mean greater reliability, the gradual creation of a foolproof motor. Perhaps this last will never come; but we are working towards it. The 100-hour motor is already at hand.

It is not inconceivable that our future air liners will have eight, even ten motors, some of them auxiliary power-plants which can be turned on if any of the others should fail.

We must have improved radio communication with our transoceanic planes. I think that within the next ten years the great radio companies will organize a complete service for ocean-crossing airplanes. Ships will periodically fix the positions of the planes to which they are assigned. Powerful radio stations will keep a constant stream of radio emanations pouring over the water like great beacons. When this day arrives, it will hardly be necessary for the pilot to use his compass.

We must have a better knowledge of meteorological conditions. Particularly do I mean the ability of know-

ing weather conditions in advance. In 1927, while furnishing weather data to the transatlantic flyers, Dr. Kimball, of the New York office of the United States Weather Bureau, developed the beginnings of a service which may become one of the most important departments of our coastwise meteorological organizations. Passengers cannot be expected to face blindly the conditions we did. It will be necessary to know every hour of the day or night the exact conditions prevailing over any spot of the flight course.

Lack of space does not permit me to outline the other special problems, such as the likelihood of anchored waystations in the mid-Atlantic, the perfection of drift indicators as an auxiliary to navigation. Such speculation would be defeated, perhaps, by the non-existence to-day of the devices that to-morrow will make the flights feasible. More, there is the impending rivalry between the dirigible and the plane I am trying to foresee to-day. It is not unlikely that this will shape the equation.

In Europe, last summer, I learned about the new British dirigible—twice the size of our own air giant, the U. S. S. *Los Angeles*—which is now building. It can cruise 9,000 miles without taking on more fuel and has a passenger capacity of 100. Even larger is our own new projected dirigible, with a cubic foot capacity 1,000,000 greater than that of the British.

Such a vehicle, naturally, will bid for wide use as a passenger and mail carrier.

Consider, too, the impulse toward speed. In 1927 two planes were reported to have flown better than 300 miles an hour—five miles a minute. Engineers are boosting this in every possible way. I think that a figure of 500 miles an hour is in sight.

There is yet another phase—the vertical-rising plane. For centuries men have turned their eyes toward that, but fruitlessly. This year, however, the Curtiss Airplane Company announced it was working out a new type of design that apparently promises a great deal. One needs little imagination to foresee what that means, if successful. It may be years before it comes; it may even never come. But if it does, mere imagination dwindles in anticipating the future.

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GREAT SCOTT! DOESN'T ANYBODY LOVE HIM?

Yes, indeed, according to Elmer Davis. He loves himself! Also he wants to "save" those portions of Europe where his investments are.

THE STATE OF THE NATION

by Elmer Davis

I

"BLESSED," said the Psalmist, "is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful"; and the inspired writer would probably have told you that what was true of a man was true of a nation as well. But the Psalmist's experience had been only with the first Chosen People, who showed so little appreciation of divine favor. We are the ultimately chosen people (read the editorial page of the *Saturday Evening Post,* or of almost any American newspaper outside New York, if you doubt it) and as we surpass the Jews in consciousness of our peculiarly favored position, so we have outstripped them in realizing the possibilities it confers. The counsel of the ungodly and the way of sinners are abhorrent to Americans; but we sit in the seat of the scornful and still are blessed.

For one of the most remarkable of recent manifestations of the American spirit is the rise of Scorn and Protest to a rank among our leading industries. Very nearly the most widely read of American authors is Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who spends his time damning and denigrating everything that America holds dear. Certainly the most influential of American critics and editorial writers is Mr. Mencken, who devotes all his energies to persuading his customers that they are a pack of hopeless and incurable boobs. Only hasty and unthinking

observers would say that the public proves the truth of this accusation by swallowing Mencken's philosophy, hook, line, and sinker; it is a tribute to the broad-mindedness and the infinite absorptive power of the American people. We borrow our vocabulary and our ideology from Lewis and Mencken, we read avidly their fulminations against all that we have and are; and then we go right on behaving as we did before, thereby savoring at once the flagellant and masochistic ecstasy of wallowing in our own iniquity, and the maximation of the ego which comes from doing anything that we want to do. Which must be set down as one of the greatest triumphs of American efficiency. There is a glory of affirmation and a glory of negation, a joy of eating the cake and a joy of having it too. Not since King David of Israel developed the art of rhythmic alternation of sin and repentance, triumph and abasement, gratification and humiliation, has any one come so near to squeezing the last drop out of life as the Rotarian who experiences a catharsis of pity and terror on reading the *Mercury,* and then with his system purged of these toxins goes forth to make a comfortable living by high-powered salesmanship. Lewis and Mencken earn their keep; they enable us all to enjoy the complementary satisfaction of the Pharisee and the Publican.

II

It was set forth in a chapter of the mirrors of the previous year that the secret of America's success, the guiding principle of our national philosophy, is the Fourth Dimension; the application of a concept of pure mathematics to the practical problems of business and politics.

To that principle we owe the prosperity which is the brightest jewel in Columbia's crown. There are other jewels, but at this moment it is hard to see them; prosperity glitters so brightly that it dazzles the eye of the beholder. If its luster is ever dimmed, some of the minor luminaries may become more visible.

But for the present prosperity still sheds its benignant glow upon us. Pessimists and calamity howlers who said that it could not endure are stultified once more; and if there are persons in our midst who find prosperity harder and harder to perceive, that is because they have not fully grasped the theory of the Fourth Dimension. As a matter of fact the early part of the year was marked by a distinct recession of business activity, coupled with the Mississippi floods, which left a great scar through the midst of the continent. A slowing down of industry, a natural catastrophe which devastated important agricultural areas, might have been supposed to have a depressing effect upon public confidence; the actual loss should have been reflected in the stock market. Not at all. As business went down, the market went up. Prosperity, the investing public had realized, is subjective, not objective; whatever momentary setbacks may occur, the United States is bound to come back. The darker the prospect at the moment, the better reason to buy in anticipation of future recovery.

So the ascent of security prices continued implacably during the quiescence—it did not deserve to be called a slump—of business. Then, when business conditions visibly improved, when bumper crops promised some relief to the perennial distress of the farmer, when the devastated districts of the Mississippi Valley began the slow march back to recovery, security prices broke

sharply. The financial writers called it a natural readjustment; which is plausible enough from the three-dimensional point of view. To the more philosophic observer it suggests that American business is not conducted on the sensory plane at all; it belongs to the transcendental world of pure reason.

This temporary recession of industry from the peak of the year before was the less alarming, perhaps, because the financial structure of the country was sound. Perhaps it was even a little too sound; any one who doubts that America as a whole has more money than it knows what to do with (however scarce money may be for individual Americans) need only consider the daily offerings of foreign securities on American markets. They are being sold at the rate of a billion dollars a year, and the end is not yet. One might suppose from this flow of capital abroad that there is not room to plow any more capital, profitably, into the productive plant of the United States. Industrial engineers would tell another story. But domestic investments, if they are sound, yield a rather low rate of income; there are not lacking pessimists who predict that within a decade or so really gilt-edged securities will bring in only three per cent. Central European cities, the states of obscure South American republics, offer seven per cent because they are more remote and less secure; and the American investor naturally pours in the fructifying stream of his capital.

What this is going to mean for the future no one seems to know. English capital, in the nineteenth century, was exported all over the world; and one of the chief consequences was the building up of a score of competitors for English industry. Roman capital—*i.e.,* at the beginning of the imperial period, Italian capital—was exported

into the provinces, where industries arose that presently reduced Italy to the status of a vast olive orchard and country-house colony. It would be pessimistic, speculative, and, one hopes, inaccurate to predict that this flinging of a billion American dollars a year into foreign countries will have consequences as distressing; there is still a far greater reservoir of natural resources in America than there was in nineteenth-century England or first-century Italy. But it is certainly fatal to the dream of American isolation—a fantastic hope at best, but one which still seems to be cherished by the vast majority of the Chosen People.

"Let Europe sink," says your genuine blown-in-the-glass American of 1928; but he must presently modify this pious wish to "Let all of Europe sink except the municipality of Kamienietz-Podolsk, whose street-railway and electric-light plant bonds bring in more money than I could get from investment in public utilities at home." So the traditional conviction of the Anglo-Saxon that all South America in inhabited by undifferentiated dagoes or spigotties must be qualified; let all South America be so regarded except the state of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, which, as I hold some of its road bonds, I must for my own peace of mind picture as inhabited by up-and-coming business men, fit to sit down beside me at my own luncheon club.

For consider the dilemma—either there are industrious, prudent, trustworthy business men, men comparable to the American investor himself, in foreign parts, in which case that contemptuous condescension toward the foreigner which prevails to-day must be increasingly difficult to maintain; or else, if foreigners are as worthless and unprofitable as the American in his political aspects

tends to regard them, then the American investor who trusts his money to such persons is an imbecile. One cannot help feeling that self-respect will eventually prevail over pride of race, and that the average American, unless he is too hastily disillusioned by foreign defaults, will come to the conclusion that, after all, these aliens who pay him that comfortable and unfailing seven per cent are not such miserable specimens as he had thought.

III

So the state of the nation at this moment must be regarded from two points of view—America in itself, and America in its relation to the rest of the world. It cannot be said that our position as a member of the family of nations has improved very much in the past year. It is one of the cardinal dogmas of Americanism that the protective tariff is a pillar of our prosperity. Now the French, observing this prosperity with a somewhat envious eye, lately came to the conclusion that it might be worth while trying the same medicine to see if it would not produce the same result. They accordingly apply to American goods exported to France the principles which we have long applied to French goods exported to America; and the result is a controversy which, high officials have to explain with patience from time to time, is not a tariff war, no matter how much it may look like one.

It was not so very long ago that some American bankers signed a document, to which business men of many other countries had assented, suggesting that the removal of restrictive tariffs would be an immense help to world recovery from the shock of the war. There was a sputter

of incredulous indignation in this country when the news was published; then, as soon as our statesmen were able to swallow their wrath sufficiently to become articulate, it was explained that what this meant was that all countries ought to get rid of restrictive tariffs except the United States, which could not deviate from its established principle of protecting home industries no matter how world recovery or other foreign interests might be affected thereby. The French cannot help remembering this episode, and it is no wonder that in the tariff controversy they tend to see themselves as defending one of the essentials of sovereignty. The picture of America as a *primus inter pares,* a nation with paramount rights unbound by any restrictions to which the foreigner may submit, is plausible enough to any patriotic citizen; but the benighted Europeans, for some reason, seem slow to grasp this simple concept.

Franco-American relations, despite the tariff dispute, have none the less improved in the year just ended; or, more accurately, the misfortunes that were apprehended did not come to pass. The transatlantic flights put France and America alike in good humor; and the visit of the returning Legionaries with their wives, which had once been regarded with foreboding as likely to lead to all sorts of conflicts and controversies, turned out amazingly well. Possibly the wives deserve the credit for this; their influence must have been thrown against the resumption of certain Franco-American contacts which did not always, in times past, make for international amity as much as might have been hoped. Or, possibly, those parading delegations in fantastic uniforms, that passable imitation of an Elks' or Shriners' conven-

tion, opened French eyes to aspects of the American which they had never perceived before.

For of late years, undeniably, Europe has been worried about the American menace; the largest and richest power in the world, to which Europe is already deeply in debt, seemed to overshadow the enfeebled states of the Old World as Rome overshadowed the Greek states of the Hellenistic period. Even well-informed Europeans found it hard to realize that in the European sense America is hardly a nation at all; especially that in international relations there is next to no popular interest. Except locally and spasmodically America has never had a foreign policy, largely because there has never been an informed public opinion which demanded one. Any European power, given a predominance such as we enjoy to-day, would be a real and deadly menace to its neighbors; and Europe naturally judged us by its own standards.

But obviously the merrymaking Legionaries with their bands and their wives were not a menace; people like that could hardly ever be a menace, as Europe would regard it. Underneath the politely hospitable expressions of the French press there was perceptible a perplexed astonishment. These people were like children on a holiday. Frenchmen who saw them must have felt that America, though perhaps more than ever incalculable, was no longer quite so perilous; what was anticipated as something like a reconnaissance in force, a spying out of the land presently to be conquered, turned out to be much more akin to the Sunday-school picnic.

Elsewhere, the menace of America is still regarded with some apprehension. There was the case of the Nicaraguans, who wanted to choose their own president and

got into unsportsmanlike and unseemly argument over it. Our beneficent administration thereupon sent Mr. Henry L. Stimson down to pick out a president for them; the president whom Mr. Stimson selected was apparently not the one whom the majority of Nicaraguans would have preferred, but he was propped up by the bayonets of United States marines, so that ended the argument. And as the Nicaraguans are presently to be allowed to pick their own president perhaps no great harm was done.

On the other hand, in a somewhat similar situation in China the administration kept its hands off under considerable provocation; what kind of government the Chinese want was regarded as the business of the Chinese themselves, even if they could not agree on it and kept killing each other off in the argument, as they are doing at this writing. The difference may be due to the different training, attitude and qualification of the State Department officials who deal with China and those who deal with Nicaragua; or it may be due, as the wicked say, to the discrepant influences of the American interests involved in Nicaraguan and in Chinese business; or, as the realist politicians would explain it, to the immediacy of American political interest in a Central American country. Or it may be only that Nicaragua is a small nation a couple of days' steam from American naval bases, which can be adequately coerced by a regiment or two of marines; while China is an immense country on the other side of the world.

The one thing certain is that a good deal of American capital is invested in Nicaragua, and in China; and that there will be more from year to year, in those countries and in all others. Nicaragua and China are not the only

countries where disorder and civil war may make American investments insecure. What are we going to do to protect this increasing volume of American investment abroad? Shall we straighten things out and see that nothing interferes with productive industry, as in Nicaragua; or let things go, as in China, in confidence that to let the inhabitants have their own way will pay in the long run? There is a plausible argument for either course; take the one or the other and you can buttress yourself by respectable reasoning. But the American investor had better come to the realization that one course or the other —or, more probably, one here and the other elsewhere— will have to be followed. If he takes seven per cent halfway around the world in preference to five per cent in his home town, he cannot expect to keep an eye on his money; and he ought to make up his mind whether or not he wants the government to do it for him.

IV

But whatever uncertainty may becloud the foreign scene, at home all is well. In November, 1928, we shall again indulge in a presidential election, and it does not appear as yet that there will be any issues in it except personalities. Farm relief is a matter of acute interest to the farmer, but the city man, who cannot recall that the farmer ever showed any sympathy for him when agricultural prices were high, finds it hard to work up any great amount of righteous indignation about the plight of agriculture. As for prohibition, despite all the clamor, it seems here to stay. It might not be here to stay, of course, if it actually prohibited anything; but there seems little danger that it will ever do that. Prohibition, as

it is, has already become pretty nearly the nation's largest industry, as well as the most popular of national sports; remove it, and you take the spinal column out of the body politic.

What would Senator Borah, for example, do without it? There is a period in the life of every earnest young man when he regards Borah as him who should redeem Israel; it is as necessary a part of a liberal education as falling in love at eighteen with a woman of thirty. But Borah does not wear well; his following may be fairly constant in numbers but it shows a tremendous turnover of personnel. The reason is that Borah does not stand for anything but a vague yearning for undefined righteousness; he emits resonant generalities about the True, the Beautiful and the Good, but it is pretty hard to pin him down to details, especially in presidential years. Now at last he has an Issue that gets him on the front page of the New York papers every week or so; he can go on clamoring for the upholding of the Constitution (meaning, of course, only the penultimate addition to the Constitution) with no fear that his issue will ever drop out from under him by becoming an accomplished fact.

And how could a man like Frank Willis (that "illy-groomed, small-stage politician," Miss Nan Britton calls him) ever set himself up as a favorite-son candidate for president without the faithful Myrmidons of the Anti-Saloon League to back him up with the courtesy vote? Men flourish under prohibition who would be swept out of sight if a real issue came along. As for the citizens at large, the government has made gratifying progress during the past year toward the ideal of letting everybody in on the graft. Consider the ruling that café proprietors who permit their customers to drink from a hip flask

must suffer the padlock. At one stroke this multiplies infinitely the number of unofficial prohibition agents; every restaurateur can shake down his customers, and every customer, if he has a confederate to do a little hip-flask drinking at the next table, can shake down the restaurateur. Lately, too, the courts have decided that a Pullman car whose passengers drink may be side-tracked and padlocked. It will be a dull passenger who cannot make use of this situation to recover his traveling expenses from somebody. Repeal prohibition, when half the population already gets money out of it, and everybody gets the romantic thrill that is harder and harder to derive from the life of a machine age? No true patriot could tolerate the suggestion for a moment.

So, all in all, the internal affairs of this country seem to be little short of millennial. A Florida newspaper, hoping for partisan advantage, lately predicted that the public would not forever tolerate the rule of the country by and for the business interests. This is a curious observation to come from Florida, a state which lately amended its constitution with the express purpose of preventing some conceivable radical legislature of the future from taxing the bequests of the rich. The country had an opportunity to speak its mind on the question of plutocracy—and a plutocracy lately discredited by outrageous scandals near the throne—in the general election of 1924, and it decided by an impressive majority that it wanted plutocracy to go right on. There is no conclusive evidence as yet that this was a mistake. Prosperity does not affect everybody, but under the Coolidge administration it has been diffused more widely than under Harding, when it tended to be confined to the President's Ohio friends and their intimates. Plutocratic rule may not

be responsible for the general material well-being of the United States in recent years, but at least it has not stood in the way. And if you regard governmental systems as a means, not an end in themselves, it cannot be denied that here is evidence which has to be set down on the record, at whatever cost to preconceived theories.

Mr. Mark Sullivan lately wrote that the dominant characteristic of the country at the end of 1927 was its "devotion to prosperity." Now in theory this may be regrettable; too much thought for the things of this world is traditionally a mistake perilous to the soul. But it is a condition which confronts us, not a theory. Mr. Sullivan, conceding that devotion to prosperity was perhaps not the noblest of sentiments, went on to observe that at any rate the situation might be worse; he even ventured to suggest that it might be worse if the country were devoted to religion. The example of Alabama and Indiana, where devotion to the Ku-Klux-Anti-Saloon-League brand of religion has been acute, would seem to bear him out.

Similarly one must defend American ideals against Mr. Jesse Rainsford Sprague, who lately published in *Harper's* a critique of high-powered salesmanship. Now high-powered salesmanship is one of the most characteristic manifestations of the Fourth-Dimentional philosophy. Mr. Sprague attacks it as wasteful, on the ground that every supersalesman is inevitably, by virtue of his common human nature, a consumer as well, and thereby subject to the assaults of other supersalesmen. If I sell you three times as much as you need, argued Mr. Sprague, but must reciprocally buy from you three times as much as I need, where is either of us better off?

The answer is obvious. We are better off because we

have both done three times as much work as would otherwise have been necessary, and have to that extent been kept out of heaven knows what mischief. Furthermore, the satisfaction of each of us has been trebled by the contemplation of that volume of sales; while the correlative volume of purchases can be disregarded as merely incidental to the exigent business of living. A persistent overproduction is the cornerstone of American industry; it is absorbed by overconsumption on the instalment plan. If every American household bought only as much as it paid for, if the head of every family sold as much as his customers needed, time would hang heavy on everybody's hands and the country would be full of unemployed energy. What would we do with it? Well, of course we might do almost anything; we might build Jerusalem in America's green and pleasant land. But being members of the human race, we should probably do nothing of the sort. The nearest approach to this leisured condition that has ever been displayed in history was the situation of the free citizens of Athens, who lived largely upon slave labor and paid for their public improvements, in the main, with the tribute from their empire. What did they do with their leisure, with their astounding energy, mental and physical, with the opportunity for unhampered play of a racial intellect not yet stupefied by too much reading of books?

Why, they used these opportunities principally to play a peculiarly suicidal brand of politics. They created, or more exactly they tolerated the creation within their midst, great works of art; their city was ornamented by such an assemblage of original thinkers as has never since coexisted in one community. And these free Athenians used their spare time to drive out Anaxagoras, their great-

est scientist, Pheidias, their greatest artist, and Euripides, one of their greatest writers; they put Socrates, their greatest thinker, to death; with a form of government as completely democratic as any ever known on earth, they so mistreated their competent statesmen and misgoverned themselves so thoroughly as to ruin their state within three-quarters of a century.

So much for the Athenians, the most gifted race that has ever lived on this planet. Given their opportunity, what would we make of it? What would the sort of man who is proud to spend his time and energy being a high-powered salesman do with his talents if high-powered salesmanship were suddenly abolished? One turns away from that prospect with a shudder, thanking God that no such catastrophe is likely to afflict us.

V

Yet the candid observer must not overlook one occurrence of the past year whose implications are ominous for the welfare of our nation—the extraordinary hysterical outburst of enthusiasm for Charles Lindbergh. A public which had seemed to find its highest ideal in Babe Ruth, Rudolph Valentino, or Gertrude Ederle—or, perhaps, in Peaches Browning and Ruth Snyder—suddenly went wild beyond all precedent over this unknown young aviator. If it were merely a chance-directed explosion of the endemic national hysteria there would be no occasion to worry about it; but consider what sort of man this Lindbergh is, and you must observe that he is diametrically different from the typical American.

He does not talk about himself, and he does not talk, when he can help it, about anything else. He has sub-

mitted to such hysterical adulation as has never been given to any human being except Nero and Demetrios Poliorketes without losing his head; he has heard himself described as the finest flower of the human race without appearing to believe it; he has found himself being used for personal and corporate ballyhoo by individuals and organizations in which he had less than no interest at all, and he has taken himself out of the picture—whenever it could be done gracefully, courteously, without unseemly disturbance and further ballyhoo. He is aloof and austere, extrovert and disinterested; and he never goes off at half-cock. He does nothing without almost fanatically careful preparation, and then he does it right—so right, so easily right, that it seems afterward as if anybody could have done it. His flight across the ocean was a remarkable feat; but far less noteworthy than his keeping his head when all about him were losing theirs and blaming it on him; less noteworthy, for that matter, than his flight on schedule for thirty thousand miles about the United States, on time without fail (except for one delay by fog) at every one of several dozen stops. Day after day in the later summer, as the front page reported another ambitious flyer lost in the Atlantic or the Pacific, an obscure item tucked away inside the paper reported that Lindbergh had arrived on time at whatever place he had set out for. Nothing ever went wrong for him; he had ceased to be news.

What conceivable impulse could have stirred up a nation impatient of exactitude and devoted to ballyhoo to fling itself in an ecstasy of adoration at the feet of a man who is everything that the average American is not? It suggests some dissatisfaction with the way we are going, a feeling that the things we are doing are not the things

that ought to be done, or that our way is not the right way to do them; it suggests a pervasive insecurity, a loss of confidence, such as is reflected (for whatever the evidence may be worth) in some of the most admired exemplars of current literature.

But be of good faith; this interpretation, I believe, is wrong. Just as the people who read Lewis and Mencken do so to get their dissatisfaction off their minds without inconvenient interference with their business, so the nation at large regarded Lindbergh as a vicarious sacrifice. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was our scapegoat who exemplified all the virtues that the rest of us would have found too onerous. We show our respect for forethought and exactitude by honoring Lindbergh who practices them, not by practicing them ourselves; we admire Lindbergh for not losing his head under unprecedented temptation, and thereby reserve our own liberty to lose our heads whenever opportunity offers. He has given us all an opportunity to get rid of some unpleasant obligations with lip service, after which polite gesture of respect we can all go on living in the way we find most natural. It is possible that the qualities conspicuously present in Lindbergh are the qualities that the nation at large needs most acutely; but it is easier to give him three cheers than to try to imitate him. There may come a day when the American people will need a cool head and the habit of exactitude, but we cast our burdens upon the Lord. God save the United States!

LOUIS BROMFIELD

Louis Bromfield says book reviewing in America no longer exists. He mentions a well-known critic who found, unaided, nine best novels, three best biographies and five best plays in a single year.

A CRITIQUE OF CRITICISM

(Being a "Point with Alarm" Article)

by Louis Bromfield

ONCE upon a time and not so long ago while engaged in exploiting the names and reputations of various individuals engaged in acting, writing or making pictures or music, we found our desk cluttered daily by fifty or more great metropolitan newspapers and most of the art, literary and musical papers. There were, to add to the heap, masses of clippings sent in by an efficient press bureau. It was part of our duties at that time to survey and examine the masses of reviewing and criticism, and so with the aid of one or two assistants it amused us to tabulate and place into categories criticisms favorable and unfavorable, criticisms hysterical with praise or hysterical with abuse. At the end of a year the most entertaining results had been obtained.

First of all it was discovered that there was no longer in America any such thing as the reviewing of books or plays. All of the writing which commonly passes by the name of reviewing had entered definitely into the realm of opinion and criticism. The only exception occurred in cases where newspapers had not even troubled to read volumes sent for review but had simply reprinted the blurbs supplied by publishers on the paper jackets. Naturally these reviews were quite favorable. Secondly it was discovered that no less than one hundred and thirty-seven novels had been acclaimed publicly as "the best

novel of the year." The same crown was bestowed upon twenty-seven biographies. Some "critics" even went further and announced the discovery of the best novel of the past twenty-five years or the best biography of the past decade. The same thing held true in the world of the theater. In the case of one well-known critic it was discovered that his year was indeed a big one: unaided he had found nine best novels, three best biographies and five best plays.

Surely, one thought, on regarding this startling mass of data, here was a record of which American letters might well be proud. What other nation in the world could produce one hundred and thirty-seven best novels? What other nation in the world could give rise to a critic capable of unearthing nine best novels, three best biographies and five best plays in a single year? This record was kept, it must be borne in mind, only by drawing upon those journals and publications of distinction or of large circulation. How many laurel crowns were bestowed in the provinces it is impossible even to calculate. It enters the realms of the fabulous. We confined our investigation to those papers in which we looked for a wider sophistication, a greater poise and a finer restraint.

With the assistance of helpers we undertook to cross file the volume of criticism in another fashion—the good against the bad; and in at least sixty per cent of the cases we found the results utterly baffling. The poor author was unable to draw any sane conclusion except perhaps that criticism in America was a mad business. Side by side were to be found reviews condemning the author as a tyro and praising him as the best writer of the past decade. This statement savors perhaps of exaggeration. It is not greatly exaggerated. More often than not it

was scrupulously true. Side by side were articles praising his style and condemning it. The total value was very often nil: the things canceled each other. If the writer was to look for any help he must choose critics in whose honesty, judgment and intelligence he could believe. This is difficult if not impossible, since writers are not much different from actors and are likely to regard all praise as sound and true, and all dispraise as the work either of spite or of some upstart.

At this point, after barely two pages of copy, I find myself in trouble over the very word criticism. Obviously there is need for another word. The word book reviewing does not suffice since the act it denotes no longer exists in America. One could write of criticism and "criticism": that seems to be the only solution and it is a poor one. Something appears to be wrong with American criticism. One is led to the dreadful suspicion that it is in the process of swallowing itself and that in a few more years there will be little but advertising, free publicity and wise-cracking. The little would include the few remaining men and women with a respect for literature as such, and those psychopathic individuals who concern themselves with the isms and with adoration for some special figure or theory. It does not seem an illogical development.

The entire value of the superlative having been thus destroyed by our reviewers, our college professors and our various odd and assorted scribblers, let us pass on to the next consideration. It is this (a consideration barely worth mentioning) that of course there is no such thing as "the best book or play of the year, month, week or day," any more than there will ever be that thing called vaguely "the great American novel." It would perhaps

be a little less absurd to write that "this is the best novel of contemporary manners" or "the best novel of the Eastman school" or "the best romantic novel," but even such statements are rather silly. It is not, I suppose, the business of the critic or the reviewer to go about in a frock coat pinning blue ribbons on this book or that play. It is his business, if we are to regard contemporary criticism in America as worth discussing, to dissect, to weigh, to value the merits of a book or play and to write about it with that judgment and poise which will lead one to listen with respect. It must certainly be the duty of those writing for the great newspapers to give Mr. Smith of Kansas City, or Miss Jones of Bath, Maine, some idea of the book or play reviewed, some idea of it beyond questions of its style and whether it belongs to this school or to that. Mr. Smith and Miss Jones are paying down good money for something to divert them. They are not interested in whether a book derives from Sterne or James Joyce. But all this comes within the realm of book reviewing, so we need not discuss it. Everything is high brow. Everything is criticism. Any man or woman who is able to read or write is a critic if he says so. That is what makes the use of the very word criticism complicated and difficult if not impossible.

It is certainly not our purpose here to complain of the critics for neglecting their work or for being unjust to men and women who labor for years over a single book or play; on the contrary their fault lies in quite the opposite direction. Nor is it our plan to attack them with the hoary, idiotic assertion that they are disappointed creators. The critical faculty in its perfection is infinitely more rare than the creative and in its relation to the nation it is likely to be far more important than the

creative faculty of any single genius. The critic is a man who should mold and guide—a man possessed of humor, sympathy, detachment, calm and judgment—a man who surveys the whole field from an Olympian height. It is not his business to drag into his criticism the quarrels and bickerings of individual cliques and writers, nor the details however preposterous and amusing of his own life, family and household; it is not his business to make cheap puns and jokes and to turn handsprings upon a platform raised by a circulation of five hundred thousand above a public of honest readers; and it is certainly not his business to rush red-faced and shouting into the critical arena announcing with gusto, "I have found the best something or other of the past twenty-five years." These qualities do not imply that he must be pompous. They imply, I think, that he be above all else honest and that he should have a respect for his own job, for it is a dignified one however ill paid in dollars. If we are to rule out all such standards and take criticism as a joke, then even a Hottentot chieftain may become a critic as soon as he learns to read and write American.

There are in America beyond all question a number of young men and women who have these qualities and who are writing criticism and not "criticism." The question is whether they will ever grow to full stature in the face of all the temptation and all the underground influences which afflict the American scene. We have certainly no Taine or Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold. We have no Randolph Bourne or James Huneker with their gifts of seeing to the bottom of things and of relating and interpreting the culture of the old world as well as the new. Something seems to happen to promising young men and women in America. It happens to creators as well as

critics. In order to analyze what this thing may be and what are the causes of it one would need a whole volume rather than a meager ten pages.

It may be the old question of money—that the cheap writer and the cheap critic are too well paid. Yet there we find ourselves face to face with that old truism that art goes where money is. It is true, I think, that editors do not want the work of young men and women who write abstractly and with a sound judgment: they do not want the young men and women with a background qualifying them for their jobs. In this day of tabloids, of intimate personal publicity, of Confession and True Story magazines, a sound mind is not jazzy enough. One must move with one's century or be overwhelmed by it. We do not set down these remarks so much in sentimental regret as in simple observation. A kind of colossal vulgarization has overtaken American criticism with the result that the word itself now covers everything from the genuine article to the wise-cracks of the lady columnist of Tinkersville, Oklahoma. There are art, book and music pages from one end of the country to another, from the great metropolitan dailies to the county weeklies. All this speaks very well for America's interest in the arts; it is perhaps an augury of some great flowering to come. But at the moment it also speaks ill for the high art of criticism. It has made articulate a horde of cranks and exhibitionists and near-illiterates who have audiences of thousands, and a universal cheapening has resulted. One hears often enough complaints against creative writing in America but nothing against so-called 'critical writing.

There is no doubt that in our own generation the critic is having a hard time. It is eminently an age of experi-

ment and change wherein all sorts of new things good and bad are being attempted, wherein fashions change with a startling rapidity. And all this places those who are concerned with valuing contemporary art in an extremely difficult position. Curiously enough the trend of the time appears to have made the bulk of criticism extremely bold rather than overcautious. It is a day of overstatement rather than understatement. Schools of writing, as well as individuals, spring overnight into sudden wild prominence and a few years later are utterly forgotten and more often than not discredited. In *Les Faux Monnayeurs* André Gide repeats the old truism that nothing dates so quickly nor is so dead when dead as a literary radical. It is not necessary to take up examples; any one familiar with the progress of the arts in America has noted the unfortunate victims of the immediate past. It has not only ruined a number of promising creators perhaps for a period of years, perhaps forever, but it has carried with it a shocking number of budding young critics with a genuine passion for their work. They have staked all on a single cause, denied merit to all else, and, protesting bitterly, have gone down with their ship when the fashion changed. In the tabulation made less than four years ago, there are names already dead and almost forgotten.

It is not difficult in this day of cheap laurels for a new writer to win praise. There is a kind of nervous anxiety for some one new on the horizon, some one who can be seized and quickly decorated with the "best writer" badge. The effect upon the victor or the victim (one never knows which it may be) is as often as not disastrous to himself. Unless he or she be a youth gifted with balance, humility, humor and self-criticism (with-

out which he cannot survive) he is likely to be taken at once with a bad case of *folie de grandeur*. The literary path of America during the past fifteen years is strewn with the blanching bones of young prodigies who on the publication of a single autobiographical novel have been hailed as new literary Messiahs. There is a rather tragic game in America called Discovering a New Author and most "critics" play at it. The young fellow gets no honest valuable criticism when he needs it most. But the greatest sufferer is perhaps the American literature yet to come. If there is such a thing as criticism in America (save for the work of a tiny handful) its general effect is devastating rather than constructive, and it is devastating very frequently from the kindliest of motives. Sometimes its devastation arises simply from that impersonal game called Discovering a New Genius.

The idiocy of the "best book" idea has become virtually a commercial affair. The gullible American public is singularly innocent of much that goes on in the world of writers, playwrights, producers, publishers and critics. It is innocent of the tricks, the feuds, the cliques, the trading, the bartering that goes on in that world. The public believes that all is conducted upon a pure and holy basis watched over by avenging muses. It believes this as profoundly as it believes that any party filled with people who are "doing things" is a fascinating party. It is especially gullible in the matter of literary awards. The effect of a prize on the public is overwhelming. It believes that any book decorated by a blue ribbon is a great book. Frequently a prize raises the sales of a book from five thousand to a hundred thousand. It is true of all and any prizes from the much publicized Pulitzer award to the prize offered by the local high school for the best essay

by one of the senior class. Publishers, always slow and conservative, have at length discovered the value of prizes and have taken to pinning them upon their own publications. And in America prize money is money better spent than on the advertising columns of literary reviews and newspapers where each book is advertised as the best and most beautiful and the best selling and what not.

The business of awarding prizes has undergone within the past two years a new and purely American modification in the organization of societies which arrange your reading for you painlessly and by the month—organizations which advertise that they "will solve your reading problem." From the point of view of criticism two obvious abuses are involved: (1) the employment of dignified critics in a commercial enterprise, critics who by implication at least, announce with the certainty of Joseph Smith that God has revealed to them the best book of the month, and (2) the employment of creative writers to pass judgment upon the writing of other authors. There are other ramifications. These are the two most important. The influence of these organizations is of immense commercial importance to a newcomer in the literary field. It is likewise of immense importance to his publishers. The rates of discount asked by these clubs are from the publisher's point of view preposterous, leaving him with an invisible margin of profit. It is a singular piece of parasitism and it has certainly little to do with the art once known as criticism, yet it continues to involve some of our most promising and able critical writers.

Investigating the assertion of one of these organizations that "it solves your literary problem," Herschel Brickell, critic of the New York *Evening Post,* compiled a partial list of the reading a subscriber would have missed during

the past year if he had taken the slogan as the truth. Such a subscriber, Mr. Brickell points out, would have missed Julia Peterkin's "Black April," Eleanor Carroll Chilton's "Shadows Waiting," Edna Bryner's "Andy Brandt's Ark," Willa Cather's "Death Comes to the Archbishop," Edith Wharton's "Twilight Sleep," Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse," O. E. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth," Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," and James Boyd's "Marching On." In biography Guedalla's "Palmerston," Ludwig's "Napoleon" and "Bismarck," Harold Lamb's "Genghis Khan," Huddleston's "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne," and Mary Agnes Best's "Thomas Paine." It would of course be an amusing thing to compare this partial and very catholic list even in ten years from now with the list that is advertised as "solving your reading problem." Already the one list makes the other seem a little weak.

Prizes, best books, Sears and Roebuck literary undertakings—all of these things are possibly part and parcel of the ideals which many of the more dyspeptic European critics claim to be the key to any interpretation of so-called American civilization. If this be so—that everything in America is doomed in time to become standardized, that everything is to be managed on a basis of publicity—then of course we had best accept it and move with our century rather than be crushed by it.

The young men and women who write our publishing and theatrical advertisements have come long ago to understand that there are no words of praise left in the English language which mean anything. Every reader and playgoer knows the phrases: "the most brilliant," "the most amusing," "the most fascinating," *"tour de force,"* "captivating," "clever," "marvelous picture,"

and what not, always ending up with the old and simple favorite "the Best." They have all been used over and over again on work fine or shoddy, cheap or sincere, until at last they have all gone down in a sloshing sea of nonsense. It may be that in the end the whole problem will solve itself by disgusting every one concerned and that a fresh start will be made. A few more prizes and the public may come, as it does in France, to believe that everything is a prize book and so in the end discover a need for some new and different means of appraisal. In the meanwhile criticism as such sinks lower and lower.

There are as well many other little signs, some classical in the history of criticism, some peculiar to America, but all much too complicated to take up in a brief article. There is the "criticism" of the crank who believes that because Sargent did not paint like Bracque or Modigliani that he painted nothing but trash; the old gentlemen who believe that nothing but obscenity has been written since the last book of William Dean Howells; the young man who believes that no book but "Ulysses" has any value; the crank who thinks that apples are the only subject worthy of painting; and the crank who believes that any book written about cultivated people must be no better than Robert Chambers' middle period. And so on. These are exaggerations. They are made so deliberately. And in each exaggeration there is a great deal more than a grain of truth.

Then there are two other schools of critics who are American in development. They might be designated as the wise-crackers and the exhibitionists. In each case the subject under discussion—the play, the book, the picture —is likely to be used only as an excuse rather than as an end. It is the excuse for whole columns full of puns,

sometimes good, sometimes atrocious. A whole criticism may be designed simply to set off the pun in the final paragraph. With the exhibitionist he uses the object supposedly under discussion as the springboard for his own ego. He belongs to the "I know what I like" school of criticism and his articles are full of homely details—what little Jimmie said this morning, what Aunt Irma wore last night and what are the latest bootleggers' quotations. These are the exploiters of the ego and sometimes the well of an ego runs dry. Even Lord Byron's did not suffice in the end and few egos are as interesting as his. Amid all the pleasant chit-chat there appears a casual mention of the object which served for an excuse. There are in these schools a few writers who justify their existence and are worthy to amuse and entertain without even so much as the humble excuse of criticism. They are definitely creators rather than critics, but they are scarce as hens'-teeth.

Certainly those who write of the arts are the last ones in America to take the business of criticism frivolously. With them it is more often than not a sacred flame of which they are the consecrated attendants. The seriousness is true no more of the pompous college professor than of the professional wise-cracker. The whole thing is enveloped in the aura of estheticism. It is taken passionately. When one considers this seriousness and the intensity of a good deal of criticism it is astonishing that its quality is not higher and its content of greater value. It may be, of course, that in a country where every one has a cause, where the tolerant man or woman would be a curiosity, and intolerance is fought by only greater intolerance, it is a waste of time to look for dispassionate valuations. With us as a nation reactions are possibly too

violent to permit the slow, sure growth of criticism. Our hatreds either of class or of individual or even of principle still have about them the odor of riots or lynchings. (All of us have seen critical lynchings as well as critical stampedes to award laurels.) Our violence (and this is certainly true with relation to the arts) seems to increase as we grow older. It may also be that in periods of such strife and stress we may produce great creators and not one critic worth remembering. That is likely to happen. Critics are usually the product of periods of creative inertia when there is time to place upon things their proper value. It may be that the European accusation made so frequently against us—that we are a nation used to doing things in crowds—is true and that our critics run, too, in packs, now this way, now that, always with noses twitching for a new scent, changing their courses as the fashions change. It may be, too, that we lack as a nation any class —such, for example, as that turned out each year from Oxford and Cambridge—with a background sufficiently rich to provide standards of criticism. Barring from the discussion the case of any individual critic, I think it can be said in all truth that our contemporary criticism is not worthy of our contemporary creative effort, and that if we are to assume there is in criticism that value known as guidance, we have no guide at the moment. We have rather passions, intolerance, wise-cracks, exhibitionism, criticism without background or standards, and a great deal else, but very little cool and considered judgment, written with humor, detachment, sympathy, penetration and authority.

It is impossible to deny the title of critic to the reformer, the crank, the wise-cracker, the small-town spinster, or the exhibitionist. At the moment any one

who calls himself a critic must be one. There is no border line, no line where the one thing begins and the other ends. It may be that in the end we are moving into an age when there will be no need for contemporary criticism, when we shall have only prizes and publicity and everything will be "the best" or "the worst." If we are taking criticism seriously as worth something to ourselves and to our future, then all this is worth speculation. If the idea of criticism is merely a thing to jest about, then that is something else again. It may be eventually that it will all have the interest of Confessions, True Stories, and the Tabloids.

SACCO-VANZETTI

by F. Lauriston Bullard *

(Chief Editorial Writer of the Boston *Herald*)

THE purpose of this chapter is to narrate in the simplest manner the leading facts in that extraordinary series of events which the world calls the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The author of this chapter does not write as an advocate. This article is not an argument. It contains only an outline from the enormous mass of material, covering many thousands of pages, accessible to the investigator. That the case will be a theme of discussion for many years to come cannot be doubted. For convenience, the word "friends" is used in allusion to those who believe in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti or who long held or still hold that there is reasonable doubt of their guilt, and the word "foes" is used in reference to those holding views of the opposite nature.

On the morning of Friday, April 16, 1920, the news readers of Boston found on the first pages of their papers such headlines as this: MOTOR BANDITS MURDER // GUARD, WOUND PAYMASTER, // DASH AWAY WITH $18,000. (The parallels show how the lines were "banked." There were three lines, four columns wide, in this "head.") On the following Sunday morning a glance at the first

* Editor's Note: Mr. Bullard won the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial of the year. This was his editorial in the Boston *Herald* on Sacco-Vanzetti. The present article has been written by him especially for "Mirrors of the Year."

W. J. Enright in New York *World.*

It took the State of Massachusetts seven years to make up its mind to the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti. Mr. Bullard tells how and why.

pages disclosed this "head": POLICE FIND MURDER CAR // THAT CARRIED BANDITS IN // SOUTH BRAINTREE RAID. By April 20 the story had been removed from the outside pages to an inside position, but it was back outside two days later. On the morning of April 24 a first-page story appeared with this "head": JUDGE SCORES // JURYMEN FOR // FREEING "RED." This article told how a Norfolk jury had returned a verdict of "not guilty" in the case of a prisoner charged with advocating anarchy and who had admitted his Bolshevism, and how the Superior Court judge, Webster Thayer, had reprimanded the jurors for their decision, and the Assistant District Attorney had refused to try any more such cases. The papers of the last day of April informed the public that the local police had been equipped with machine guns, that "every man on the Boston Police Force was alert" and "ready" for "any May Day uprising on the part of the Soviets." On May Day morning such "heads" as this were run: BOSTON ARMED // AT ALL POINTS // AGAINST REDS, and the opening sentence of one story read: "Boston to-day is regarded as the gathering place of all the most dangerous radicals in the United States." Then on Friday, May 7, the outside pages carried such "heads" as this one of four-column width: THREE ARRESTED FOR // BRAINTREE MURDERS; TWO ARE IDENTIFIED. PRISONERS ARE // SUSPECTED IN // ANOTHER CASE. // LINKED WITH BRIDGEWATER ATTEMPT; // PREPARING FINAL COUP, IT IS SAID. Next day the public learned that these suspects were "Nick" Saco (*sic*), "Bert" Vanizetti (*sic*), and Ricardo Orciani.

These newspaper citations intimate the general conditions amidst which the Sacco-Vanzetti proceedings originated and how it was that the public first heard of the two men whose names now are known round the world.

Who were these men? Both were born in Italy, both had been in the United States for years, and both were radicals. Nicola Sacco was a shoe worker, from 1910 to 1917 in the employ of the Milford Shoe Company and at the time of his arrest employed in Stoughton, married, with two children. He earned from $50 to $80 a week and from his wages his wife had saved $1,500. His employer gave him a good character. Bartolomeo Vanzetti sold fish from a pushcart in Plymouth. He came of a good Italian family; a sister crossed the ocean to see him just before the execution. Vanzetti possessed the better mind of the two and was better able to express himself in English. Both had read much of the literature of anarchism clear back to Kropotkin. They called themselves "Libertarians"; their viewpoint was that of the radical European proletariat. Both had taken leading parts in strikes. Foes declared they were dangerous exponents of "direct action" policies. Friends replied that they were philosophical anarchists, opposed to any rule dictated by force, whether of a Mussolini or a Soviet, but not bomb-throwers or assassins. They had opposed the war with Germany. They hurried to Mexico to escape the draft. In post-war days they distributed propaganda and spoke at meetings both public and secret. At the time of his arrest Vanzetti carried on his person the "copy" for the printing of a bill announcing him as a speaker in a public meeting to be held a few nights later in Brockton.

South Braintree is an industrial village and an important railway junction. The Rice and Hutchins five-story shoe factory faces Pearl Street across from a wall beyond which six railroad tracks come to a dead end and only a few rods to the east of the plant is the gated crossing where

six other tracks cross the street. A few rods farther west on the same side of Pearl Street is the four-story shoe factory of Slater and Morrill. Friday is the weekly pay-day for the latter concern. The payroll for that April 15, 1920, amounts to $15,776.51. The money had been sent out on a morning train from Boston and delivered at the firm's business office just west of the railroad station. The paymaster is Frederick A. Parmenter; his guard is Alessandro Berardelli. It is well known about the neighborhood that on Friday afternoons they are accustomed to leave the office about 3 o'clock, and walk across the tracks and down the sloping street to the factory, a distance of hardly more than 100 yards, there to distribute the pay envelopes from the two black boxes containing the cash. On this Friday a green Buick touring car is waiting in Pearl Street, parked on the wrong side, near the factory, and two men are lounging near a woodpile across the street from the Rice and Hutchins plant.

Now—a few seconds of tragic action. There are several revolver shots. Both Parmenter and Berardelli drop to the street, the latter almost instantly slain, the former, mortally wounded, to die next morning. The Buick sweeps up the slope, the gunmen leap aboard, tossing the black boxes into the tonneau, and the car darts across the tracks; the murder gang intimidate the gatetender and make a fast getaway towards the town of Randolph. Many persons, roused by the firing, see the flight of the careening car. It contains several men. A volley is fired towards the rear to warn off pursuers.

A cap, said to have been found in the roadway, is handed over to the officers on Saturday. A citizen turns over four discharged shells which he had picked up near the spot where the victims fell. The police also obtain

the bullets taken from the bodies of the murdered men. With these clues they begin their task of apprehending the criminals. After two days an abandoned Buick is found in the woods near West Bridgewater and track marks in the ground indicate that another and smaller car must have been waiting near the spot.

It happens that at the time of this double killing the police were trying to solve the problem of a similar but unsuccessful holdup in Bridgewater on the day before Christmas in the preceding year. In both instances eye-witnesses agree that the robbers were Italians, and in some respects, as in the use of the automobile for flight, their methods were similar. Chief of Police Stewart of Bridgewater, in his search for the driver or the owner of the car used in the earlier holdup, finds a 1914 Overland left in a certain garage for repairs by an Italian named Boda, who has been living in Cochesset with a Red named Coacci—and the Bridgewater criminals had fled in the direction of Cochesset. Stewart calls on Coacci on an errand having no relation with these two crimes and finds him packing up apparently with the intention of leaving at once for Italy. The day after this call Stewart hears of the finding of the Buick in the woods with the marks left by the other car near at hand, and there flashes into his mind the possibility that the second car was Boda's. Then he learns that Boda has been Coacci's roommate, and deduces the theory that the two had been concerned in the Braintree tragedy and that Coacci is deserting his pal and sneaking away to Italy with the plunder. The chief therefore watches the garage. He arranges for police notification whenever anybody shall call for the Overland car, the 1920 number plates of which Boda had removed.

On the evening of May 5 four Italians do call, Boda, Sacco, Vanzetti, and Orciani. The garage owner is absent. His wife delays the men and goes to the telephone. The Italians seem to scent some ruse, and Boda and Orciani depart on a motorcycle. Sacco and Vanzetti walk away and board a street car for Brockton. Chief Stewart relays a tip to the Brockton police, and the two men are arrested in that city. One is said to have made a threatening gesture towards a pocket. Revolvers are found on both, and ammunition on Sacco. They are held as suspicious persons and for carrying loaded weapons. That same night the District Attorney for the counties of Norfolk and Plymouth, Frederick G. Katzmann, has a long talk with the suspects. Obviously they are very apprehensive. They are asked if they are anarchists, communists, socialists. Clearly they are lying. As to Orciani and Boda—the former proves readily that he was at his regular work both on April 15 and December 24, and the latter disappears completely. The authorities at once test their theory that the same gang operated both at Bridgewater and Braintree. But it is shown that not only Orciani but Sacco also had been at his regular employment on December 24, but that, unlike Orciani, Sacco had taken April 15 as a day off. Therefore Sacco is charged with the Braintree crime, and Vanzetti, who in any event would find difficulty in proving an alibi, inasmuch as he worked for himself and not for an organization which kept the records of time clocks, is charged with participation in both crimes.

Contrary to the usual practice in the Massachusetts courts, Vanzetti goes to trial on the minor charge in advance of his trial on the major charge. On June 11, 1920, the Plymouth County Grand Jury reports an indict-

ment of Vanzetti for assault with intent to rob Alfred E. Cox, the paymaster of the L. Q. White Shoe Company. Judge Thayer is assigned to the trial. The prosecutor is Mr. Katzmann. The trial runs from June 22 to July 1. Identification witnesses name Vanzetti as present at the holdup, and armed, and circumstantial evidence is offered against him. Vanzetti brings many alibi witnesses from Plymouth, all Italians, to testify that they had bought eels from him for their Christmas Eve feasting as he plied his trade on or about the day of the crime. Foes declare the case convincing. Friends deride it as specious and flimsy. The defendant does not testify. Afterward he several times denounces his attorney for not allowing him to take the stand for the reason that his radical opinions would have been exploited by the prosecution to the prejudice of his chances with the jury. One thing which especially interested Governor Fuller when he was required to make up his mind about the fate of Vanzetti was this question of why he did not offer testimony at this trial. On July 1 he is convicted of attempted robbery while armed. On August 16 Judge Thayer sentences him to twelve to fifteen years in State Prison, and he is at once removed to Charlestown.

Throughout the interval between the double slaying and the double trial public interest in what already is known as the Sacco-Vanzetti case is increasing. Presently the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee comes into being. Appeals are sent far and wide for funds. Radicals everywhere contribute, in pennies, in dollars, and in checks. Money comes from the far coast and from overseas. Communists and I.W.W.-ites make the cause of the Italian shoe worker and the Italian fish peddler their own. A statement about the end of November, 1925, showed de-

fense expenditures of nearly $300,000. Labor unions adopt resolutions of protest. Various men and women of prominence manifest an interest in the situation. Contributors to the fund assume their innocence because the twain are radicals. It may be said that in later years many assume their guilt with no greater warrant. Attorney General Palmer is raiding Red gatherings and deporting radicals. Eminent lawyers charge the Department of Justice with using propaganda to excite public reprehension of radicalism. The Defense Committee hires halls, holds meetings, distributes pamphlets. The press prints a good deal about the two men, how they ran away from the war and went about heavily armed. Foes declare that the Committee developed an atmosphere calculated to imbue the public mind with the impression that the case is a frame-up against two Reds. Friends assert that the prosecution has produced such an anti-radical atmosphere in Norfolk County as to make a fair trial impossible.

The Grand Jury returns indictments on September 11, but the trial does not begin until the last day of May in the following year. Judge Thayer is assigned to the case; Mr. Katzmann, assisted by Assistant District Attorneys Harold B. Williams, William F. Kane, and George E. Adams, will prosecute; for the defendants appear the McAnarney brothers of Quincy, aided by William J. Callahan and John A. Lyons, and by Frederick H. Moore of California. It seems more accurate to say that Mr. Moore was sent to the East by the I.W.W. to help the defense and that he imposed himself upon the Defense Committee than that he was "imported" by the Committee. In the West accepted as an able defender of radicals,

he shows himself unacquainted with Massachusetts laws and methods.

The jury is completed with Walter H. Ripley, a former Chief of Police of Quincy, now deceased, as foreman, on June 4 at half-after-one in the morning. The first 500 talesmen had yielded only seven jurors. Many men professed opinions. Many strove to evade service. Under the statute the sheriff summoned "bystanders" for examination, going into Masonic lodges and other assemblies, to obtain 200 more "prospects." The jury includes, besides the foreman, two real estate dealers, two machinists, a grocer, a mason, a stockkeeper, a clothing salesman, a mill operative, a shoe worker, a photographer, and a farmer. The Court calls upon the jurors to do their duty with the same courage that had been displayed by America's soldiers in France. Opinions differ as to whether the jury might show the more manifest courage by the conviction or the acquittal of the defendants.

Numerous as are the witnesses—sixty-six for the Commonwealth, ninety-nine for the defense—the trial is susceptible of simple statement. Both sides agree on the facts of the crime. The jury must determine whether one or both of the defendants participated therein. There is identification testimony, then experts present evidence respecting bullets and weapons, finally the suspicious conduct of the twain just after arrest is examined to demonstrate "consciousness of guilt."

An illustration of the first line of testimony, of which much has since been made, is found in the evidence for the prosecution of Mary E. Splaine, that she heard the shots and looked from a second-story window of the Slater and Morrill factory and saw Sacco in the speeding

Buick. She gives a minute description of Sacco. It is alleged by the defense that, able to see the men only for three seconds or less at a distance of sixty feet in a car traveling at not less than twelve miles an hour, no such positive identification could be possible; moreover, that at the preliminary hearing forty days after the crime the witness had admitted her inability to identify Sacco, so that some time in the course of the year that had since elapsed she must have changed her mind. There is much conflict throughout in the identification testimony. At a later time the Court said that the conviction was to be attributed to "consciousness of guilt." Four witnesses testify that Sacco was in Boston that April 15 looking after a passport for his prospective return to Italy. Quite as contradictory is the testimony for the identification of Vanzetti, who offers alibi witnesses to show that he had been in Plymouth on the day of the crime. There is testimony both ways as to the cap found in Pearl Street, the Commonwealth seeking to show that it belonged to Sacco, and as to the revolver found on Vanzetti which the prosecution strives to prove was the weapon of the murdered guard, Berardelli. Experts give evidence and differ, on this point.

The great clash of the experts is over the bullets taken from the bodies of the victims. The Medical Examiner of Suffolk County had removed two bullets from the body of Parmenter and four from the body of Berardelli. Each bullet he marked with a numeral. All the Berardelli bullets were jacketed and of thirty-two caliber. The Examiner testifies that the death of the guard was caused by "Bullet No. III, Exhibit 18." The prosecution undertakes to show, and the defense to deny, that this bullet was fired from the pistol found on Sacco. For the Common-

wealth, Captain William H. Proctor, of the State Police, having an office in the State House, and Captain Charles Van Amburgh, of the ballistic department of the Remington Company at Bridgeport, state respectively that "It is consistent with being fired from that pistol," and "I am inclined to believe it was fired from this Colt automatic pistol." For the defense, James E. Burns, of the United States Cartridge Company at Lowell, and J. Henry Fitzgerald, of the Colt Company at Hartford, testify, the one that "in my opinion" the bullet was "not fired from the Sacco gun" while unwilling to say it "was not fired in *a* Colt thirty-two automatic," the other that "the bullet was not fired from the pistol given me."

And what of the actions contended by the State to show consciousness of guilt? Did the accused behave like guilty men? Why were they armed? Why did they leave the garage without the Boda car? Why at the police station did they tell so many lies? There had been at the outset an understanding, at the suggestion of the Court, that the radicalism of the defendants should be kept out of the proceedings. But the defense has at hand this way to answer such questions as these and for the explanation of the ambiguous conduct of their clients they bring forward the theory that the accused were not in dread of apprehension for murder but that they were in fear of some kind of punishment for radicalism. The defense admit the opinions of their clients as a means of extrication from the greater peril. Sacco and Vanzetti had the tragedy of Andrea Salsedo on their minds, the New York Red who had been kept incommunicado for two months in the quarters of the Department of Justice on the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building. Vanzetti had been to New York to confer with a committee

regarding Salsedo's defense. After his return came the news that Salsedo had been found crushed on the pavement in front of the Park Row Building. Vanzetti says he heard of that event the day before he called with Boda and the others at the garage, and he adds: "I was afraid, for I know that my friends there in New York have jumped down from the jail in the street and killed himself. The papers say that he jump down, but we don't know." Many tales of how the Department of Justice was dealing with the Reds were appearing in the press. Sacco and Vanzetti wanted the Boda car to carry off their radical literature for the purpose of hiding it. So the defense.

The prosecution seizes on the opportunity thus offered and cross-examines the two prisoners at great length as to their views and motives. The first question to Vanzetti is: "So you left Plymouth to dodge the draft?" And to Sacco: "Did you say yesterday that you love a free country?" The imperfect English of many replies is difficult of interpretation. Sacco at one point makes a long and incoherent statement of his ideas. Friends declare that the radicalism of the prisoners was exploited for the express purpose of exciting the prejudices of a conservative jury. Foes contend that the radical issue was introduced by the defense at its own option and that the conduct of the Commonwealth was correct and fair.

In his charge to the jury the judge emphasizes the rights of all parties, affirms the claims of the radical to equal justice with the conservative, refers to the Italians as entitled to the same consideration as though their ancestors had been aboard the Mayflower. He stresses the meaning and duty of loyalty. As a matter of course, he explains to the jurors their functions and he reviews the

evidence, with special attention to the question of consciousness of guilt.

On July 14, 1921, the jury, after five hours of consideration, come in with their verdict—Guilty.

It should be added that the money for which the bandits shot the paymaster and his guard never has been found, that the prosecution made no attempt to link Sacco and Vanzetti with any gang of professional bandits, and that very unusual precautions were taken to guard the Court House and to prevent the entrance of armed persons into the trial room. Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans attended the trial as a representative of the League for Democratic Control; Mrs. Lois B. Rantoul and W. B. Smith as delegates from the Federated Churches of Greater Boston; the Italian Consul and Vice-Consul were present at several sessions.

Through the ensuing six years the story of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts is a record of appeals and denials, and in the country at large and in all parts of the foreign world it is a story of agitation in their supposed interest and of protest against their execution. There are meetings in many Italian cities and demonstrations before American consulates and embassies. A bomb comes in the mails to Ambassador Herrick in Paris. General Crowder in Havana is "warned." Radicals in Amsterdam, Communists in Brussels, Reds in Prague, Algerians and South Africans, Argentines and Japanese, all demand "justice" for Sacco and Vanzetti.

On February 14, 1922, Sacco begins a hunger strike in Dedham jail. He is unable to come to court in March and four physicians recommend his committal to the Psycopathic Hospital for observation. On April 10 five alienists report to the Court that Sacco is of unsound

mind, and, after a sanity hearing of three days in which some warm things are said, Judge Thayer orders Sacco to the Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Bridgewater. The superintendent testifies after several months that in his judgment Sacco was sane when placed under his jurisdiction, and there is another transfer, this time back to Dedham jail.

The term of Mr. Katzmann as District Attorney expires early in 1923, and his assistant, Mr. Williams, succeeds to that office, but Mr. Katzmann is soon sworn in as a special assistant in this prosecution—this over the objections of the defense. When the date for the hearing of new trial motions arrives, March 16, new counsel appear for the defense—William G. Thompson, a conservative attorney of the highest standing in Boston, and Arthur D. Hill, formerly a Suffolk County District Attorney and a former Corporation Counsel for the city of Boston. Later Mr. Herbert B. Ehrmann is associated with the defense.

To summarize the several appeals: First—the usual appeal to set aside the verdict as against the weight of the evidence; offered, October 29; denied, December 24, 1921. Second—The jury's foreman carried in his pockets several bullets similar to the exhibits used in the trial, and these were examined in the jury room. This violated the "due process" guarantee; all evidence should be produced in open court. Third—The foreman in advance of the trial declared that the two "ginneys" ought to hang anyhow, guilty or not; thus he disqualified himself for jury service. Fourth—A motion founded on the microscopic examination of the Berardelli bullet and the Sacco pistol by Albert H. Hamilton, an expert of national reputation, who declares that the fatal bullet could not have

come from that weapon. Fifth—One Gould witnessed the tragedy at Braintree; the Buick passed within a few feet of him and a bullet perforated his overcoat. Having had a good view of the occupants of the car he declares that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti were among them. He had not been called as a witness at the trial. Sixth—a motion founded on what is known as the Proctor affidavit.

On October 1, 1924, Judge Thayer, having heard prolonged arguments, denies all motions for a new trial.

The importance of the Proctor affidavit is so emphasized by the friends of the two Italians that we give it more extended attention as one of the phases of the complicated narrative about which there has been, and will continue to be, much debate. The significance of this phase of the case any person will perceive who spends a few minutes in the examination of the parallels given herewith. In column one is an excerpt from the testimony of Captain Proctor at the trial; in column two an excerpt from Judge Thayer's charge to the jury; in column three the affidavit made by Captain Proctor, now deceased, on October 20, 1923; in column four an excerpt from the statement in which Judge Thayer rejected the motions for a new trial.

THE PROCTOR TESTIMONY	THE JUDGE'S CHARGE	THE PROCTOR AFFIDAVIT	JUDGE THAYER'S DECISION
Q.—Have you an opinion as to whether bullet No. 3 (Exhibit 18) was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence? A.—I have. Q.—And what is your opinion? A.—My opinion is that it is consistent with heing fired from that pistol. Q.—Is there anything different in the	". . . The commonwealth must prove beyond reasonahle douht every fact or element necessary to prove the crime of murder. . . . "Now the commonwealth claims that there are several distinct pieces of testimony that must he considered upon the question of personal identification. Let us see what they are. First, that the fatal	". . . I had in my custody and made examination of from time to time with great care, the hullets said to have heen taken from the hody of Berardelli, all except one of which were, as I testified at the trial, fired from a pistol which was not a Colt automatic pistol. One of them was, as I then testified and still believe, fired from a Colt automatic pis-	". . . With his limited knowledge, Capt. Proctor did not testify that the mortal bullet did pass through Sacco's pistol, but that from his examination of the facts it was simply consistent with it. . . . "Again it was argued that the court understood that Capt. Proctor testified to the effect that the mortal bullet was fired

THE PROCTOR TESTIMONY

appearance of the other five hullets? -

A.—Yes.

Q.—Just a minute, I had not completed —the other five bullets to which I have just referred, which would indicate to you that they were fired from more than one weapon?

A.—There is not.

Q.—Is the appearance of those hullets consistent with heing fired from the same weapon?

A.—As far as I can see.

Q.—Captain, did you understand my question when I asked you if you had an opinion as to whether the five hullets which you say were fired from an automatic type of pistol were fired from the same gun?

A.—I would not say positively.

Q.—Well, have you an opinion?

A.—I have.

Q.—Well, that is what I asked you before. I thought possihly you did not understand. What is your opinion as to the gun from which those fired were fired?

A.—My opinion is, all five were fired from the same gun.

—Record, Page 472.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE

Winchester bullet, marked Exhibit 3, which killed Berardelli, was fired through the barrel of the Colt automatic pistol found upon the defendant Sacco at the time of his arrest. If that is true, that is evidence tending to corrohorate the testimony of the witnesses of the commonwealth that the defendant Sacco was at South Braintree on the 15th day of April, 1920, and it was his pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli. To this effect, the commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amhurgh. And on the other hand, the defendants offered testimony of two experts, Messrs. Burns and Fitzgerald, to the effect that the Sacco pistol did not fire the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli. . . ."

—Record, Pages 1141 and 1152.

THE PROCTOR AFFIDAVIT

tol of .32 caliher. During the preparation for the trial, my attention was repeatedly called hy the district attorney and his assistants to the question; whether I could find any evidence which would justify the opinion that the particular bullet taken from the body of Berardelli, which came from a Colt automatic pistol, came from the particular Colt automatic pistol taken from Sacco. I used every means available to me for forming an opinion on this suhject. . . . At no time was I ahle to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular model hullet found in Berardelli's body, which came from a Colt automatic pistol . . . came from Sacco's pistol, and I so informed the district attorney and his assistant hefore the trial.

"At the trial, the district attorney did not ask me whether I had found any evidence that the so-called mortal hullet . . . passed through Sacco's pistol, nor was I asked that question on cross-examination. The district attorney desired to ask me that question, but I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should he obliged to answer in the negative. . . ."

—Supplementary Exceptions, Page 108.

JUDGE THAYER'S DECISION

through the Sacco pistol. This is another interpretation of counsel that I do not agree with. Of course, the court referred to this matter in the following language: 'To this effect the commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amhurgh; on the other hand, the defendants offered the testimony of two experts, Messrs. Burns and Fitzgerald, to the effect that the Sacco pistol did not fire the hullet that caused the death of Berardelli.'

"It is not the duty of a court in charging a jury to deal with the weight and probative effect of testimony. . . . It was clearly the duty of the court to say, referring to the testimony of Capt. Proctor, that there was some testimony, notwithstanding its frailty, that tended to prove this fact in question, for Capt. Proctor did testify that some .32 caliber automatic fired the fatal hullet. Again he testified at least to one measurement that corrohorated the testimony of Capt. Van Amburgh, who testified that he was of the opinion that the fatal hullet was fired through the Sacco pistol. From these facts Capt. Proctor testified that it was his opinion that it was consistent with it."

—Supplementary Bill, Page 168.

Shortly after the adverse decision by Judge Thayer the defense files exceptions, and in July, 1925, a bill of nearly 1,500 printed pages is presented to the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth. Not until May 12, 1926, does the Court, having heard arguments in January, pass upon these exceptions. Meantime Vanzetti has been given sanity tests, as in the case of Sacco against his own

protest, and after some months he is pronounced of sound mind.

It should be noticed that the Supreme Judicial Court in Massachusetts is not a court of criminal appeal. It passes on processes, not on facts. It does not undertake to decide whether the verdict of a jury is right or wrong, whether a defendant is guilty or innocent. The Court reviews questions of law, decides if a presiding judge has exercised proper "judicial discretion." While another judge in the same situation in any given case might have ruled differently on some questions, the rulings of the trial judge stand if they are not beyond the bounds of reason and the limits of the law. (It may be noted also that years ago four judges sat in capital cases in Massachusetts, but as the work of the courts increased the number was reduced to two and finally to one.) In this instance, the ultimate court, in a long opinion, overruled the exceptions, and found "no error" in the rulings of Judge Thayer.

Several months previously, however, another line of attack had developed for the defense. Mrs. Sacco and her children constantly visited her husband in Dedham jail. Another prisoner, a Portuguese, about twenty-three years old, who was awaiting the determination of exceptions filed after his conviction for murder in connection with a bank robbery at Wrentham, witnessed some of these visits, and, as he said, because he felt "sorry for the kids," he managed to smuggle this note to Sacco:

> "I hereby confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime.
>
> "CELESTINO F. MADEIROS."

The defense at once instituted an extensive investigation to ascertain the value of this "confession." Madeiros made a deposition, on which he was cross-examined by the prosecution, telling of his association with a group of criminals whose names he withheld but who were identified as the Morelli gang of Providence, and placing himself with them in South Braintree on April 15, 1920. In this check-up the defense accumulated more than sixty affidavits in support of the theory that the double murder had been the work of the Morellis, and therefore was the crime of professional holdup men and not of amateurs like Sacco and Vanzetti. The Commonwealth obtained affidavits to offset this claim.

A few days after the Supreme Court decision, the defense filed another motion for a new trial, but the papers being impounded the public did not learn the ground for this motion until the preliminary hearing at Dedham on June 17. The motion was based in the main on two contentions with their supporting affidavits, that the crime had been the work of the Morelli gang, and that there existed in the files of the Department of Justice material of value for the verification of the claims of the defense. Mr. Lawrence Letherman, who had been thirty-four years in the employ of the Post Office Department and three years in charge of the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Boston, and then holding a position with a Greater Boston trust company, certified to "considerable" coöperation between the Department of Justice and the Sacco prosecution, and to the placing of a spy "by arrangement with the Department" in the next cell to Sacco's. Mr. Fred J. Weyand, who had been for ten years a special agent for the Department of Justice in Boston, and who had resigned to take a similar position in the office of the

Attorney General of Maine, certified that there had been coöperation between Boston and Washington, the Department helping the District Attorney to obtain a conviction and the District Attorney helping the Department to obtain information respecting radicalism, and that "it was the general opinion of the Boston agents of the Department having knowledge of the affair that the South Braintree crime was committed by a gang of professional highwaymen." The defense submits also a letter from a former "under cover" man in the Boston office of the Department, a request from William G. Thompson to see any documents respecting the case that might be in the Government files, and an affidavit to the effect that the Boston office has no authority to allow inspection of the files.

On October 24, 1926, Judge Thayer denies this motion for a new trial; on November 17 he allows a bill of exceptions, and on January 27, 1927, the Supreme Court hears arguments on this bill.

Judge Thayer's denial took the form of a detailed review of all the pertinent aspects of the case. The very length of the document affords the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti opportunities for renewed criticism. It was said by the Reporter of Decisions for the Supreme Court, Mr. Ethelbert V. Grabill, in a pamphlet published by him containing a review of the case which the public interpreted as a quasi-official reply to criticisms of Judge Thayer, that the judge, "unfortunately for the orderly procedure of justice, in each instance when he denied a motion for a new trial, placed on file a very long document setting forth his reasonings which led to his conclusion." Whatever the merit of the arguments of the judge, they produced an enormous amount of discussion. It was

at this time that the Boston *Herald* printed an editorial taking the position that the prisoners ought not to be executed on the warrant of the verdict of the jury but that there should be either a new trial or if the final court could not grant another trial that the Governor should appoint a special commission to review the case. At a later time the *Atlantic Monthly* printed a long analysis of the trial in which Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School pronounced it to have been unfair, and this article, somewhat enlarged, was soon issued in book form.

With intense interest the action of the Supreme Court is awaited both in the United States and overseas. The decision comes down on April 5, 1927. To quote Mr. Grabill: "The exceptions were overruled, the Court pointing out . . . in substance that in our system of law the determination of the questions arising at the motion for a new trial rested solely in the discretion of the trial judge; it was for him to determine whether newly discovered evidence, in the light of the evidence at the trial as well as by reason of its intrinsic value, as shown by the affidavits filed in support of the motion, warranted the setting aside of the verdict already reached and the granting of a new trial." One passage in this decision has excited great curiosity and much debate. The Court said: "The law in regard to motions for new trial based upon newly discovered evidence is fully and accurately stated in *Davis* v. *Boston Elevated Railway,* 235 Mass. 482. . . . The principles therein stated are controlling." This was an equity case involving a sum of money. Again the Court said: "That case declares: ' . . . it is not imperative that a new trial be granted even though the evidence

is newly discovered, and, if presented to a jury, would justify a different verdict.' "

On April 9, 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti in the Court House at Dedham are sentenced by Judge Thayer to be executed in the electric chair in the Charlestown Prison during the week beginning July 10. Now occurs an event of such dramatic interest as seldom even a court room witnesses. Foes aver that the fish peddler made "one of the most sensational attacks on the presiding justice ever heard in an American court." Friends admit the attack but claim that it was "a dignified speech." Neutrals agree that Vanzetti rose that day to rare heights of eloquence despite his defective command of English. He charges the judge with prejudice. He affirms his innocence. He discusses certain bits of evidence. This is the finale: "This is what I say: I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and unfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. But my conviction is that I have suffered for things that I am guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two times, I would live again and do what I have done already. I have finished. Thank you." Sacco briefly protests his innocence. The Vanzetti speech is printed in full in newspapers throughout the world.

The fate of Sacco and Vanzetti now rests with Governor Fuller. The tides of public discussion mount higher still. Will the Governor refuse to interfere? Will he

exercise his powers of clemency? Will he seek to obtain for the twain a new trial by an appeal for legislation? Will he name an advisory commission? The Governor of Massachusetts has an official Council to which is assigned certain functions. To this elective body of nine members, including the Lieutenant Governor, the Governor goes under the Constitution for "advice and consent" when in any instance he desires affirmative action. The Council itself cannot take the initiative in any action for clemency. The Council, however, can prevent affirmative action by the denial of an executive request. On May 4 the Governor receives an appeal in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti written by the latter and not signed by the former, who throughout has expressed the wish to die a martyr for "the cause" and who has never been willing to make any concession which might, as it seemed to him, imply an admission of guilt. Six affidavits accompany the petition, bearing the names respectively of Mr. George U. Crocker, former treasurer of the city of Boston; Robert Benchley, dramatic editor of *Life;* Mrs. Lois Rantoul, heretofore mentioned; Frank P. Sibley, a Boston *Globe* reporter; John N. Beffel, a New York press correspondent, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bernkopf, of Boston, who reported the court sessions during the hearings on new trial motions. All these affidavits allege improper conduct by Judge Thayer, declaring him to have violated his own instructions to the jurors not to discuss the case out of court and thus to have displayed during the trial evidence of prejudice and consequent unfitness properly to conduct the case. A letter from Professor James P. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, to the same effect, was subsequently sent to the Governor. For weeks telegrams pour into the executive offices on Beacon Hill, demanding a pardon,

demanding execution, demanding a commission, demanding many impossibilities. These demands come from many lands, some formally from foreign governments through the Department of State. During the month of May the Governor carries on alone.

Then on June 1 the city and the country are almost startled by the announcement of the appointment of a committee—both the Governor and the advisory body use the word "committee" and not "commission"—of three, A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University; Samuel W. Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Robert Grant, former Justice of the Massachusetts Probate Court. By the majority the personnel of the committee is approved. Confidence in the liberalism and fairness of Mr. Lowell is widespread. There is some criticism to the effect that at least one of the three should have been selected from another social stratum as representing a different tradition, and it is claimed that Judge Grant has expressed written opinions adverse to Sacco and Vanzetti. Through the month of June the committee, understood to be engaged in reading the voluminous record, appears to hold no meetings. The Governor—the Council meantime having assented to a stay of execution until August 10—is actively at work on the case, assisted by Attorney General Arthur K. Reading, and by his personal counsel, Mr. Joseph Wiggin. The committee begin visibly to function on June 30, visit the scene of the crime on July 2, begin the hearing of witnesses on July 6, and see the two prisoners on July 8. Judge Thayer comes before the committee on July 12, Mr. Katzmann on July 14. The Governor visits the prisoners on July 22. The committee hear arguments beginning on July 25 and render their

report to the Governor on July 28. The Governor the following day hears the counsel for the defense. It is understood that the Governor and the committee conducted their investigations separately although simultaneously. The committee covered the case by examination of the record supplemented by the evidence of a smaller number of witnesses. The Governor interviewed a much larger number of witnesses, summoning to Beacon Hill all parties in any way connected with the trial, so far as they could be reached, and all claiming to have any information that might assist him in making his decision. In not a few instances both the Governor and the committee examined witnesses. Subpœnas are not issued. Oaths are not administered.

On August 3 just before midnight, amidst tense scenes in the State House, the Governor in a formal document gives out his conclusions. He will not intervene. The next morning the cry of the newsboys is: "Sacco and Vanzetti must die." The report of the committee is given to the public in the papers of August 7.

The Governor's announcement contains a statement of his conclusions, not an argument for their justification. He praises his committee as composed of "men whose reputations for intelligence, open-mindedness, intellectual honesty, and good judgment were above reproach." He can "see no evidence of prejudice in the conduct of the trial" by the judge. He finds the jurors "thoroughly honest men, reluctant to find" for the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti. There is "no warrant for the assertion that the trial was unfair." He can "give no weight to the Madeiros confession." He finds Vanzetti guilty in the Bridgewater case. He refers briefly to the lies told by the defendants when arrested and expresses his conviction of

their guilt. He declares the six years of delay—due to the efforts of counsel, the illness of the judge, "the election efforts of three district attorneys and dilatoriness on the part of those most concerned"—to have been "inexcusable."

The committee's report is longer and considers more definitely the points at issue. Being without power to compel the attendance of witnesses it has seemed best to have the sessions in private; witnesses will speak more freely if assured of no press reports. In the main all testimony is heard in the presence of counsel for both sides. In the trial "the judge tried to be scrupulously fair." In "that time of abnormal fear and credulity little evidence was required to prove that any one was a dangerous radical," therefore "Mr. Katzmann was justified in subjecting Mr. Sacco to a rigorous cross-examination to determine whether his profession that he and his friends were radicals liable to deportation was true, or was merely assumed for the purposes of the defense." The jury "seemed an unusually intelligent and independent body of men." As to the affidavits of prejudice—"From all that has come to us we are forced to conclude that the judge was indiscreet in his conversation with outsiders during the trial. He ought not to have talked about the case off the bench, and doing so was a grave breach of official decorum. But we do not believe he used some of the expressions attributed to him. . . ." The spy in the cell next to Sacco's was placed there, according to Mr. Katzmann, in "the hope of getting information about the explosion in Wall Street." The "suggestion" that the Berardelli bullet was a substitute is dismissed with caustic comment. Gould, whose overcoat was cut by a shot, as a witness "would have" had no "effect in changing the mind

of the jury." Lottie Packard, "eccentric, not unimpeachable in conduct," offers "balancing" evidence that "is well worth consideration." The presence of the Ripley cartridges in the jury room was "irregular" but "could not have changed the result of the trial." The Proctor affidavit—Mr. Katzmann tells the committee that before Captain Proctor made the affidavit "he, Katzmann, had refused to approve Proctor's bill for $500 for expert testimony"; also "it must be assumed that the jury understood the meaning of the plain English words" in Proctor's testimony. The Madeiros confession is considered at some length and pronounced "worthless." The affidavits from former Department of Justice employees contain "no substantial evidence" that the United States possesses any proof of innocence. The rent in the lining of the cap, attributed at the trial to the nail on which Sacco had been accustomed to hang his cap in the shoe factory but now admitted to have been due to the efforts of an officer to find a name under the lining—is a "trifling matter." It is "natural" that the bandits should carry off Berardelli's pistol "for fear of some one's shooting at them as they escaped." (The State claimed at the trial that the pistol found on Vanzetti was in fact Berardelli's.) The fatal bullet "was of a type no longer manufactured . . . yet the same obsolete type of cartridges was found in Sacco's pockets." The alibi testimony is "weak." And: "To this committee both this crime and the one at Bridgewater do not seem to bear the marks of professionals, but of men inexpert in such crimes." (Of the occurrences in the committee room something is known although the sessions were *en camera.* Much has been made by the friends of the prisoners of the incident of some Italian alibi witnesses who were charged with perjury and returned with

verification of their testimony from the pages of an Italian newspaper. These were Editor Bosco of *La Notizia* and Professor Guadagni; the Committee is understood to have apologized to them when they furnished contemporary evidence of their truthfulness.)

Incidentally let us notice at this point that in the final stages of the case, Mr. Williams having been appointed to the Superior Court bench, Mr. Dudley P. Ranney, as Assistant District Attorney, directed the prosecution. Also that in late April and early May there was a crisp debate in the Boston press respecting the case between Dean John H. Wigmore of the Law School of Northwestern University and Professor Frankfurter; the Wigmore charges appeared on April 25 and May 10, and the replies on April 26 and May 11. And that on June 3 Calvin H. Goddard and a reporter from New York City in the presence of a small group of Boston press men and representatives of both sides of the case examined the bullets and shells by means of a "comparison microscope" and declared that the "fatal bullet," Exhibit 18, "was fired through the Sacco pistol and could have been fired through no other." On June 27 Mr. Goddard wrote the Governor. On August 9 Mr. Thompson issued a statement about this test. The Goddard test played no part in the findings of the committee and the Governor.

Friends find much to criticize in both these documents. Foes insist that both the Governor and the committee heard testimony of which the public knows little or nothing, and that if the public did know all there would be no dissent from the decision. One of the strong points of those who believe in guilt has ever been that "the jury had before them the living, speaking witnesses," that grave doubts might arise from the study of a cold record

whereas there might be no reasonable doubt in the jury box. On the other hand, friends hold that the new evidence on which a new trial was urged has never been before a jury.

Mr. Thompson now withdraws from the case. Mr. Hill returns to it. In the strenuous campaign now begun in behalf of the doomed men he is assisted by Mr. Elias Field, Judge Advocate at Bordeaux in war time, and by Mr. Richard C. Evarts, of the well-known legal family. As the case nears its termination in the death chamber public interests mounts higher still. The newspapers print many pages about the case. Powerful editorial pages argue that public policy and reasonable doubt require clemency. Precautions against outrages are taken. The Defense Committee tirelessly toil on. A bomb wrecks the home of one juror; the house is repaired by public subscription. The tides of opinion seem now to run strongly against Sacco and Vanzetti. Mr. Hill, believing the men entitled to all possible legal aid, manifests remarkable resourcefulness. In his limited time he concentrates on one question only—Was the alleged prejudice of Judge Thayer in the original trial and the subsequent decisions so great that "a fair trial had not been had"?

On August 5, motions are filed for a new trial and for revocation of sentence in the Superior Court at Dedham, alleging prejudice and new evidence; a petition for a writ of habeas corpus is entered in the Supreme Judicial Court, and an appeal is sent to the Governor for a stay of execution. On August 6, the Chief Justice of the Superior Court, although asked that another Superior Court judge than Judge Thayer be designated to pass upon the question of his own prejudice, announces the designation of Judge Thayer as "in accord with precedent and sound reason."

A petition for a writ of habeas corpus and for a writ of error are filed also with the clerk of the Superior Court with a petition for a stay of execution. On the morning of Monday, August 8, Judge Sanderson denies the Superior Court petitions, either of which would have acted as a reprieve. In the afternoon, Judge Thayer denies the new trial motion and takes under advisement the motion for revocation and a motion for a stay of execution. On August 9, Judge Thayer telephones from his home in Worcester to the Dedham clerk his refusal of both these motions. In the early afternoon, counsel file an appeal from the Sanderson decision to the full bench of the Superior Court. On August 10, Mr. Hill drives to Beverly Farms and asks for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground of the prejudice of the trial judge from Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, who might act under the "due process" clause of the Federal Constitution; the Justice refuses the plea in that the assignment of Judge Thayer to hear the new trial motion had violated no Federal right. Mr. Hill then appeals to a judge of an inferior court, Judge Anderson of the United States Circuit Court, and the plea for a like reason is rejected. Governor Fuller meantime has been in conference with the present Attorney General and seven former incumbents of that office. At nine that night, Mr. Hill enters the Council Chamber at the State House; he emerges after two hours in which he has offered a plea for a stay of execution and has answered many questions. Sacco and Vanzetti were to die just after midnight and the Council Chamber clock was visible to all. Probably Warden Hendry had received some advance hint of what might be done, but it was only a little before midnight

that he received official notice of a respite until August 22.

On August 11 the call is sent out for the assembling of the full bench of the Superior Court. On August 16, the Supreme Court, four of the seven justices sitting, hears nearly five hours of argument. On the morning of August 19, the Supreme Court rejects all pleas. Mr. Hill confers with the Chief Justice of the Superior Court. That evening, Attorney Michael Musmanno, of Pittsburgh, acting for the defense, starts for Washington to file a writ of certiorari with the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Hill sees Judge Morton, of the United States District Court, respecting a writ of habeas corpus to serve as a stay pending the outcome of the effort at Washington. On August 20, Mr. Justice Holmes refuses a stay on the ground that the proceedings had not been void in the legal sense and therefore he had no authority to intervene, and Judge Morton at Westport Harbor denied a similar plea offered by Mr. Field. The Defense Committee appeals to Attorney General Sargent at Ludlow, Vermont, to open the files of the Department of Justice. Mr. Musmanno lodges his petition with the proper official at Washington, and arranges by wire to have the ten necessary copies of the record, which had been ordered prepared, sent on to the Capital, as the case could not be docketed until this filing is done. Mr. Hill appeals to the Governor for further time while awaiting the outcome of the proceedings at Washington. On August 21, the Department of Justice announces that their files will be opened to the Governor, the Massachusetts Attorney General, or the Governor's advisory committee, if they desire to inspect them. Mr. Hill motors to the summer home of Mr. Justice Brandeis of the Federal Supreme Court at Chatham,

on Cape Cod, who refuses to act because of the relations of his family to one of the prisoners, with probable reference to the kindnesses Mrs. Brandeis had shown to Mrs. Sacco, and to the fact that Mrs. Evans had lived in his house. From Chatham Mr. Hill hurries northwards to call upon Mr. Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court at his summer home on Isle au Haut, 35 miles off the Maine coast.

August 22 is the last day. Mr. Hill reaches the island by boat. Mr. Field applies to Judge Sisk of the State Supreme Court. Chief Justice Taft from his summer home in Canada wires a refusal to intervene. Late in the evening five attorneys for the National Defense Committee appeal to Mr. Justice Holmes. Announcement is made in Washington that the files of the Department of Justice contain no pertinent Sacco-Vanzetti records, that what had been sought had been some clue to the Wall Street explosion mystery. Governor Fuller spends thirteen hours in the Executive Chamber hearing final appeals for clemency; among those who call on him are Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti.

During all these days pickets have been marching in procession past the State House, meetings have been banned on the Common, arrests have been made, extraordinary precautions have been taken. Boston has become an armed camp.

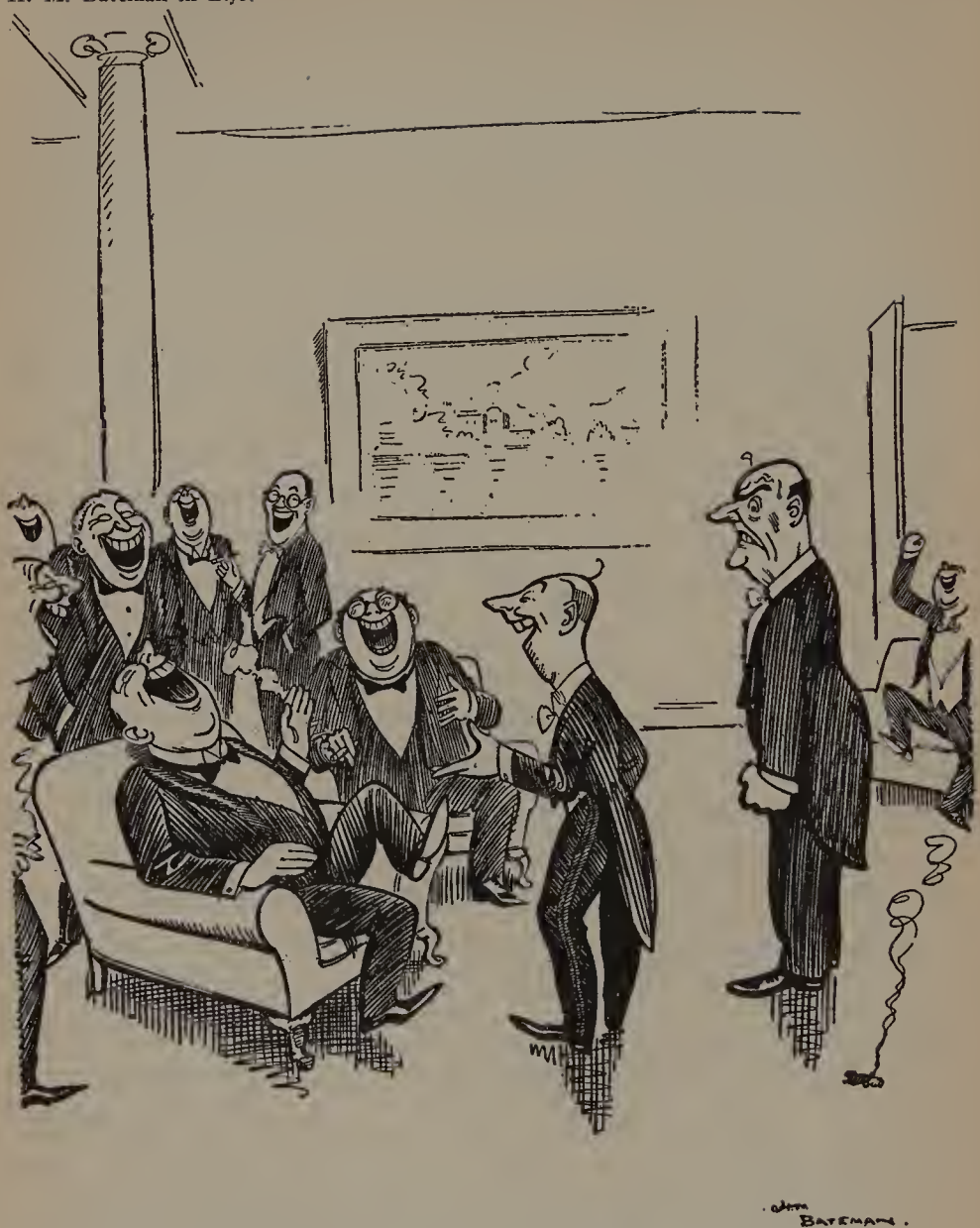
The hour of midnight tolls. Madeiros, whose life has been prolonged by respites from time to time lest his presence be required in court, is executed within the gray stone fortress at Charlestown at nine minutes after twelve. Reared in the Catholic faith, all three prisoners have refused the last rites of the Church. Nicola Sacco enters the death chamber ten minutes later. He cries "Long

live anarchy," and with a message of farewell to his family and friends he takes his place in the electric chair. After seven more minutes Vanzetti appears. He shakes hands with his guards. He says: "I wish to tell you that I am innocent and never committed any crime. I thank you for everything you have done for me; I am innocent of all crime, not only this one, but all. I am an innocent man." And at the last moment: "I wish to forgive some people for what they are now doing to me."

Just after one o'clock on the morning of August 23, three ambulances pass out the prison gates. With motorcyclists, heavily armed, in advance, and touring cars, with armed men and riot guns, between the ambulances and at the rear, they swing between the long lines of guards over the Prison Point bridge.

On December 7, 1927, there is given to the public the annual report of the Judicial Council of Massachusetts, a body constituted of eminent jurists and attorneys to study the practice and procedure of the judicial system of the Commonwealth and to offer suggestions for changes deemed desirable. This report, containing several pages devoted to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, suggests that the Supreme Judicial Court be given the powers of a court of criminal appeal, and says that such responsibilities as were borne by Judge Thayer are "too great to be thrown upon one man."

H. M. Bateman in *Life*.



THE MAN WHO TELLS THE OTHER FELLOW'S STORY

Humor to-day, according to Mr. Sherwood, is something that brings tributes like "Boy—you slaughter me!"

THE YEAR IN HUMOR

by Robert Emmet Sherwood

(Editor of *Life*)

ANYTHING for a laugh—such is the spirit of American humor in this year of 1928. It is manifest not only in all the obvious media of humor—the comic weeklies, the newspaper columns, the stage and screen comedies, the comic strips, the vaudeville acts, etc.; it is manifest in the daily speech of the streets.

The very terms by which jokes now are known are, in themselves, descriptive of the jokes themselves. There are gags, wise-cracks, wows, nifties and whams and they form a prominent part of the everyday jargon of our country. The more violently explosive they are, the more popular they become. A year or so ago, every one was using the phrase, "go cut yourself a slice of cake" (a variant of "go jump in the lake," "go cook a radish" or even "go to hell"). The act of cutting a piece of cake, however, seemed a trifle too tame to satisfy the public taste—so now the phrase has been converted into, "go cut yourself a slice of throat," which is a big improvement.

The sly dig, the discreet titillation, or the swift rapier-thrust which leaves no scar—these belong to an older and gentler age. A modern wit won't get very far these days if the best he can obtain from his reader or listener is a genteel smile, accompanied by such expressions as "How clever," "How witty" or "How very amusing." He must provoke loud belly laughs and tributes like, "Boy—you

slaughter me," or he won't have any readers or listeners. In other words, the modern humorist is not able to score a victory on points; he must win by a knockout. It doesn't have to be a clean knockout, but it must be a decisive one.

You can't poke good-natured fun any more. Indeed, good-natured fun has ceased to exist. If you want to make fun of an individual, an idea or an institution you must deliver a forceful blow with a slap-stick against that comical portion of the anatomy which is exposed when the victim is in a bending position.

I do not venture to maintain that this trend toward extreme brutality in humor is anything new. Aristophanes was brutal; so were Juvenal, Shakespeare, Hogarth, Dickens, Whistler and all the others whose witticisms have deserved to survive. Indeed, if you ask me, good-natured fun has never, at any period in the history of the world, been really funny. A good joke can never be in perfectly good taste. The only form of humor that's worth a hoot is the form that hurts and insults some one who deserves to be hurt and insulted.

The modern tendencies in humor, in my estimation, are tendencies in the right direction. The post-war generation is getting down to fundamentals in wit as well as in everything else. I confess that I love to hear a nice, sweet young débutante talk back to an abusive traffic cop with the devastating words, "In your hat."

The American people want to laugh, and to laugh loud. Our favorite clowns are opulent fellows, prominent in the community—a marked contrast to the miserable jesters of yesteryear who usually wore a hungry and haunted look. Humorists to-day are well paid and, consequently, well fed. In proof of which I should append a statement of the exact sum that the public pays each

year for its laughs—but unfortunately I don't know what that sum is and refuse to take the trouble to find out. Anyway, it must be an enormous amount of money.

The highest salaried actors on the stage and screen are the comedians; the most profitable plays and photoplays are comedies. In the other leading form of entertainment—jazz—the orchestras that achieve the greatest degree of popularity in hotels, night clubs, movie and vaudeville theaters and over the radio are those that add a liberal portion of clowning to the musical menu. In the daily papers, the most important and most expensive features are the comic strips.

I should like to be able to say that, of all the magazines, the comic weeklies have the largest circulation, but this would not be strictly true. The most widely read publications, however—the *Saturday Evening Post, Liberty* and *Collier's,* as leading examples—now contain regular humorous departments, and all magazines are going in more and more for humor in fiction and in articles. Witness the extraordinary demand among editors for the works of Will Rogers, Ring Lardner, Sam Hellman, Milt Gross, H. C. Witwer, Robert Benchley and other wags. Witness, too, the enormous sale of Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and John Erskine's fairy tales.

Even in advertising—once humorless to the core—are appearing signs of irreverence. The mental giants who concoct the advertisements are beginning to realize what the traveling salesmen realized years ago: that the quickest way to overcome a prospective buyer's sales resistance is to tell him a story that will make him laugh. Look through the back pages of any current magazines and you will find a constantly increasing number of advertisements which are written in a fairly jocose style and are

adorned with drawings by such admittedly humorous artists as John Held, Jr., Gluyas Williams, F. G. Cooper, Rea Irvin or Clare Briggs. Mr. Cooper may be rated the pioneer in this school of advertising. His drawings proclaiming the virtues of Tuxedo tobacco—showing a man ecstatically inhaling the aroma and murmuring: "Mmmmm—your nose knows!"—were radical departures from the conventional styles of serious selling talk of ten years ago.

Humor has become the most popular commodity on the market, and it is small wonder that the hard working jester who earns his living by entertaining the public will do "anything for a laugh."

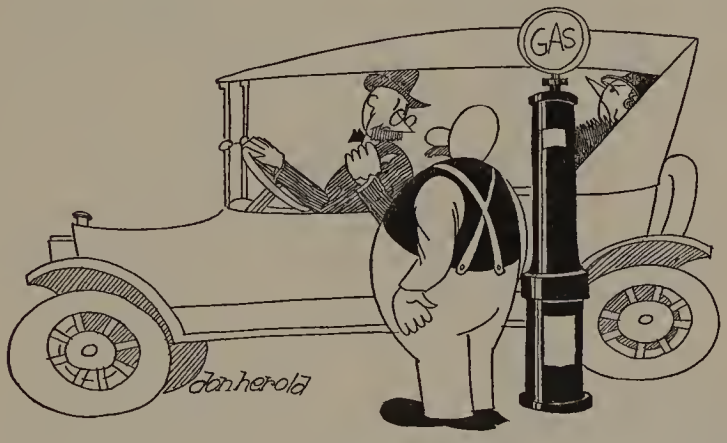
During the year just past there were two events of major importance: one was President Coolidge's announcement, "I do not choose to run," and the other was the appearance of the new Ford car. Both of these created unlimited speculation and an endless number of gags. The two events were brought together when college undergraduates chalked on their Ford cars the legend, "I do not choose to run in 1928," along with the other collegiate lines, "Stop me if you've heard this one," "The rattle of the century," "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney," "Girls Wanted," "Shake on it," "We call this car the Mayflower because four Puritans came across in it" and "The Spirit of St. Vitus."

When the new Ford finally made its appearance, the humorists—professional and amateur—were terribly disappointed to discover that it was just another real good car. "Why, the darned thing isn't even funny," said one, and thereafter all of them were saying it until the joke palled. Thus, the Ford gag—which lived for almost twenty years in a million different forms—has now passed

into oblivion, where it will find the wheezes about bustle skirts and Mark Hanna and where it will ultimately be joined by the wise-cracks about prohibition.

When prohibition went into effect, by the way, a prominent vaudeville magnate issued an order which stated that this was now the law of the land and that artists who

Don Herold in *Life*.



"HAVE YOU SOME OF THAT GASOLINE THAT STOPS KNOCKING?"
"YES."
"THEN GIVE MY WIFE A GLASS."

An automotive twist that brings an old wheeze up to date.

appeared in his theaters should consequently refrain from any irreverent allusions to the Eighteenth Amendment. Eight years have passed since then, and it appears that that manager's edict has been just about as effective as prohibition itself.

There was one event in 1927 that was too much even for the most brazen wise-crackers. That was Lindbergh's flight. Indeed, Lindbergh is probably the only celebrity in the world who has not been converted in any way into a figure of fun. His extraordinary sanity, his unprecedented equilibrium, have protected him from the dum-dum bullets of the satirical sharpshooters. In all the tempest of talk about Lindbergh, I can remember only

one gag. That was contained in a postcard which Bugs Baer sent home from France. Said Mr. Baer (in effect): "Lots of excitement here because a guy named Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. I've got the low-down on this bird. He didn't fly the whole way. He swam the last thousand miles."

Lindbergh's aeronautical "We" gave the humorists something to hang their hats on, and there was plenty of paragraphic comment on Ambassador Herrick's pajamas. In the wake of the great flight, when interest in aviation boiled over, it was said that America had gone "just plane crazy" and "hopping mad." There was also the feeble but widely quoted wheeze about the Chinese couple who named their baby after Lindbergh—calling the child "Wun Long Hop."

Subsequent fliers—notably Charles A. Levine and Ruth Elder—did not get off so easily. Of Miss Elder it was said, "Anyway, she can claim to be the first girl who was ever picked up in the middle of the ocean."

The Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago, being considerably less glorious or heroic than the Lindbergh achievement, provided rare meat for the ravenous gagmen. In the weeks preceding the battle, there was plenty of chance to crack-wise on the subject of "ring-side" seats, it being the prevalent opinion that Tex Rickard was as poor a judge of distances as the man who invented the term "near beer."

Then the fight itself, with its much-debated seventh round, inspired innumerable jokes about the referee who gave Tunney a long count. This referee, it seemed, was a member of the Salvation Army and therefore a stanch believer in the maxim that "a man may be down but he's never out."

The seventh round was not the only laughing matter

that emerged from Chicago in 1927. Ever since the episode of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, Chicago has maintained its reputation as the most easily kiddable city in the United States, its only formidable rival for this distinction being Boston. Oddly enough, each metropolis was the butt of more jibes this year than ever before—Boston having its rigid book censorship, and Chicago having its ever recurrent crime waves and the memorable banishment of King George V from Cook County by Mayor William Hale Thompson.

The best comment on Boston's book censorship was contained in the story of a Bostonian who was proudly showing a visitor around the city. When they reached Copley Square, the native exclaimed, "Look at that! That's our famous Public Library!" The visitor observed the beautiful building and then inquired, "What do you use it for now?"

G. B. Inwood in *Life*.

CRIME NOTE
A CHICAGO BILLIARD PLAYER IS ARRESTED FOR PUTTING ENGLISH ON THE BALL

To-day people enjoy seeing somebody being "socked."

Then there was one about the man who was hastening to the railroad station, when a friend accosted him and asked, "Where are you going?" "To Chicago," was the reply. "Well—good luck," said the friend. "Walk down the middle of the street and don't drop any 'h's'."

Mayor Thompson, with his school "reforms," his vituperations against Great Britain and his simply overwhelming patriotism, unquestionably qualifies as the widest target for humorists to aim at that has appeared since the death of William Jennings Bryan.

There were plenty of other subjects for topical jokes in 1927—such as flappers, collegians and oppressed parents, gold-diggers and their heavy sugar daddies, the traffic problem, Californian and other forms of boosters, the American Legion Convention in Paris, the radio, Mussolini, baseball scandals and murder trials, divorce and the new companionate marriage, the movies, professionalism in college sport, revolutions in Mexico, Babe Ruth's new home-run record, telephone service to London, Indiana politics, the departure of the Davis Cup to France, H. L. Mencken, cigarette advertisements ("not a cough in a carload," etc.), the tabloid newspapers, incipient presidential booms, the interminable Teapot Dome case and, of course, Prohibition in all its farcical phases.

Mention of the tabloid newspapers brings to mind the hysteria that existed in the office of the New York *Evening Graphic* on the morning of May 2, 1927. That afternoon, two of the greatest news stories of the age were about to break: one was the jury's verdict in the sensational Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray murder trial—the other was the expected arrival in New York harbor of those gallant Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, who had started the day before on their flight from Paris.

The *Graphic* editors were frantic; they had space on their front page for only one headline, and they couldn't decide which of the two great stories to feature. It was only after hours of anguished conference that they reached

the perfect solution. The headline was to be as follows: "FRENCH FLIERS LAND IN TIME TO HEAR VERDICT."

Another superb tabloid headline of the year followed the conclusion of the ridiculous lawsuit which was brought about when some English writer impugned the memory of the late William Ewart Gladstone. The headline ran, "COURT RULES GLADSTONE NO SHEIK."

The best comment on a news item is attributable to George S. Kaufman. He saw a headline which announced, "GALE PLAYS HAVOC IN CITY," and his observation on that was, "Well—I'm certainly glad to hear that New York has landed the big Gale-Havoc game."

This comment appeared in Franklin P. Adams' column, "The Conning Tower," in the New York *World*. Of all the columnists, and there are plenty of them, F. P. A. remains the keenest, the most discerning and by all odds the most important. Heywood Broun deserted the *World,* his space being filled by the droll Frank Sullivan, who had been serving as general utility man on the *World* staff for several years.

Among the newspapers, the Detroit *News* easily maintains the highest standard in paragraphic comment on its editorial page. I believe that most of its paragraphs are written by Elmer C. Adams, who appreciates the effectiveness of understatement—a quality in humor that is exemplified in "Charivaria" in *Punch*. For instance, it was noted in the Detroit *News* that a scientist had declared that the etheron is the smallest thing in nature—"as much smaller than an atom as a grain of sand is smaller than a grapefruit." The comment was, "This solves our domestic problem for us. We can hand down that last year's wool sweater which accidentally got into the wash." Compare this with *Punch's* reaction to the

news that Paderewski on a visit to Hollywood had been practicing card tricks. "As he can also play the piano," said *Punch,* "he should be the life and soul of many an evening party."

Next to the Detroit *News* for paragraphs is probably the Ohio State *Journal* whose editor, Robert Ryder, is famous all over Ohio for his comments. His paragraphs are typically American; they run more to hyperbole and are also more personal, especially in relation to his domestic habits. Mr. Ryder's is buckeye humor at its best.

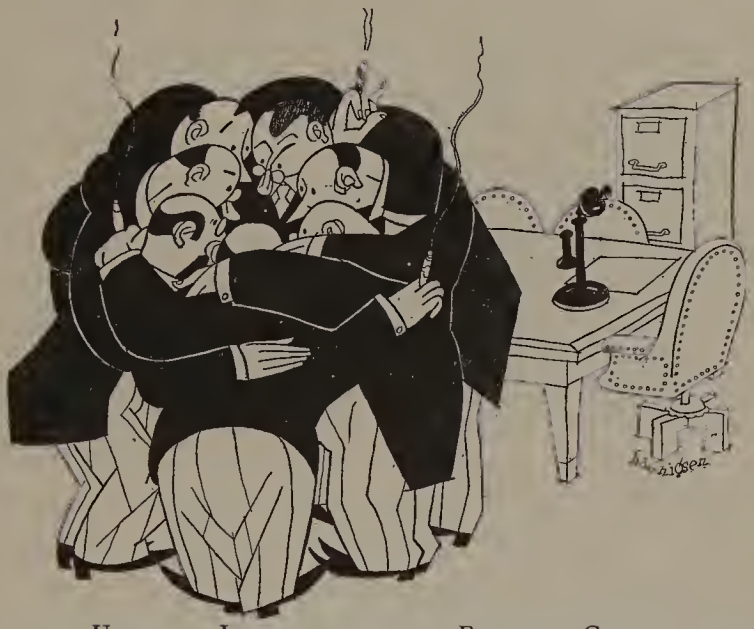
Both the Arkansas *Gazette* and the Boston *Transcript* run editorial humorous columns of appreciable merit.

Of the individual columnists, these are most worthy of mention: Philander Johnson (Washington *Star*), Edward Hope (New York *Herald-Tribune*), W. S. Adkins (Louisville *Courier-Journal*), Charles Leedy (Youngstown *Telegram*), Richard Henry Little (Chicago *Tribune*), "Riq." (Chicago *Evening Post*), Claude Callan (Milwaukee *Journal*), C. C. Bradner (Detroit *Free Press*), "Sam Hill" (Cincinnati *Enquirer*), Karl Kitchen (New York *Evening World*), Jake Falstaff (Akron *Beacon-Journal*), W. A. Norris (Milwaukee *Sentinel*), Ted Robinson (Cleveland *Plain Dealer*), P. H. Armstrong (Florida *Times-Union*), Russel Crouse (New York *Evening Post*), Stoddard King (Spokane *Spokesman-Review*), Walter Winchell (New York *Evening Graphic*) and H. I. Phillips (New York *Sun*).

Of these, Stoddard King and Ted Robinson are notable for their verse. Indeed, Mr. King writes what is probably the best light verse in America or anywhere else. Walter Winchell, one of the newest columnists, is also one of the most interesting. He expresses the Broadway point of view, and is extremely adept in reducing the

typical Broadway gag to printable form (a difficult feat). In the October issue of the *Bookman* Mr. Winchell had an article on the "Wisecrack and the Gag" which contained a great deal of valuable information about contemporary American humor. One learns from Mr.

Haenigsen in *Life*



UNCANNY INFLUENCE OF THE FOOTBALL CRAZE
THE DIRECTORS OF THE EUREKA SELF-FILLING FINGER-BOWL COMPANY GO INTO CONFERENCE

Just a sample American joke that has proved popular.

Winchell that a lingerie salesman named "Pitzie" Katz is the originator of most of the Jewish jokes told by Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and others.

Here is a specimen: Mr. Rosenbaum was reading a newspaper, "Yi, yi, yi," he yi-yi'd, "it says here in de paper dot in Toikey was wracked de Horiental Haxprass killing seven t'ousand Toiks and one Jewiss travelling salesman!"

"Hmmm," groaned Mrs. Rosenbaum, "de poor fellow!"

There are several good newspaper syndicate columns, the best of them being creditable to Bugs Baer (the dean of the wise-crackers), Robert Quillen, Ted Cook, Neal O'Hara, Tom Sims, Barrie Payne and, of course, the incomparable Kin Hubbard, whose Abe Martin remains the best of all the homely, backwoods' philosophers.

In a class by itself is Will Rogers' daily telegram to the New York *Times,* which includes one or more remarkably sapient observations on the news of the day.

I have said that the comic strip is the most important feature of the daily newspaper, and while this statement may well be challenged, I believe that it can be substantiated by recourse to facts and figures. Certainly, the comic artists are the highest salaried of all newspaper men—the highest by many hundreds of thousands of dollars—and "Mutt and Jeff," "Ella Cinders," "Tillie the Toiler," "Barney Google," "Gasoline Alley," "Toonerville Folks," "The Katzenjammer Kids," "The Gumps," "Bringing Up Father" and other strips are the surest circulation getters there are.

There has recently been a marked change in style in comic strips. The old brick-heaving and nose-diving still goes on, but in addition there has been a weird trend toward morality and uplift. Many of the new features go in for old-fashioned virtuous melodrama of the "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" or Horatio Alger order. There have also been biographies of Lincoln, Napoleon and even Judge Elbert H. Gary told in comic-strip form, with accompanying inspirational sermons.

Turning from the newspapers to the magazines: the leaders are still *Life* and *Judge,* both weeklies, and *College Humor,* a monthly.

Both *Life* and *Judge* have lately undergone definite

transformations in style and in policy. *Life,* in particular, has been developing new contributors to replace the stand-bys of previous years. Among the young artists who have come to the fore are Paul Webb, Leonard Holton, Russell Patterson, Harold Denison, Jim Taylor, Edward Monks, Alice Harvey, Garrett Price and Charles Baskerville. The most promising of the new writers are Heman Fay, Jr., Robert Lord, W. W. Scott, Norman R. Jaffray, Tupper Greenwald and Lloyd Mayer.

Both Heman Fay, Jr., and Lloyd Mayer have proved themselves amazingly proficient in reproducing the common speech of the day. Mr. Mayer's "Just Between Us Girls," a well-known and widely imitated feature of *Life,* is a phonographic reproduction of the chatter of the nice but jazzy Junior League girl, who is wont to exclaim, "My dear—I'm ALL hot and BOTHered—I mean I ACtually AM!"

Heman Fay's specialty is the speech of the stenographer, the shop-girl or the waitress in Childs'. He has evolved the perfect phonetic spelling for the New Yorkese pronunciation of "er." Hitherto, it has always been rendered as "oi"; Mr. Fay's version is "uy"—as in "guyl." Following is a snatch of monologue in a drug store, delivered by a young lady to a soda clerk:

"Welliffuttaint Huymunn! . . . I'm *offal* glatta seeya, Huymunn, ya wuykin here? . . . Ainchu tha kidder. . . . Lissun, ya gussum spimmunt, Huymunn? . . . Fresh! . . . I doe wanna spimmunt sunny, I wossum spimmunt galm—chooun galm. . . . *You* know whatta want, Huymunn, I wanna coupla packujussa spimmunt *galm*. . . . Oh, quitcha kiddun, I doe wanna spimmunt sawwich, I wossum— . . . Well, iss about time! . . . Ainchu killun? . . . Ya look swell innat white coat. . . .

Ya still go-un roun with Maddlun, Huymunn? . . . Well, I'm glatta hearut. . . . Ya wuz too good furra. . . . You know she yoossa be my bess frenn, but I hatta givvurrup. . . . I sezz to ur, 'If yar gonna tell things like at behine my *back,*' I sezz, 'awright *fayoo,*' I sezz. 'Ya cannexpeck me to be frens wiya,' I sezz, anshee wuzzaz bole as brass, she sezz, 'What kina things?' she sezz, annye sezz, 'I woont soil my tongue by repeatunnum,' I sezz."

The most important new contributor to *Judge* is S. J. Perelman, whose pleasantly peculiar talents are typical of the college comic papers, from one of which (the *Brown Jug*) he sprung. Mr. Perelman's humor is not easily described, even with the aid of quotations; his absurd, linoleum-cut drawings and his meticulously pointless jokes are complementary and inseparable.

The animating force in *Judge* is its editor, Norman Anthony, who assumed command when the magazine was about to become a derelict and who has successfully guided it into a new and favorable course. Mr. Anthony, together with Jefferson Machamer, has instituted the department called "High Hat" which, more than anything else, gives *Judge* its present character and is principally responsible for *Judge's* popularity among the younger generation. "High Hat" is perhaps too deliberately ginny and too consciously collegiate, but it is bright and alert and commendably contemporary.

College Humor continues to offer fiction (of a breezy and rather over-sexed variety), articles by well-known humorists and enormous quantities of jokes and pictures reprinted from the undergraduate comic magazines.

In spite of its numerous imitators, the suddenly successful *New Yorker* is still in a class by itself. Addicted to

nouveau art and *nouveau* other things, it has managed to establish a remarkable identity. Peter Arno, creator of the "Whoops Sisters," is *The New Yorker's* pictorial mainstay, and it has lately added a department of book reviews—and extraordinarily brilliant they are, too—by Dorothy Parker.

We now turn to the two final humorous media—the stage and screen—which are placed in this ultimate position for the good and sufficient reason that musical and movie comedies are always the final resting place for jokes.

This, in brief, is the career of a gag: It is born on the street; it is sent in to a newspaper columnist or to the editor of a comic paper; it is published; it is handed about, from one salesman to another; it reaches the ears of a librettist, who converts it into a wow for his new show, or a vaudevillian who exclaims, "that one goes in the act," or a movie scenarist who uses it as a sub-title.

During the past two years, the movies have gone wild on the subject of comedy. Actors who had previously been known as villainous "heavies" were converted overnight into lovable clowns (Wallace Beery is the most prominent of them). Almost every story produced on the screen, however serious and grim it might have been in its original incarnation, was twisted and distorted into some ludicrous form so that it could be advertised as a "mirthquake." Those sub-title writers who possessed large card-index catalogues of old jokes were called upon to insert wise-cracks into all the movies that came along. No one much cared what the source of the joke might be, or how venerable; as long as it livened up the evening's entertainment, its use was justified. Anything for a laugh!

Curiously enough, while all the other stars in Holly-

wood were gagging for dear life, the established comedians were strangely quiescent. Charlie Chaplin made no appearance in 1927, although his new picture, "The Circus," has served to open 1928 auspiciously. Harold Lloyd was represented by one offering, "The Kid Brother," and Buster Keaton by two, "The General" and "College." None of these three was particularly memorable. Harry Langdon, who is rapidly becoming known as a tear-getter rather than as a laugh-provoker, made two comedies—"Long Pants" and "Three's a Crowd."

Pedro in *Life*

MOVIE DIRECTOR
(Discovering the Dummy):
MY GOD! WHAT WAS IT WE THREW OVER THE CLIFF?
One of the modern school of "gags."

The funniest movie of the year was "Two Arabian Knights," with Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. The crop of two-reel comedies and animated cartoons was incredibly bad.

Ninety per cent of the big successes on the stage were comedies—"Broadway," "The Road to Rome," "Saturday's Children," "The Barker," "The Constant Wife," "The Play's the Thing," "Burlesque," "Chicago" and "The Command to Love"—among the so-called "legitimate dramas"—and "Hit the Deck," "Good News," "Peggy Ann," "Rio Rita," "Funny Face," "Manhattan Mary," "A Connecticut

Yankee," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "The Five O'Clock Girl" among the musical shows.

Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Al Jolson returned to the stage from the movies; W. C. Fields remained in the silent drama, although it is improbable that he will stay there permanently. Moran and Mack, the "two black crows," enlarged their audiences enormously by means of radio broadcastings and phonograph records. A new recruit from vaudeville, Will Mahoney, established himself among the Broadway elite.

* * * *

Such, in an unnecessarily large number of words, is the record of Humor in America in the year 1927.

Now the satirists, comedians, clowns, gag-men, wisecrackers and other all-around wits turn to 1928, conscious of the lamentable fact that, with the passing of the Model T Ford, they have lost the truest and most useful friend of all. But they needn't be afraid that the supply of available material is seriously curtailed. It's still unlimited—inexhaustible.

That's one delightful thing about the United States of America and, for that matter, the whole world. There are always plenty of tempting targets for ridicule. Too many, if you ask me.

THE POLITICAL YEAR *

by Louis Seibold

THE sapient philosophy of the hard-boiled, reactionary, office-seeking politician immortalized by James Russell Lowell in his picturesque "Biglow Papers" applies quite as pertinently to the situation to-day as to that of which Lowell so entertainingly wrote. With refreshing candor Lowell made his hero say:

"Ez to my principles, I glory
In havin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short."

By substituting the words "Democrat" and "Republican" for the terms "Whig" and "Tory," which prevailed in Lowell's day, you are provided with a fairly comprehensive picture of the politician, 1927 model.

As to the issues for these politicians to uphold—the political history of 1927 was chiefly important because of the problems it provided for Republican, Democratic and Socialist leaders to solve during the Presidential year of 1928. These problems, which actively engaged the attention of professional leaders of the three parties, can most comprehensively be summarized in the following fundamental questions that persistently intruded themselves:

(1) Will prevailing satisfactory economic conditions continue to make it inadvisable for a change in the

* Copyright by New York *Evening Post,* Inc.

political complexion of the government, or give way to a less desirable situation that would favor the Democratic Party?

Morris in the *Citizen* (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

THE SPIRIT OF 1927

But the harmony shown by this cartoon is less than one-half of one per cent, according to Mr. Seibold.

(2) What issues can either or both parties devise to supplant in popular interest the irritating prohibition question which confronts and apparently demands more attention than the leaders of either are disposed to accord it?

(3) Can the Republican Party produce a candidate

for the Presidency as generally satisfactory as Calvin Coolidge, or be finally compelled to draft him for renomination despite his repeatedly expressed desire to retire from that office at the end of his present term?

(4) Will the Democratic Party, concededly lacking in the matter of Presidential candidates, set aside parochial and sectarian prejudices and nominate for the Presidency a citizen of the Catholic faith whose record reveals his disapproval of the prohibition laws?

(5) What part will such genuinely partisan issues as the tariff, international problems, taxation, agricultural depression and official scandals attributed to Republican delinquency by Democratic leaders actually play in the coming Presidential campaign?

These five questions persistently intrigued the "best political minds" in both parties in an "off-year" almost entirely barren of political events of significant or permanent value. The answers to the questions are yet to be found. In the shifting of American political factors, new problems just as hard to solve are likely to come to the surface.

This is merely another way of saying that the task allotted to the writer of appraising the political values of official, international, economic and social events during 1927 is in itself not difficult to perform with a fair degree of accuracy. It is much less hazardous to outline the political record of the year itself than to venture a prediction based on logical reasons bearing upon the future value of present-day conditions. Logic and political plans do not always go together.

Being an "off-year" most of the activities which engaged the attention of political leaders in 1927 come under the head of preliminaries for the major engagement to

be fought in 1928. With characteristic and traditional timidity, the professional politicians and their prospective candidates for office from President down have run fairly true to form. They have generally succeeded in avoiding expressions which might be construed as reflecting positive opinions concerning the merits or the demerits of a few vital matters which they are expected to propose as issues.

Their extreme caution in thus following the line of least resistance throughout the year 1927 reveals the importance of the only two questions which the average political leader or candidate puts to himself when confronted by a controversial proposition which may win or lose votes. The first of these questions is: "Will this help me?" The natural corollary to it is, "Will this hurt me?"

In the bright lexicon of politics there is little of any consequence in between which merits attention. Ethical and fundamental considerations must and usually do give way to expediency. Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen seeking light on the state of the political mind regarding some issues that he or she views importantly must necessarily be perplexed in trying to get the right answer.

Hokum and empty phrases, which constitute the politician's stock in trade, are usually offered in place of definite, conclusive and convincing statements. The average party leader and his candidates display much greater nimbleness of wit in evading such statements than in making sincere efforts to furnish the information desired.

Whatever may be said of the scanty political record of 1927, very little information disclosed by it revealed the existence of legitimate political issues. Fundamental doctrines of which party leaders and candidates raucously

boast were subordinated to the background, and arguments rather than facts were employed in the attempt to make a favored cause seem like a principle.

The refusal of the two major political parties in the country to divide on natural lines of cleavage between conservatism and liberalism which mark the differences in other countries has therefore brought into the American foreground a confusion of comparatively petty political projects which bear little if any resemblance to the solid doctrines which should, but do not, mark material differences worth while.

In the maneuvering among party leaders, which continued throughout the year 1927, there was but one real objective. This was to secure an advantageous position for trading in the contest for the political control of the Federal Government, Congress and the affairs of forty-four states to be fought over in 1928.

The conditions which existed at the opening of the coming Presidential year seemed to point unmistakably to Republican advantage. Whether this advantage will ultimately turn out to be more apparent than real remains to be seen. The satisfactory economic situation of the country will alone undoubtedly give the Democratic opposition a lot of trouble in attempting to devise an attractive program.

The Republicans are in power. Their management of the affairs of the country is seemingly satisfactory to the largest element in the population. The Democratic opposition is confronted on the eve of a Presidential year with many problems which at the moment give the Republicans very little cause for worry.

The chief difference between them as disclosed by the record of 1927 is primarily one of organization, intrench-

ment and strategy. The Republicans, in a national sense, seem to have a more solid hold on the country than their rivals. For one thing, there have been fewer factional disputes among Republicans than is true of the Democrats.

Of course, it is quite possible that the party of Jefferson and Jackson (reincarnated, as it were, by Woodrow Wilson) may be able to reconcile its many differences and produce both a candidate and a program which may be preferred by the voters to the wares offered by the Republicans. As at present constituted, however, the Democratic national structure is made up of several bitterly hostile clans which for sectional and social reasons appeared to be unable in 1927 to present the smug degree of confidence prevailing on the Republican side.

Each of the Democratic clans is apparently determined, if the record of the year be accepted at its face value, to assert the right to define the issues over which the Presidential campaign should in its judgment be fought, and to dictate the lines of strategy to be followed. One embarrassment which confronted the Democratic Party throughout 1927 originated in feuds harking back to sectional differences or rising from the aggressive assertion of arbitrary opinions and fundamental prejudices due to many causes.

One of the chief causes for Democratic disharmony continued to be the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act plus pronounced differences of opinion regarding the availability of the only candidate for Presidential honors who was conceded by most of the leaders of his party to stand a chance of beating any one of several acceptable Republican prospects.

Despite the insistence of a very powerful group of

Southern Democratic leaders that the liquor question be discarded as an issue, controversy over the merits of that proposition persistently intruded itself throughout 1927, with indications pointing to a violent recrudescence of it at the vital stage looming ahead. That a healthy division of sentiment existed in both parties concerning the irritating question could not be denied. Admittedly unsatisfactory results of attempts to enforce the "dry" laws provided throughout the year a lively discussion among political leaders, students of government, the newspapers and experienced commentators on public events.

The question ran across both parties persistently. It was primarily inspired by the demand of critics of the prohibition law that an opportunity be provided the voters to record their approval or disapproval of it. In a notable debate at Boston between Senator Borah (dry) and President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University (wet) those two distinguished Republicans agreed to the extent that the subject should be thoroughly debated in the National Convention of their party next June. Senator Borah contended that it was the duty of his party to endorse prohibition. President Butler, in dissenting, argued that popular referendums be approved as the only means of actually determining the judgment of the country at large on the subject.

Manifestations of popular disapproval of the prohibition laws were developed in a few state and several municipal elections during the year, pointing unmistakably to an increased demand for (1) either a more satisfactory enforcement of its law or (2) its modification under more liberal terms. The latter proposal found no favor with the professionals in either party who supported the indorsement of the principle of law enforcement

generally without particular reference to prohibition. The disturbing problem may not prove to be the paramount issue in the final struggle between the two parties. At the same time it spreads factional controversy in both and is certain to be a source of future anxiety. It was certainly the one subject on which the largest percentage of the population displayed more than casual interest during 1927.

The record of the year just passed invested the administration of Mr. Coolidge and his associates in the management of government affairs with a most becoming halo. It was quite natural, therefore, that there should be a demand for his renomination, thereby obviating the necessity of devising a new program sponsored by an untested candidate.

The economical and efficient conduct of government affairs by the Coolidge Administration provided Republican leaders with an attractive assortment of political goods which they believed would be "easy to sell to the country." Attractively displayed at the top of the Republican apple barrel was a financial exhibit that, barring hard luck in other directions, usually makes the widest appeal to voters.

A very high value was placed on the services of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, resulting from his success in adjusting foreign war debts and relieving the tax pressure on the country. The decision of the Coolidge Administration to use the 1926 Treasury surplus met with popular approval, although it provoked some resistance on the part of Congress.

This was somewhat allayed by the promise of a substantial reduction in taxes during the coming year. Prudent management on the part of Mr. Mellon pointed

to a surplus approximating $225,000,000. The important thing about this was for the Treasury Department and Congress to agree upon an acceptable spread of benefits.

The Democratic opposition in Congress insisted that the Government was in a position to make available a very much larger sum than Mr. Mellon fixed as the safety margin. It was the obvious purpose of that party to try to capitalize the political advantage by insisting that there should be a greater advantage of personal, corporation and inheritance taxes than Mr. Mellon deemed wise. The matter promised to be a lively subject for dispute before it would be settled.

Concerning Mr. Mellon's value as an asset to his party, no more eloquent tribute was ever paid a government official than that credited to Clem Shaver, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Commenting on the Coolidge record, Mr. Shaver said:

"If we could take Mellon away from the Republicans, we could win easily."

Many of Mr. Shaver's associates did not indorse his tribute. They countered with the charge that the Treasury Secretary was the champion of "Big Business," and entirely too sympathetic with the aims of industrial corporations.

Yet the Republican record and good luck which prevailed in 1927 was seemingly reinforced by other factors. One was the manifestly satisfactory situation of labor, resulting from restricted immigration, unprecedentedly high wages. The apparent content of labor caused the virtual disappearance of radical ventures such as have menaced both parties in previous campaigns.

An example was provided by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The execution in September of the two radical agitators,

for murder, provoked an attempt to project the case into politics. To the gratification of Republican and Democratic leaders, however, the highly sensational event was dismissed without becoming a factor in the political situation of the country.

The collapse of the gesture made by radical labor units to cause a social upheaval over the Sacco-Vanzetti case was only one phase of the trend of popular thought against irregular or insurgent ventures. A few years ago the word "progressive" was one of great political value with which to conjure in the promotion of political enterprises. At the present time it has almost entirely disappeared from the vocabulary of the political parties.

The survivors of Armageddon have rejected several invitations to reform their lines for political aggression. The Roosevelt "Bull Moose" and the Woodrow Wilson "Progressives" have seemingly disbanded due to conditions which failed to intrigue the erstwhile adherents of either group. Reference to the great so-called Roosevelt progressive army brings to mind Editor William Allen White's characterization of the present-day Progressive. The Kansas philosopher not long ago described such a Progressive as a "Populist in a plug hat."

Populism, which in the past furnished a form of radicalism more disturbing to the Republican than to the Democratic Party, still thrives, however, under another name. The present-day Populists are now styled "insurgents." Their name may be new, but their grievances continue to be based upon agrarian discontent. This insurgent movement is almost entirely confined to several Western states embraced in the corn and wheat belts. Its supporters are most active in the Dakotas, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Washing-

ton, Oregon, Minnesota and Idaho. The grievances upon which the insurgent movement continues to thrive still provide cause for Republican perturbation. Several demonstrations designed to compel a more sympathetic attitude upon the part of the Republican Party occurred in 1927.

The complaints of the disgruntled agriculturists were and still are predicated upon unsatisfactory conditions affecting their business. It was to correct the faults complained of that the Haugen-McNary Bill was framed and passed at the last session of Congress. The veto of the measure by Mr. Coolidge and its failure to repass Congress, served to keep alive the fires of political insurgency.

The reasons given by Mr. Coolidge for the veto of the Haugen-McNary Bill while conceded to be logical were neither convincing nor satisfactory to the disgruntled agriculturists. There is little question that they will continue to demand some form of government relief and that the Democratic opposition will seek to make effective use of their complaints against the Republicans during the coming Presidential campaign.

The weakness of Democratic formulas so far proposed for providing such relief is due to the refusal of several aggressive factions in the party to unite in support of any one project, plus the established fact that the American farmer generally favors a protective tariff. Agricultural resentment against the present tariff policy provided by the Republican Congress is due almost solely to the charge that it does not provide protection enough for the farmer and gives too much to the industrialist. Just how the Democratic Party will move to meet the situation remains to be seen.

In many sections of the country where Democratic

sentiment is dominant, voters appear to be opposed to any plan favored by citizens of other sections, to support a Democratic program based on the "tariff for revenue" principle.

Current year (1927) comment did not indicate the existence of any pronounced conviction among Democratic leaders regarding tariff proposals. The failure of the late Senator Robert M. La Follette to recruit sufficient followers among discontented agriculturists in 1924 to carry any state except his own unquestionably made a deep impression on the Democratic mind.

One of the most significant features of preliminary discussions which engaged political thought in 1927 was the lack of popular interest in international affairs. Leaders of both parties appeared to have become convinced that the popular mind had advanced beyond the acute stage of controversy which prevailed three or four years ago regarding foreign matters. The Democratic charge that the Republican (Coolidge) Administration was without a foreign policy was made frequently in 1927. It attracted only casual attention.

The handling of the problems involved in Mexican conditions affecting the interests of the United States more than that of any other foreign power was vigorously attacked by the Democratic opposition in Congress. The Democratic assaults, however, did not bring about any change in the Republican method of handling the question. This was equally true of Democratic attempts to focus public disapproval on the Administration's activities in Nicaragua and China.

The probable reason that the country at large refused to become excited about the two affairs was presumably due to the fact that the charge that the government was

without a foreign policy has been worn threadbare by repetition. It has been urged against every administration by the party on the outside since time immemorial.

The indifference of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen to Mexican, Nicaraguan and Chinese ventures was also manifest in the popular attitude toward the war debts. The country at large appeared to be fairly well satisfied with the manner in which that problem was being handled.

One count in the Democratic indictment against the Coolidge Administration frequently advanced in 1927 alleged insincerity in the effort to bring about the participation of the United States in the World Court. The refusal of the Senate to sanction the program proposed by Mr. Coolidge for affiliation with the International Court ended just as unsatisfactorily as Woodrow Wilson's attempt to make the United States a member of the League of Nations.

The Senate loaded down its consent to the World Court project with reservations which virtually nullified the project. The Democratic opposition which at first viewed the proposal with favor appeared to have lost a good deal of enthusiasm for it. It is considered probable by leaders of both parties that a move will be made to revive interest in the League of Nations and the World Court in both Presidential Conventions next year. But few of them are actually hopeful of success.

One of the most interesting developments revealed by the 1927 record revolved almost entirely around Mr. Coolidge himself. The attitude of many leaders in his party both in and out of Congress reflected anything but sympathy for some of the proposals advanced by him. His recommendations were frequently ignored by the

leaders of his party in the two Houses much to the gratification of the Democratic opposition.

Yet these differences in viewpoint between the President and the representatives of his party in the national legislature failed completely to turn Republican thought against him. Several men of outstanding Republican prominence actually expressed wonderment that he continued to hold the confidence of the country. Some of them described him as "commonplace, lacking in vision, initiative and confirmed principles." The refusal of party leaders generally to accept this unfavorable estimate of Mr. Coolidge, however, was clearly revealed by the injection of the "third term" argument raised by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in the spring of 1927.

Setting aside the merits of Dr. Butler's suggestion that the "third term tradition" would apply to Mr. Coolidge, the fact remained that it fell on sterile ground and enlisted very little popular support. The leaders of his party, confronted with the task of finding a suitable candidate, appeared to agree that he was the best equipped man in sight. A spirited controversy concerning the "third term" issue divided professional opinion. And Mr. Coolidge totally ignored it with characteristic caution.

Yet it was a move made by him personally which appeared for a time to dispose effectively of the question raised by Dr. Butler. For a "commonplace man," Mr. Coolidge invested this move with histrionic talent of a very high order. He selected August 2, the anniversary of the date on which he ascended to the Presidency on the death of Mr. Harding, as an appropriate time to make it.

On that date he was vacationing in the Black Hills.

Without preliminary warning, he called in the newspaper correspondents and handed each a two-inch slip of paper. It contained this succinct and—as interpreted later—cryptic statement:

"I do not choose to be a candidate for President in 1928."

The President, who acted without consulting any one in advance, declined to furnish orientation of his exact meaning. His announcement naturally created a great sensation and precipitated a controversy between the leaders of his party which promised to continue indefinitely. Immediate reactions reflected the belief that Mr. Coolidge really intended to furnish the equivalent for the formula employed by General William Tecumseh Sherman in rejecting the offer of a Republican Presidential nomination. The grim old warrior, who was lacking in New England canniness, set aside the offer by saying:

"If nominated, I will not accept; if elected, I will not serve."

The professional Republican politicians who displayed a strong determination to hold on to Mr. Coolidge and to force his renomination contended that he did not actually mean that he would not accept if chosen. This continued to be their attitude as the names of other eminent Republicans were projected into the discussions regarding a Presidential candidate—who will not be chosen until next June.

Repeated maneuvers to induce the President to clarify his "I do not choose" statement, entirely failed. Yet on two occasions he clearly indicated disapproval of the efforts of party leaders to get him to say whether he would or would not accept if nominated. During a call from Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio late in October, the

President requested the Buckeye statesman to refrain from further agitation of the "draft" idea.

In making known the President's request, Senator Fess declared that while he would respect it, he still believed that the best interests of the Republican Party and the country demanded the renomination of President Coolidge.

In mid-November the President publicly requested the promoters of a "chain-letter" enterprise—a popular style of propaganda—to refrain from further activities. The idea back of the "chain-letter" scheme was to convince both the President and leaders of his party that the demand for the renomination was too deeply rooted and general to be ignored. The scheme was, of course, abandoned by its sponsors, though they insisted that results already obtained clearly indicated popular approval of its purpose.

Participants in the controversy over the actual intentions of Mr. Coolidge awaited with unusual eagerness the presentation of his annual message to Congress. They predicted that he would make some statement in it that would reveal his state of mind. He made no reference to the subject, one way or the other.

At the same time he flouted most of the rules governing the conduct of candidates by reaffirming his opposition to various pet party projects, including the Haugen-McNary Bill. There was no suggestion of "pussy-footing" on his part in his treatment of this and one or two other matters that were professionally deemed to be potentially hazardous to the fortunes of a candidate.

The President's firmness in enunciating his views on these politically sensitive issues seemed to give greater satisfaction to party leaders who insisted that he would

not again be a candidate than to the doubting Thomases on the other side. The argument was employed by the former that the President would have followed the traditional line of least resistance and safety if he secretly nourished any ambition to comply with the wishes of the professional recruiting officers of his party.

This theory, while vastly intriguing and entertaining, was not generally accepted, however, and did not solve the problem one way or the other.

By clinging to Mr. Coolidge, the majority of Republican leaders argued, it would be easier to elect him on his own record than to present a man who might prove less acceptable to themselves and the country. They further argued that by insisting upon his renomination they would be in a better position for trading at the proper time than would be the case if they committed themselves to the support of a man who, in their view, was less desirable than he.

And Mr. Coolidge continued to keep his own counsel while the professionals argued themselves hoarse over the real meaning of the word "choose" appearing in his Black Hills statement.

In the meantime the names of Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover, former Governor Frank O. Lowden, Vice-President Charles E. Dawes, Senator Frank W. Willis of Ohio, Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas and Speaker Nicholas Longworth of Ohio began to figure in Republican speculation regarding Presidential plans, entirely contingent on the result of efforts to keep Mr. Coolidge in the race.

A call by members of the Republican National Committee gave the President an opportunity to state clearly his position regarding the Presidential nomination.

Persistent pressure upon him apparently dictated his decision to elucidate his "I do not choose to run" statement made in August. In reaffirming his Black Hills declaration, the President said:

"After I had been eliminated the party began, and should vigorously continue, the serious task of selecting another candidate from the numbers of distinguished men available."

The effect of this statement, made the day after Congress convened, was marked and immediate. Only a few leaders of the President's party persisted in their demand that he should be drafted regardless of his own wishes. The vast majority of political leaders and the people of the country generally accepted the President's statement at its face value. This was revealed by the activities of the supporters of other men whose names had figured in discussions of Republican Presidential prospects.

There was one notable exception. Charles E. Hughes announced on the day after the President made his decisive statement that he would not countenance the presentation of his name for the Republican Presidential nomination. From this stage, the Republican Presidential problem became an open field affair, with Mr. Hoover coming in for most of the professional attention at the beginning of the Presidential year.

The most significant move made by Republican Party leaders who were not in sympathy with the scheme to conscript the President for another term was staged by Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho. Senator Borah moved to the organization, in September (1927) of an effort to bring about the nomination of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. Mr. Norris acted as chief lieutenant of the late Senator La Follette in promoting the ambitions of

the insurgent or radical group, as the regulars described it.

The Borah maneuver was generally appraised as chiefly sectional and designed to emphasize the claims for recognition of the dissatisfied agricultural elements demanding basic changes in government policy which, they contended, favored the industrial interests of the country.

The launching of the Norris boom apparently marked the resumption of the activities which the insurgent group of Republican Senators have been conducting for several years against the policies of the dominant wing of their party. Dissensions in the insurgent group which cropped up toward the close of 1927 disclosed the lack of harmony asserted to exist among adherents of the irregular unit by Senator Borah.

With the assembling of the Seventieth Congress in December, prospects for a lively quarrel between the so-called regular Republicans and the insurgents loomed entertainingly ahead. One of the most promising causes that seemed to point in this direction revolved around the renewal of the attempt to exclude Frank L. Smith, elected Senator in Illinois, and William S. Vare, chosen for the same office in Pennsylvania.

The objections urged against both Senators were pretty much the same. They were charged with having won their nomination by fraud through the expenditure of tremendous sums of money in violation of Senatorial ethics and the corrupt practices act—which, by the way, was invalidated several years ago by the United States Supreme Court.

The Democratic Senators, fully appreciating the opportunity to make trouble for their Republican rivals, joined with the Republican insurgents, headed by Senator

Borah, in opposing the admission of Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare, without whose votes the Republican margin of advantage in the Senate would be wiped out.

Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, himself a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, led the fight against the admission of the newly elected Senators from Illinois and Pennsylvania. His political object was to place the responsibility for the conditions revealed by his investigation of the Senatorial primaries in the two states upon the shoulders of the Republican Party, and to tie Mr. Coolidge up to it.

In this effort, however, he was not successful, due to the popular belief that the violation of Senatorial ethics involved was due to local rather than to national faults in Republican Party conditions. Regardless of the final outcome of the move to reject the certificates of election presented by Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare from their respective states, there was no mistaking the purpose of the Democratic national leaders to make the fullest use of the scandals resulting from alleged primary corruption.

The Democratic opposition also made it evident during the year that it would attempt to impose the responsibility for the oil scandals on the Republican Administration. The collapse of the effort to convict former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall and Harry F. Sinclair, head of the oil company bearing his name, for criminal conspiracy in connection with the Teapot Dome lease, precipitated one of the most unsavory scandals in many years.

The trial held at Washington was halted in November as a result of charges made by government counsel, former Senator Atlee L. Pomerene of Ohio and George R. Roberts, Republican, of Pennsylvania, that persons closely

connected with Mr. Sinclair had been guilty of tampering with the jury with the obvious purpose of influencing a verdict.

This charge revived Democratic hope of making effective political use of the scandal connected with the Teapot Dome lease, which the Supreme Court in September declared to have been negotiated through fraud. The decision of the Court revoking the lease described the conduct of Mr. Fall in connection with it as "the action of a faithless official."

The matters enumerated above generally come under the so-called issues variously acclaimed by the leaders of both parties in 1927, with particular reference to the Republican situation.

Democratic hopes and troubles were much more intriguing and invited a wider range of speculation. The Democratic picture was constantly menaced by clouds that may result in a deluge or, contrary to the law of surface averages, turn out to be mere factional flurries. The record of 1927 tended to confirm the apprehension of the leaders of the Democratic Party that it would approach the Presidential campaign of 1928 under pretty much the same disturbing conditions as attended its last Presidential Convention.

The party of Jefferson and Jackson did not appear to be anywhere near as well organized as the Republican opposition. Its leaders were more definitely and aggressively divided over the question of issues and candidates than ever before in the party history. Whether it will merit the appellation of "a disorganized mob" frequently applied to it, will not be actually determined until the rival clans gather in July next to make a determined

effort to reconcile the differences which have recently kept them apart.

A less desirable economic situation than prevailed in 1927 may next year give the party a much better chance for winning than it enjoyed in 1924 when Mr. Coolidge defeated John W. Davis by a majority of approximately 7,000,000 popular votes, carried thirty-five of the forty-eight states, and received 382 of the 531 electoral votes.

A significant difference between the two parties in the matter of candidates in 1927 was that whereas the Republican Party was well equipped in this respect, there was only one outstanding figure in the Democratic Party who was regarded as possessing qualities that might make sufficient popular appeal to win.

At the beginning of 1927, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York and Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury under Woodrow Wilson, were regarded as the chief contenders for the Presidential nomination of their party to be conferred in 1928, just as they had been at San Francisco in 1920 and in New York four years later. Professional fancy rather favored Mr. Smith. As he began to loom larger in the Democratic picture, Mr. McAdoo receded. The latter seemed to have lost much of the support that gave him within twenty votes of a majority of the delegates in the turbulent and picturesque Madison Square Garden gathering.

Upon Mr. Smith was conferred the honor of acting as standard-bearer of those leaders of his party who oppose prohibition and urge the more liberal interpretation of laws relating to religious freedom. Mr. Smith was appreciably helped by the conviction of many Democratic leaders who previously opposed him, that the fine record he made as Governor of New York, to which office he

had been elected four times, would make him a most attractive candidate.

Up to this time, the Democratic camp was squarely split into two factions, one supporting Mr. McAdoo, and the other Mr. Smith. Mr. McAdoo appeared to be willing to assume the leadership of the faction supported by the advocates of prohibition and party critics of the Tammany organization, under whose political auspices Mr. Smith was developed for public life. In a speech before the Ohio Bar Association in February, Mr. McAdoo vigorously attacked the Tammany organization and warned his followers that it was trying to put its leader in the White House. The effect of Mr. McAdoo's assault upon the New York Executive appeared to be helpful rather than harmful to the latter.

At the same time it exposed the New York Governor to attacks based upon three distinct grounds. The first was his affiliation with the Catholic Church. The second was his opposition to prohibition. The third was his close affiliation with Tammany Hall. The late William Jennings Bryan once described Tammany as "a stench in the nostrils of all decent Democrats," a characterization which was revived and employed frequently during 1927.

Agitation of arguments directed against Mr. Smith for religious reasons was precipitated by an open letter addressed to the New York Executive by Mr. Charles C. Marshall, a New York lawyer, and published in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Marshall, whose letter to the Governor was couched in friendly terms, invited a clear-cut statement of the Governor's interpretation of his religious and civic obligations.

"Citizens who waver in your support," wrote Mr. Marshall, "would ask whether as a Roman Catholic you

accept as authoritative the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church that in case of contradiction making it impossible for the jurisdiction of that Church and the jurisdiction of the State to agree, the jurisdiction of the Church shall prevail; whether as a statesman you accept the teaching of the Supreme Court of the United States that in matters of religious practices, which in the opinion of the State are inconsistent with its peace and safety, the jurisdiction of the State shall prevail; and if you accept both teachings, how you will reconcile them."

Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall was published in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In confessing his own lack of familiarity with Catholic doctrines and canonical laws, the Governor frankly admitted that he had consulted eminent authorities on the subject. He then moved directly to answer in detail the questions propounded by Mr. Marshall. He incorporated his views in what he described as "my creed as an American Catholic." The most impressive features of his reply were as follows:

"I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

"I believe that no tribunal of any Church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land, other than to establish the status of its own communicants in its own Church.

"I believe in the support of the public school as one of the cornerstones of American liberty. I believe in the right of every person to choose whether his child should

be educated in the public school or in a religious school supported by those of his own faith.

"In this spirit I join with my fellow-Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God."

The publication of the Governor's views tended to revive some of the animosity originating in religious differences revealed by the deliberations of the Madison Square Convention in 1924. The Governor was praised for the frankness with which he enunciated his creed. At the same time the attacks previously made upon him were widely exploited in communities where the so-called "American standard" enunciated by the Ku Klux Klan and other anti-Catholic organizations unmistakably appealed to public favor.

Coupled with the criticism of the Governor because of his religious affiliations, was an even more pronounced antagonism due to his expressed disapproval of the prohibition laws. The Democratic terrain in the South, where prohibition has for years been accepted as an accomplished fact, was flooded with propaganda against him.

This was mainly the work of the Anti-Saloon League, the most powerful of the so-called "dry" organizations. The Governor's record as legislator and Executive on the liquor question was minutely set forth. Democratic leaders who had come to regard Governor Smith as the most attractive figure in their party made frequent attempts in 1927 to soften the dry blow by portraying him as the exponent of law enforcement.

This line of strategy was manifestly designed to eliminate from the Democratic situation the most irritating of

all issues confronting its many-sided factions. Proponents of the plan for opening up an avenue which the Governor could safely tread proceeded on the assumption that he would acquiesce in their ambitions. Considerable color was given this theory by the refusal of Mr. Smith to say whether he had changed his views regarding prohibition or still adhered to his original opinion. Support for it was also found in the failure of the Democratic State Convention held at Albany in September to make any reference to the referendum urging Congress to modify the terms of the Volstead Act. The referendum was adopted by a majority of more than 1,000,000 votes and was generally supported by Republicans as well as Democrats, though Republican support of it was responsible for the defeat of Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr.

Approximately 230,000 Republican voters bolted the Republican ticket and made it easy for Governor Smith and Robert L. Wagner, Tammany opponent of Mr. Wadsworth, to win. Governor Smith declined to engage in any discussion regarding prohibition, or any other controversial political problem. His reticence was variously interpreted. The supporters of prohibition continued to insist that he wear the "wet label."

Mr. McAdoo continued to be the chief critic of the New York Governor, though, to the chagrin of some of his followers, he voluntarily withdrew from the contest for the Presidential nomination. Toward the end of September Mr. McAdoo had apparently become convinced that he stood little if any chance of being nominated. In a letter to George F. Milton, publisher of the Chattanooga *News,* he made known his renunciation. It was his ambition, he said in doing so, "to prevent the 1928

Convention from degenerating into a mere struggle of individuals for personal preferment at the expense of principles and policies of fundamental importance to the party's character and to the welfare of the nation."

Mr. McAdoo made it clear, however, that as a private in the ranks of the Democratic Party he would continue to fight "for the preservation of the Constitution and its integrity, for the defeat of nullification, for obedience to law, for the stern suppression of crime, for incorruptible government, for impartial justice, social and economic, for orderly progress and for wider human opportunities."

The hope of several Democratic leaders that some degree of harmony might be agreed to by the rival clans was greatly encouraged by Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal. The leaders in several Western "dry" states began to reflect approval of the plan developed in the East for lifting the prohibition irritant out of the coming campaign. At the same time, most of the Southern leaders set up a demand that Governor Smith emulate the example of Mr. McAdoo and take himself out of the Presidential picture.

With the approach of the open season for primaries to select delegates for the Presidential Conventions, opposition to Governor Smith began to crystallize in the form of movements in support of other men who were regarded as more acceptable than he. This movement was in full swing when Congress met in December. Among the men proposed to oppose him were Senator James A. Reed of Missouri ("wet"), Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland ("wet"), Evans Woollen of Indiana ("dry"), Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas ("dry"), Senator Carter Glass of Virginia ("dry"), with the prospects

favoring the entrance of a great many dark horses. It is of incidental interest that during the contest in Madison Square Garden four years ago, fifty-nine more or less deserving Democrats found supporters for the Presidential nomination before the election of Mr. Davis as a compromise candidate.

The matters enumerated above generally cover the so-called developments of national political value acclaimed by the leaders of both parties in 1927. Quite as interesting but of less general importance were several events that attracted the attention of professional politicians. One was the rejection by the voters of New York and New Jersey of amendments to their State Constitutions to increase the term of Governor from two to four years, the election to be held coincident with the Presidential contest. The proposition was defeated in New York by more than 500,000 majority.

Another incident which came in for the attention of politicians was the indictment of a Republican Governor and Mayor of Indiana for malfeasance in office. Investigation of charges against those officials revealed a shocking state of official morality and provoked widespread discussion.

So much in the nature of a review of the events of 1927 which lead up to and may dictate the conclusions of the nominating conventions of the two major parties in the year ahead. Political prophecy is at best a hazardous undertaking.

About the only safe predictions are that professional party leaders will not wholly succeed in suppressing the prohibition issue; that unless they display more resourcefulness than has so far marked their efforts, they will not be able to concoct an attractive issue based upon solid

fundamentals to take its place; that between 1,000 and 1,100 delegates will finally select candidates for President and Vice-President of their respective parties and write safe and perhaps meaningless platforms upon which to make bids for popular support.

Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen will have little if anything to do with the mechanics involved in the working out of these tasks. So far they have refused to display any pronounced interest in the maneuvering of the professionals. Their only chance to make known their preferences will come after the experts have produced candidates and a program, and invited the judgment of the more or less intelligent American voter.

The professional leaders will attend to everything else. Those in only seventeen of the forty-eight states will stage primaries to elect delegates to the Presidential Conventions. The first will occur in March in New Hampshire and North Dakota.

In a few states, enrolled partisans will be permitted to designate their preferences for candidates. In the main, however, most of the so-called Presidential primaries are actually of little importance. Conditions that prevail in the nominating Conventions usually make it easy for delegates "instructed" to support a candidate to go through the form of complying with their obligations until the moment comes for them to follow the crowd. Presidential candidates are usually selected by a limited number of seasoned and resourceful leaders who determine individual values and apportion the benefits in an atmosphere much more tranquil than prevails during the turbulent public performances such as most National Conventions turn out to be.

TACT *

It Is a Warrant of Our Own Integrity

by John Erskine

IT would be unfair to ourselves and our contemporaries to say that this is an age of bad manners. Rather it is an age of no manners at all. We trust to our instincts to get themselves expressed somehow, and since we are conscious of kindness in our intentions, we take it for granted that the kindness will show in what we do or say. We have forgotten that manners are an art, and as in other arts our intentions in manners are not the same thing as our accomplishments. We need to take thought, and to train ourselves before we can express what we mean.

Tact and touch come to the same thing. If you have tact, you are in touch with your world, or you have the virtue which enables you to behave wisely when others are in touch with you. It may be an art, or it may be a gift of nature, but it becomes precious as soon as you are crowded. Crowded actually, or in the spiritual sense. On a desert island, of course, most of us would be neither tactful nor the opposite; we should be alone.

A rugged, tactless honesty flourishes on frontiers, in unsettled countries, in rural districts where the houses are far apart, in cities where racial or other factions are allowed to separate you from your neighbor. That society is loose indeed in which it seems admirable to blurt

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Alan Dunn in *The New Yorker*

"NOW, HUSH, GLADYS! ANOTHER WORD ABOUT MY MORALS AND I'LL SEND YOU RIGHT HOME"

1928, according to Professor Erskine, is a year of no manners at all. One of our chief needs to-day is a need of tact.

out our personalities, our convictions, our desires, hopes and antipathies, let the other fellow be wounded as he may. As civilization grows and the contacts multiply among us, either there is friction, which comes to hatred and war, or there is a light touch on the sensitive surface, which is tact.

The rough virtues of our ancestors! We do right to honor the virtues, but we do grave injury to the ideals of civilization if we think better of the virtues for having been rough. In a wilderness the roughness can be forgiven, but in an intimate community virtue without tact is unkind. Edmund Waller toward the end of his life consulted an ancestor of mine, whose manners had been acquired in the bleak spaces of Yorkshire. "I'm cold," said the aged poet. "Even in a warm room I am chilled." "You mean you're old," said the doctor. "Your blood won't run any more. You're going to die."

The praise of this sort of truth-telling is to-day an anachronism, unless we dwell in a more solitary wilderness than ordinarily we admit. Yet tact is still rare, and to many of us it seems not yet desirable, so much are we in spirit still the children of an unsettled country. "I thought it best to say frankly what I meant"; "I'm a plain person, and like to speak my mind"; "The truth never hurt any one": these echoes of rough ancestral virtue cling to us; and in conduct with our adversary we like, as we say, to go to the mat. We scorn the light touch, and depend on the etiquette of battle.

As our world fills up and the frictions multiply, we shall be forced to go easy with each other. To that extent Tact is a pragmatic virtue, a price which has to be paid for survival. But it has ideal justifications also. It may be questioned whether rough honesty is ever entirely

honest, or whether a blunt statement can be absolutely true. In roughness and bluntness there may be a good deal of laziness and selfishness; there will certainly be little imagination. To knock a man down is no mean pleasure, though we are usually ashamed to gratify the impulse. But add to the impulse a moral sanction, and how we will knock him down! It is illuminating that when we are proudest of having told the truth, it is usually the bitter truth, and we have told it to some one whom at the moment we didn't like. Sweet are the uses of frankness.

Of course, in such cases we are not contemplating truth at all, not that divine inevitability whose aspect is amiable; we are talking about local conditions, produced by friction. To discern the true in the temporary, we should need more imagination than most of us care to exercise; we should have to throw out of the picture all of our own motives which we know or suspect are impure; we should have to put in the circumstances which for the other man are a qualification and an excuse; we should have to remember that truth is a living thing, far more complex than logic, an infinite thing, never successfully trapped in a law—that it animates the whole of us, the unconsidering, unconscious parts of us, the passions as well as the mind. To define truth is always, perhaps, to leave some of it out. Pressed down, full and running over—we must enlarge our natures before we can include it all. Meanwhile, if we are prudent, we shall handle with care those too easily injured intimacies already in our possession, in which truth may be lurking. That is, we shall be tactful.

Selfishness may be present even in the confession of sin. I mean, of course, when we confess to some innocent

friend or companion who from that moment must bear our burden for us. Confession ought to result in a clearer sense of our faults and of our responsibility for them, but for that reason we hardly have the right to confess to everybody. In an age of unmitigated blabbing this may seem poor doctrine, but so long as kind hearts can be wounded, the unmitigated blabbing is selfish. We may come from it relieved, and we may even feel proud of our frankness, but the victim of our confidence will have taken on one more problem, often with no opportunity to solve it. Margaret Deland illustrated the beauty of unselfish tact in her story, "Good for the Soul," a story of confession, if you please, but indicating how far and to whom a confession could be made. The woman who had married a good man and was happy in her home, suffered pangs of conscience for something in her past which he did not know, and which he was too simple and trusting to suspect. She went to Dr. Lavender to ask whether she ought to tell her husband, and the wise pastor forbade her to do so. This profound story is hardly of our times.

But you may say that such an account of tact as is given here is a slight upon truth-telling, an encouragement to falsehood. Are we to get on in life by concealing our real feelings, and bending to every wind? The worldling, you may say, can afford to cultivate this sort of tact, but the man who values the integrity of his soul more than convenience or comfort must be true to himself. We can't build a philosophy of life on petty fibs.

This has always been the argument against tact, and the excuse for not having it. But tact is not based on fibs; what we have been discussing is the selfishness of a literal statement of all the truth we know, or a relentless bearing down on the facts. If by accident I step on your foot

and express a hope that you aren't hurt, will you say "Yes, I am," or "Not at all"? In either event I know you are hurt, but from one answer I get a heavier sense of my clumsiness, and from the other I learn that you generously wish not to emphasize the incident. Tact does not obscure the truth, though it may refrain from uttering it. The Marquis of Hartington, as Lowell liked to tell, visited in the North during the Civil War, and considered it proper to advertise his sympathy with the South. At a reception in New York, Lowell says, he wore a secession badge. Must truth-telling be so discourteous? Later his rugged honesty prompted him to call on Lincoln himself, at the White House. Lincoln, not wishing to recognize the affront, persisted in misunderstanding his name, and received him cordially, addressing him as "Mr. Partington." This was tact.

Even though we admit that a man may be at once truthful and tactful, some of us still look askance at the virtue. It is serviceable in a crowded world, but we don't wish to be crowded. If tact is necessary, then it is a symptom of unwarranted congestion, which we'd like to cure. We don't think it out so explicitly, but our feelings take some such course. We'd rather avoid society than learn how to behave in it. For this reason many a person whose opportunities for social practice have been infrequent, permits himself to malign those who have acquired the art. They seem to him insincere; they live by etiquette; they are shallow; he, thank God, will be his plain self. But solitude is a great nurse of conceit. What right have we to wish that the universe were less crowded than it is? With such an infinite number of contacts surrounding us, waiting to be made, how obtuse we must be before solitude will seem possible! If it seems desirable,

then it must be the heaviness or the inflexibility of our touch which has converted contacts into irritations.

We begin to see this virtue in its proper values when we recognize the spiritual advantages of a crowded world. "I never pluck the rose," said Landor,

> "the violet's head
> Hath shaken with my breath upon the bank
> And not reproach'd me; the ever-sacred cup
> Of the pure lily hath between my hands
> Felt safe."

Here is a sort of image of an intelligent love of life. The ugly and unpleasant things we can very well avoid, but the beautiful things we should wish to make our own, to be near them, to establish, as we say, as many contacts as possible with what delights and inspires our soul. These good things in life are far more numerous than we at first suppose. A soul, as it grows, becomes more sensitive to the exquisite possibilities in common adventures, even in the duties and obligations which crowd our days. The disagreeable things, once they are penetrated with intelligent understanding, often turn out to be lovely, and the lovely things multiply themselves like the loaves under the blessing of our sympathy. But a love of life which is merely rough and honest is too liable to seize the things which should be only admired. We pull up our happiness by the roots, and leave some wound or irritation for ourselves or for those around us. The ideal is to miss nothing in life—that assumes a crowded existence; and also to leave life unwounded after we have passed by—which implies a light touch, or almost no touch at all.

What has here been said of tact may imply that it is chiefly useful in a negative sense as a protection against

mishap or grief. For most of us the word carries this meaning. One reason, perhaps, why we are not more enthusiastic over the tactful man is that he seems to us to be avoiding life rather than facing it squarely. There are indeed plenty of men and women who use their tact for this purpose. We ought to recognize that the active soul, impatient to live richly and thoroughly, will also have need of tact. Indeed, the virtue is chiefly necessary and develops itself in its richest aspects in those people who live most strenuously. The continuous impact of the world about us may be irritating to those who move slowly, or no more than wriggle a bit in their environment. Faster moving bodies cure the irritations by developing a callous surface of their own. The active life often degenerates into vigor of this sort, the result of which is great movement and little advantage from the constant change. The thick skin disguises the difference of one environment from another, and the traveling soul might just as well have stayed at home. To lead a really active life one must remain sensitive, even increase the sensitiveness to new impressions. The touch must be all the lighter and all the more flexible. Experiences that pass us so quickly must be caught by a sensitive eye, and felt by fingers as strong and as yielding as a surgeon's. What we are to hold forever out of so much that is passing we must grasp as firmly, yet as gently, as we would a frightened bird.

Against this ideal of a crowded life you may argue that saints and philosophers and poets have loved solitude. But those of us who are neither saint nor philosopher nor poet may perhaps misunderstand what solitude in this sense is. To be so much alone that life does not touch us is spiritual death. To be in such contact with life that

we miss none of its best appeals is to have achieved the solitude of the saint, the philosopher, and the poet. This is not a paradox, but an obvious experience. If we train ourselves to touch life lightly, to miss none of its contacts, and yet to injure neither it nor ourselves, we increase inevitably the excitements of our inner life. Every contact involves effort of the imagination, and sympathy and understanding with what we are touching. The moral or esthetic verdict upon it is instinctively pronounced. A tactful life involves constant criticism of our experiences, a vivid awareness of them, and a precise measuring of their values for us. As we grow in this sort of experience the world outside of us becomes useful to our souls, chiefly as furnishing the initial contact upon which our life is built.

This virtue which seems to begin in external and discreet manners and which ends in a mystic realization of the complete life, is a test not only of our imagination but also of our intelligence, and it is a warrant, to ourselves at least, of our personal integrity. Just how much imagination we have we can measure by the extent to which our tact is affected. Some of us can maintain light and flexible contacts with some area of life, with perhaps one other personality than our own. If our environment is enlarged and thereby becomes complicated, we may even manage to maintain happy contacts with two or three areas, each different in quality and extent. A greater complexity of experience, however, may throw us off our balance, and spoil our touch in every direction. We are all familiar with the kind of person who in private, that is, when we are face to face with him, is charming, but who becomes unmanageable or rude in larger social

groups. He has two natures, we say. You should see the other side of him, the pleasant side. Really, however, it is the same man in both cases. His charm is extended to the length of his imagination and no further. What we apologize for in him is his unhappy habit of losing contacts as soon as life begins to toss him about.

The practice of tact is a test of intelligence, since before we can orient ourselves in any group we must decide what for us is the center of things and what are the contacts proper to our nature. The ability to cut through appearances and reach the essence is nowhere more needed than in discovering our relation to our fellows. After all, if the contacts we set up with the world do not grow out of our genuine self, but are imposed upon us by our emotions, by what others expect of us, or by what convention demands, then our contacts will be artificial and automatically inflexible. If we lay fingers upon the surface of experience, they will not be really our own fingers, and we can't expect them to be sensitive. To succeed in the tactful life we should have to make up our minds first of all as to what really belongs to our destiny, or is demanded by our nature. It is a waste of time to be tactful if we are already out of place.

Granting that good-will, sympathy, and human affection are the foundations of the virtues, yet a clear view of ourselves and of the facts about us must come first of all. Perhaps tact will not be greatly prized in any society which believes that every man should be equally at home everywhere. Perhaps certain phases of the democratic idea make us believe that tact should be unnecessary in this world; but even in the most democratic view of life, if we can recognize special aptitudes in in-

dividuals, and can resign ourselves to watching them find their happiness in the development of their aptitudes, we can agree that before a man learns to be at ease in his world he should know which world this is.

Even after we have found the center of our own existence and have established sincere contacts with it we often must call intelligence to our aid. In the practice of tact there are moments when we ought to remember, and others when we must forget a little; moments when speech is better than silence, or when silence is imperative; moments when it is wise to seem blind. The instincts of the heart are not a complete guide; tact is achieved through an effort of our whole being, not least of all through an exercise of intelligence. Those who claim that the virtue is a gift will disagree, but why take such a hopeless view of our own possibilities as to say that only those people are tactful who are born so? No, tact can be learned and thought out, and the mind can find the secret of it, and the man who hasn't any must accept blame.

To be tactful, finally, is to be aware of our own integrity, of our completeness within ourselves. Many a philosopher has said that this awareness is the only success in life, and even the most casual of us feels instinctively that the happiest peace of mind will come from realizing all his possibilities, and being in control of all his faculties. No one of us perhaps can ever reach this complete success, but on the way to it we catch glimpses of the goal in those moments when our tact is perfect. Then we have lost nothing of ourselves, and we rob the world of nothing. We are a spiritual unit in touch with other entities, and in conflict with nothing. To achieve this feeling is to master our souls.

There are two reasons why tact is not easy to acquire, though we are convinced that we should have it. In the first place, it will win us little applause from our fellows, and indeed, will rarely be noticed. If it is noticed, it will not always be liked. The reward of it is in ourselves. Our modesty will please our neighbors; they can estimate our moderate conduct against the background of our achievements, and the contrast will seem in our favor. Our tact, however, they can measure only against their lack of it, and criticism so unselfish can hardly be expected of a tactless man. If you acquire the virtue, therefore, be prepared to hear whispers that you are politic, smooth, even a little slippery. You must justify yourself from within, having regard to a greater richness in your own life, and a deeper confidence in your own soul.

Moreover, though tact can be learned, it cannot be taught. Most human beings submit to teaching, but only a determined adventurer cares to learn anything by himself. The novice in the art may watch the behavior of his most courteous fellows without really learning much about tact. Just how successful their tact is he cannot know. Under a proud manner they may hide persistent irritations. He must reconcile himself to the paradox that the most sociable of all the virtues, the virtue which it seems impossible to practice alone, must be acquired, as it were, in secret, and when we have acquired it, we have built up a solitude self-contained.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL *

by Edith Wharton

WHAT exactly is meant by that term of "American novel" on which American advertisers and reviewers lay an equal and ever-increasing stress—a stress unparalleled in the literary language of other countries?

To European critics the term "great English" or "great French" novel signifies merely a great novel written by an English or a French novelist; and the greatest French or English novel would be the greatest novel yet produced in one or the other of these literatures. It might be, like "La Chartreuse de Parme" (assuredly one of the greatest of French novels), a tale of eighteenth-century Italian life; or, as in the case of "Lord Jim" or "Nostromo" or "Kim," its scene might be set on the farther side of the globe; it would none the less be considered typical of the national genius that went to its making, as, for example, "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" and "Salammbô" of Flaubert are so considered, though the one is situated in Egypt in the sixth century of the Christian era and the other in Carthage, B.C. 150, or as "The Wrecker" or "The Ebb-tide" must be regarded, though the life described in them has so largely an exotic setting. In the opinion of European critics only one condition is needful to make a novel typical of the country of its origin: that its writer should possess, in sufficient

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richness, the characteristics of his race. "John Inglesant" is not considered less typically English than "Lorna Doone" because it ranges through a cosmopolitan world reaching from the Tiber to the Thames while the other tale concerns the intensely local lives of a handful of peasants in the west of England.

It would appear that in the opinion of recent American reviewers the American novelist must submit to much narrower social and geographical limitations before he can pretend to have produced *the* (or *the greatest,* or even simply *an*) American novel; indeed the restrictions imposed appear to differ only in kind from those to which a paternal administration subjects drinkers of wine, wearers of short skirts, and upholders of the evolutionary hypothesis. The range allotted is so narrow that the feat of producing the "greatest" American novel, if ever accomplished, will rank the author with the music-hall artist who is locked and corded into a trunk, and then expected to get out of it in full view of his audience.

First of all, the novelist's scene must be laid in the United States, and his story deal exclusively with citizens of those States; furthermore, if his work is really to deserve the epithet "American," it must tell of persons so limited in education and opportunity that they live cut off from all the varied sources of culture which used to be considered the common heritage of English-speaking people. The great American novel must always be about Main Street, geographically, socially and intellectually.

In an address made not long ago Mr. Kipling cited the curious fate of certain famous books which, surviving the conditions that produced them, have become to later generations something utterly different from what their authors designed, or their original readers believed, them

to be. The classic examples are "The Merchant of Venice," a rough-and-tumble Jew-baiting farce to Shakespeare's contemporaries, and "Don Quixote," composed by Cervantes, and accepted by his public, as a gently humorous parody of the picaresque novel of the day; but Mr. Kipling found a still more striking instance in "Gulliver's Travels," fiercest and most brutal of social satires when it was written, and now one of the favorites of the nursery.

Some such fate, in a much shorter interval, has befallen Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," that pioneering work which with a swing of the pen hacked away the sentimental vegetation from the American small town, and revealed Main Street as it is, with all its bareness in the midst of plenty. The novel was really epoch-making; but the epoch it made turned into something entirely different from what its author purposed. Mr. Lewis opened the eyes of the millions of dwellers in all the American Main Streets to the inner destitution of their lives, but by so doing apparently created in them not the desire to destroy Main Street but only to read more and more and ever more about it. The dwellers in Main Street proved themselves to be like the old ladies who send for the doctor every day for the pleasure of talking over their symptoms. They do not want to be cured; they want to be noticed.

It must not be regarded as diminishing Mr. Lewis's achievement to remind his readers that he was not the first discoverer of Main Street. Over thirty years ago, Robert Grant situated "Unleavened Bread" in the same thoroughfare; and, so, a little later, did Frank Norris his "McTeague," and Graham Phillips his "Susan Lenox"—and they were all, as it happens, not only "great American

novels," but great novels. But they came before their time, their bitter taste frightened a public long nurtured on ice cream soda and marshmallows, and a quick growth of oblivion was trained over the dreary nakedness of the scene they had exposed. It was necessary that a later pioneer should arise and clear this vegetation away again, and if Mr. Lewis had done no more than demolish the tottering stage-fictions of a lavender-scented New England, a chivalrous South, and a bronco-busting West he would have rendered a great service to American fiction. This having been accomplished, however, it is permissible to wonder whether, as a theme, Main Street—in a literary sense—has not received as much notice as its width and length will carry, or even more. The difficulty is that it is now established as a canon, a first principle in the laws of American fiction; and thence it will be difficult to dislodge it.

The term is of course used to typify something much more extended, geographically, than Mr. Lewis's famous thoroughfare. "Main Street" has come to signify the common mean of American life anywhere in its million cities and towns, its countless villages and immeasurable wildernesses. It stands for everything which does not rise above a very low average in culture, situation or intrinsic human interest; and also for every style of depicting his dead level of existence, from the photographic to the pornographic—sometimes inclusively.

The novelist's—any novelist's—proper field, created by his particular way of apprehending life, is limited only by the bounds of his natural, his instinctive interests. The writer who sees life in terms of South Sea cannibals, as Herman Melville did, will waste his time (as, incidentally, Melville did) if he tries to depict it as found in

drawing-rooms and conservatories; though this by no means implies that the cannibal is intrinsically a richer and more available subject than the inhabitant of drawing-rooms. No subject is foreign to the artist in which there is something corresponding to a something within himself. The famous theory of the "atomes crochus" is as true of affinities between novelist and subject as of those between one human being and another. To the creator the only needful preliminary to successful expression is to have in him the root of the matter to be expressed.

Nevertheless, there remains—there must always remain—the question of the amount and quality of material to be extracted from a given subject. Other things being equal, nothing can alter the fact that a "great argument" will give a greater result than the perpetual chronicling of small beer. And the conditions of modern life in America, so far from being productive of great arguments, seem almost purposely contrived to eliminate them.

America has indeed deliberately dedicated herself to other ideals. What she has chosen—and realized—is a dead level of prosperity and security. Main Street abounds in the unnecessary, but lacks the one thing needful. Inheriting an old social organization which provided for nicely shaded degrees of culture and conduct, modern America has simplified and Taylorized it out of existence, forgetting that in such matters the process is necessarily one of impoverishment. As she has reduced the English language to a mere instrument of utility (for example, by such simplifications as the substituting of "a wood," or, mysteriously, "a woods," for the innumerable shadings of coppice, copse, spinney, covert, brake, holt,

grove, etc.), so she has reduced relations between human beings to a dead level of vapid benevolence, and the whole of life to a small house with modern plumbing and heating, a garage, a motor, a telephone and a lawn undivided from one's neighbor's.

Great as may be the material advantage of these diffused conveniences, the safe and uniform life resulting from them offers to the artist's imagination a surface as flat and monotonous as our own prairies. If it be argued that the greatest novelists, both French and English, have drawn some of their richest effects from the study of narrow lives and parochial problems, the answer is that Balzac's provincial France, Jane Austen's provincial England, if limited in their external contacts compared to a Main Street linked to the universe by telephone, motor and wireless, nevertheless made up for what they lacked in surface by the depth of the soil in which they grew. This indeed is still true of the dense old European order, all compounded of differences and *nuances,* all interwoven with intensities and reticences, with passions and privacies, inconceivable to the millions brought up in a safe, shallow and shadowless world. It is because we have chosen to be what Emerson called "mixed of middle clay" that we offer, in spite of all that patriotism may protest to the contrary, so meager a material to the imagination. It is not because we are middle-class but because we are middling that our story is soon told.

Another reason is to be found precisely in that universal facility of communication, the lack of which might seem to have made the life of Balzac's narrow towns all the narrower. In fact, that life was not only fed from the deep roots of the past, the long confused inheritance of feudalism, burgherdom, diocesan and monastic influences,

the activities of the guilds, the dogged labors of the peasants and the fervors of an ornate religion; it had, besides, the concentrated flavor which comes of long isolation. Bad roads, slow communications, dangers from flood and foe, all these factors, for generations, for centuries, combined to make of each little town a hot-bed for its own idiosyncrasies. Even in the English novels of Trollope's day, a day so much airier and more sanitated, the weight of a long past, and the comparative isolation of each social group, helped to differentiate the dull people, and to give a special color to each of their humdrum backgrounds. Only when mediocrity has achieved universal diffusion does it become completely unpaintable.

Nothing is less easy to standardize than the curve of an artist's secret affinities; but literary criticism in modern America is a perpetual incentive to standardization. The public (as everywhere and always) likes best what it has had before; the magazine editor encourages the young writer to repeat his effects; and the critic urges him to confine himself to the portrayal of life in the American small town—or in New York or Chicago as viewed from the small-town angle.

Still more insistent is the demand of reviewers that the novelist shall deal only with what the wife of one of our late residents touchingly described as "just folks." The idea that genuineness is to be found only in the rudimentary, and that whatever is complex is unauthentic, is a favorite axiom of the modern American critic. To students of natural history such a theory is somewhat disconcerting. The tendency of all growth, animal, human, social, is towards an ever-increasing complexity. The mere existence of art as a constant form of human expression, the recurring need of it shown by its reap-

pearance in every age of history, proves man's inherent inability to live by bread alone. Traditional society, with its old-established distinctions of class, its pass-words, exclusions, delicate shades of language and behavior, is one of man's oldest works of art, the least conscious and the most instinctive; yet the modern American novelist is told that the social and educated being is an unreality unworthy of his attention, and that only the man with the dinner-pail is human, and hence available for his purpose.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks makes much of Howells's resonant but empty reply to Henry James's complaint that there was little material for the novelist in a rudimentary social order: "There is the whole of human nature!" But what does "human nature" thus denuded consist in, and how much of it is left when it is separated from the web of custom, manners, culture it has elaborately spun about itself? Only that hollow unreality, "Man," an evocation of the eighteenth-century demagogues who were the first inventors of "standardization." As to real men, unequal, unmanageable and unlike each other, they are all bound up with the effects of climate, soil, laws, religion, wealth—and, above all, leisure. Leisure, itself the creation of wealth, is incessantly engaged in transmuting wealth into beauty by secreting the surplus energy which flowers in great architecture, great painting, and great literature. Only in the atmosphere thus engendered floats that impalpable dust of ideas which is the real culture. A colony of ants or bees will never create a Parthenon.

It is a curious, and deeply suggestive, fact that America's acute literary nationalism has developed in inverse ratio to the growth of modern traveling facilities, and in exact proportion to the very recent Americanism of the majority of our modern literary leaders.

Like all Anglo-Saxons, the old-time Americans came of a wandering, an exploring stock; unlike the Latins, we have never been sedentary except when it was too difficult to get about. Old New York and old New England (owing to this difficulty) sat chiefly at home, and, as Henry James somewhere has it, brightened their leisure by turning the pages of a volume of Flaxman Outlines in a bare parlor looking out on a snowy landscape; but in those steamless and wireless days Poe was letting his fiery fancy range over all heaven and earth, Melville was situating his tales in the tropics, and Hawthorne coloring his with the prismatic hues of a largely imaginary historic past. Our early novelists were, in fact, instinctively choosing those scenes and situations which offered the freest range to their invention, without fear of being repudiated as un-American if they wandered beyond the twelve-mile limit.

America's sedentary days are long since past. The whole world has become a vast escalator, and Ford motors and Gillette razors have bound together the uttermost parts of the earth. The universal infiltration of our American plumbing, dentistry and vocabulary has reduced the globe to a playing-field for our people; and Americans have been the first to profit by the new facilities of communication which are so largely of their invention and promotion. We have, in fact, internationalized the earth, to the deep detriment of its picturesqueness, and of many far more important things; but the deed is done, the consequences are in operation, and it is at the very moment when America is pouring out her annual millions over the old world that American reviewers and publishers are asking for a portrayal of American life which shall represent us as tethered to the village pump.

It seems as though it would not only be truer to fact but would offer far more lights and shades, more contrasts and juxtapositions, to the novelist, if he depicted the modern American as a sort of missionary-drummer selling his wares and inculcating his beliefs from China to Peru, with all the unexpected (and, to the missionaries, mostly unperceived) reactions produced in the societies thus edified. It is not intended to suggest that the wandering or the expatriate American is the only fit theme for fiction, but that he is peculiarly typical of modern America—of its intense social acquisitiveness and insatiable appetite for new facts and new sights. The germ of European contacts is disseminated among thousands who have never crossed the Atlantic, just as other thousands who have done so remain blissfully immune from it; and to enjoin the modern novelist to depict only New Thermopylæ in its pristine purity is singularly to limit his field.

It is doubtful if a novelist of one race can ever really penetrate into the soul of another, and hitherto the attempts to depict foreign character from the inside have resulted in producing figures very much like the Englishman of the French farce, or the Frenchman of "Punch." Even Meredith, James and Trollope never completely achieved the trick, and their own racial characteristics peep disconcertingly through the ill-fitting disguise. But there is another way of "catching the likeness" of the foreigner, and that is as his idiosyncrasies are reflected in the minds of the novelist's characters who are of the latter's own kin. This is the special field which the nomadic habits of modern life have thrown wide open to the American novelist. Thirty years ago, in attempting this kind of reflected portraiture, he was hampered by the narrowness of the reflecting surface. The traveling

American of that day was almost always a mild dilettante en route for the Coliseum or the Château of Chillon; and his contacts with the indigenous were brief and superficial. Now innumerable links of business, pleasure, study and sport join together the various races of the world. The very novelists who still hug the Main Street superstition settle down in the Quartier Latin or on the Riviera to write their tales of the little suburban house at number one million and ten Volstead Avenue. And the exploring is no longer one-sided. The same motives which send more and more Americans abroad now draw an annually increasing number of foreigners to America. This perpetual interchange of ideas and influences is resulting, on both sides of the globe, in the creation of a new world, ephemeral, shifting, but infinitely curious to study and interesting to note, and as yet hardly heeded by the novelist. It is useless, at least for the story-teller, to deplore what the new order of things has wiped out, vain to shudder at what it is creating; there it is, whether for better or worse, and the American novelist, whose compatriots have helped, above all others, to bring it into being, can best use his opportunity by plunging both hands into the motley welter. As the Merry Person says in the Prologue to "Faust": "Wherever you seize it, there it is interesting"—if not in itself, at any rate as a subject for fiction, as a new opening into that "full life of men" which is the proper theme of the novelist's discourse.

The "great American novel" continues to be announced every year; in good years there are generally several of them. But as a rule they turn out to be (at best) only the great American novels of the year. Moreover, the proof of their greatness (according to their advertisers) is

usually based on the number of copies sold; and this kind of glory does not keep a book long afloat.

Of really great novels we have hitherto produced fewer than the future traveler from New Zealand will be led to infer from a careful study of our literary statistics; but we have perhaps half a score to our credit, which is something; and another, and the greatest, may come at any moment.

When it does, it will probably turn out to be very different from what the critics counsel, the publishers hope, or the public is accustomed to. Its scene may be laid in an American small town or in a European capital; it may deal with the present or the past, with great events or trivial happenings; but in the latter case it will certainly contrive to relate them to something greater than themselves. The ability to do this is indeed one of the surest signs of the great novelist; and another is that he usually elaborates his work in quietness, and that when it appears there is every chance that it will catch us all napping, that the first year's sales will be disappointingly small, and that even those indefatigable mythomaniacs, the writers for the jackets, may for once not be ready with their superlatives.

FEMINIST—NEW STYLE *

by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

THE Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!

Is it not high time—in this year of our Lord 1928 when women are sensibly at work in thousands of professional and business tasks—that we laid the ghost of the so-called feminist?

"Feminism" has become a term of opprobrium to the modern young woman. For the word suggests either the old school of fighting feminists who wore flat heels and had very little feminine charm, or the current species who antagonize men with their constant clamor about maiden names, equal rights, woman's place in the world, and many another cause . . . *ad infinitum.* Indeed, if a blundering male assumes that a young woman is a feminist simply because she happens to have a job or a profession of her own, she will be highly—and quite justifiably insulted: for the word evokes the antithesis of what she flatters herself to be. Yet she and her kind can hardly be dubbed "old-fashioned" women. What *are* they, then?

The pioneer feminists were hard-hitting individuals, and the modern young woman admires them for their courage—even while she judges them for their zealotry and their inartistic methods. Furthermore, she pays all honor to them, for they fought her battle. But *she* does not want to wear their mantle (indeed, she thinks they

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C. D. Batchelor in New York *Evening Post*

PERFECT HARMONY AS SOME WIVES SEE IT

Mrs. Bromley thinks the old-school feminist, who wrung concessions from men, is out of date. The truly modern young woman wants to make a real success of marriage and have a career too.

should have been buried in it), and she has to smile at those women who wear it to-day—with the battle-cry still on their lips. The worst of the fight is over, yet this second generation of feminists are still throwing hand grenades. They bear a grudge against men, either secretly or openly; they make an issue of little things as well as big; they exploit their sex for the sake of publicity; they rant about equality when they might better prove their ability. Yet it is these women—the ones who do more talking than acting—on whom the average man focuses his microscope when he sits down to dissect the "new woman." For like his less educated brethren, he labors under the delusion that there are only two types of women, the creature of instinct who is content to be a "home-maker" and the "sterile intellectual" who cares solely about "expressing herself"—home and children be damned.

But what of the constantly increasing group of young women in their twenties and thirties who are the truly modern ones, those who admit that a full life calls for marriage and children as well as a career? These women if they launch upon marriage are keen to make a success of it and an art of child-rearing. But *at the same time* they are moved by an inescapable inner compulsion to be individuals in their own right. And in this era of simplified housekeeping they see their opportunity, for it is obvious that a woman who plans intelligently can salvage some time for her own pursuits. Furthermore, they are convinced that they will be better wives and mothers for the breadth they gain from functioning outside the home. In short, they are highly conscious creatures who feel obliged to plumb their own resources to the very depths, despite the fact that they are under no delusions as to the

present inferior status of their sex in most fields of endeavor.

Numbers of these honest, spirited young women have made themselves heard in article and story. But since men must have things pointed out to them in black and white, we beg leave to enunciate the tenets of the modern woman's credo. Let us call her "Feminist—New Style."

First Tenet. Our modern young woman freely admits that American women have so far achieved but little in the arts, sciences, and professions as compared with men. In the field of the drama, for instance, the sex can boast of no dramatist who even approaches Eugene O'Neill, although in the art of acting women are more than holding their own with men. In the realm of music they offer no composers of great note, although they count among their number a galaxy of brilliant opera stars. In painting and etching they can point to no woman who has been recognized as the peer of the best men, although Mary Cassatt and Cecilia Beaux have done distinguished work, while Peggy Bacon is creating a genre of her own, and Georgia O'Keefe is a compellingly original figure. In sculpture the names of Malvina Hoffman, Gertrude Whitney, Adastenia Eberle, and Janet Scudder come to mind; yet even their admirers do not claim that they rank with the leading men. In literary criticism the sex loses still another count, for there is no woman who ranks high as a critic, although the late Amy Lowell undoubtedly exercised a formative influence on the new poetry.

At the same time women are very nearly the peers of men in the field of creative literature. Indeed Edna St. Vincent Millay stands out as unquestionably America's most distinguished and gifted lyrist, whose work is ex-

tolled by the critics of both America and England, and bought by the public probably in greater thousands than any other recognized poet of the day. And in fiction it can fairly be claimed that there are no men who are doing more significant work than Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, and Elinor Wylie.

Yet in the field of science—both inventive and pure science—the sex can claim no Edison, nor even any lesser American light, although it can point with pride to Madame Curie in France. In medical research, however, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor of Industrial Medicine at Harvard, stands out as a most eminent authority, although in practicing medicine there is only one woman who is nationally known—Dr. Josephine Baker, the children's specialist; while there is none who has made a name for herself in obstetrics, the one branch of the profession for which women would seem especially well fitted. (Yet it must be remembered that there are many excellent women physicians who are serving mankind conscientiously and effectively—even though they have not won fame for themselves.) In law only two or three women are known outside of their own states and only one ranks high as a jurist, Judge Florence Allen of the Ohio Supreme Court. In politics the advent of women has done little to change the machine line-up, for they are seldom accorded high position of real authority. In the field of publishing there are but two women who control large enterprises—one who virtually directs a great metropolitan newspaper, and another who shapes the policy of a leading women's magazine. (It is an anomalous fact that other large women's magazines are controlled by men.) Finally, in business more women have obtained high rewards than in any field, although

the great majority appear to be content with average mediocrity.

What conclusions, then, are to be drawn from this brief survey? So far as the arts are concerned, it cannot be stated categorically that women lack creative power, in view of their original work in fiction, poetry, and the plastic arts. As for their status in the profession, it might fairly be claimed that they have scarcely had time to get a running start. And their limited success in business would prove that they have not yet cast off their age-old habit of overemphasizing detail and, as a consequence, they have not yet learned to grasp the larger issues.

But it remains true that a small percentage of women have proved the capacity, even the creative power of the feminine mind. Or have they not rather proved the fallacy of drawing a hard and fast distinction between the quality of men's minds and the quality of women's minds? It should be remembered that no contemporary psychologist will concede that there is any fundamental difference between the intellectual *capacity* of men and that of women, although their *pursuits* may vary. Furthermore, there are a number of scientists who hold that the absolutely masculine and the completely feminine type are comparatively rare, and that most individuals fall in between these poles and are thus endowed with mental qualities of both sexes.

To illustrate this theory, one finds a woman here and there who is gifted with the so-called masculine aptitude for clear thinking and for forming abstract conceptions; while one comes upon an occasional man who possesses those subtle senses of perception and that quality of imaginative intuition which have generally been considered

feminine traits (and which, be it noted, are part and parcel of the artist's endowment).

Nor does it necessarily follow, scientists tell us, that a woman with a flair for the creative or the scientific, or with a genius for abstract thought will have a masculine physique; in fact, we are told that a person's mental qualities may be quite the opposite of his or her physical qualities. One glance, for instance, at the unmistakably feminine figures of Edith Wharton, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Madame Curie, Elinor Wylie, and Edna St. Vincent Millay would prove that a woman does not have to look a George Sand to be a brilliant success.

But whether or no the masculine mind is biologically superior to the feminine mind, it is obvious that women in America are progressing much faster in their mental evolution than men are. And that is the reason, no doubt, why the average man is either on the defensive or on the fence, as regards his relationship with the modern woman.

Second Tenet. Why, then, does the modern woman care about a career or a job if she doubts the quality and scope of women's achievement to date? There are three good reasons why she cares immensely: first, she may be of that rare and fortunate breed of persons who find a certain art, science, or profession as inevitably a part of their lives as breathing; second, she may feel the need of a satisfying outlet for her energy whether or no she possesses creative ability; third, she may have no other means of securing her economic independence. And the latter she prizes above all else, for it spells her freedom as an individual, enabling her to marry or not to marry, as she chooses—to terminate a marriage that has become

unbearable, and to support and educate her children if necessary.

There appears to be no good reason why a woman who has a marked talent for a certain art or science should give up before she starts, simply because she has been told innumerable times that "women cannot hope to excel any place but in the home" and that "her sex always has and always will be second-rate in the arts and sciences." Perhaps they *will* be for some time to come. But that is not to say that they have no contribution to make. Science, it must be remembered, depends for its progress upon the cumulative work of hundreds of scientists, not on the work of one or two geniuses alone. In a similar fashion, although in a lesser measure, the arts profit from the contributions made by talent. Indeed it takes a courageous person to be "second-rate" here: to be able to compare his own work with that of genius and yet not give up. It is true, of course, that the woods are full of scatterbrained women whose attempts at poetry, painting, acting, and writing are ludicrous, to say the least, but these are for the most part untrained creatures who have never been taught the rudiments of criticism. In an altogether different class are those women who are gifted with genuine talent; it would be as ridiculous to insist that *they* "go back to the kitchen" as it would be to order one of their men detractors, such as Mr. John Macy, to go back to the hoe. The same applies to those women who are born with marked ability and aptitude for one of the professions: they, too, must follow their star.

But even though Feminist—New Style may not see her own course so clearly marked out before her, and even if she should happen to have an income, she will make a determined effort to fit her abilities to some kind of work.

For she has observed that it is only the rare American of either sex who can resist the mentally demoralizing effect of idleness. She has seen too many women who have let what minds they have go to seed, so that by the time they are forty or forty-five they are profoundly uninteresting to their husbands, their children and themselves. Occasionally one of these women will wake up when it is too late and grope desperately for any sort of a "job" to fill her time now that her children need her no longer. Her next-door neighbor who has gone in for philanthropies may not be quite so lonely, but the pity is that she has seldom had to sharpen her mind against the wits of people who think any straighter than she does.

Only less pathetic is the younger married woman who came out of college with an active mind excellently trained, but who in five or ten years' time has allowed that mind to grow shallow for lack of cultivation and fresh planting. This type of woman is avid for excitement, even if it depends on nothing more than the innocuous attentions of a man considerably younger than herself. So she goes round and round the vicious circle, grasping for outside stimuli, never once realizing that her satisfaction with life depends upon her inner resources and the active living they make possible.

Yet if a woman can add to her own resources and thereby live a rich and full life without the stimulus of a job she is to be congratulated and admired as a really civilized person. However, if she remains financially dependent upon her husband she may be mortgaging her own future happiness and liberty of action; for as one frank man admitted the other day, there is hardly a man who will never take advantage of his wife's economic

dependence upon him or who will never assume that it gives him special prerogatives.

In brief, Feminist—New Style reasons that if she is economically independent, and if she has, to boot, a vital interest in some work of her own she will have given as few hostages to Fate as it is humanly possible to give. Love may die, and children may grow up, but one's work goes on forever.

Third Tenet. She will not, however, live for her job alone, for she considers that a woman who talks and thinks only shop has just as narrow a horizon as the housewife who talks and thinks only husband and children—perhaps more so, for the latter may have a deeper understanding of human nature. She will therefore refuse to give up all of her personal interests, year in and year out, for the sake of her work. In this respect she no doubt will fall short of the masculine ideal of commercial success, for the simple reason that she has never felt the economic compulsion which drives men on to build up fortunes for the sake of their growing families.

Yet she is not one of the many women who look upon their jobs as tolerable meal-tickets or as interesting pastimes to be dropped whenever they may wish. On the contrary, she takes great pride in becoming a vital factor in whatever enterprise she has chosen, and she therefore expects to work long hours when the occasion demands.

But rather than make the mistake that some women do of domesticating their jobs, *i.e.,* burying all of their affections and interests in them, or the mistake that many men make of milking their youth dry for the sake of building up a fortune to be spent in a fatigued middle-age, she will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and energy can attain a fair amount of success—perhaps even

a high degree of success—by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life, as well as by working with concentration.

Fourth Tenet. Nor has she become hostile to the other sex in the course of her struggle to orient herself. On the contrary, she frankly likes men and is grateful to more than a few for the encouragement and help they have given her.

In the business and professional worlds, for instance, Feminist—New Style has observed that more and more men are coming to accord women as much responsibility as they show themselves able to carry. She and her generation have never found it necessary to bludgeon their way, and she is inclined to think that certain of the pioneers would have got farther if they had relied on their ability rather than on their militant methods. To tell the truth, she enjoys working with men more than with women, for their methods are more direct and their view larger, and she finds that she can deal with them on a basis of frank comradeship.

When she meets men socially she is not inclined to air her knowledge and argue about woman's right to a place in the sun. On the contrary, she either talks with a man because he has ideas that interest her or because she finds it amusing to flirt with him—and she will naturally find it doubly amusing if the flirtation involves the swift interplay of wits. She will not waste many engagements on a dull-witted man, although it must be admitted that she finds fewer men with stagnant minds than she does women.

When all is said and done, most of the men of her world are such a decent likable lot that she is hard put to it to understand the sex antagonism which actuates certain

"advanced" women who secretly look upon their husbands —and all men—as their natural enemies from whom they must wrest every privilege and advantage possible. Such tactics are a futile waste of energy; now that men have admitted that women can be valuable partners not only in the home but also in business and civic life the best thing for women to do is to prove their value.

Fifth Tenet. By the same corollary, Feminist—New Style professes no loyalty to women *en masse,* although she staunchly believes in individual women. Surveying her sex as a whole, she finds their actions petty, their range of interests narrow, their talk trivial and repetitious. As for those who set themselves up as leaders of the sex, they are either strident creatures of so little ability and balance that they have won no chance to "express themselves" (to use their own hackneyed phrase) in a man-made world; or they are brilliant, restless individuals who too often battle for women's rights for the sake of personal glory.

But when a woman in the professions or in public life proves herself really capable, Feminist—New Style will be first to cheer, and to help her along still farther, by proffering her own support and coöperation. Indeed, she feels that there is to-day a stronger bond among thinking women than ever before. Reaching out, as they are, for new adjustments and conceptions, each can profit by the experience of the other; whereas in ages past women had nothing in common other than their jealousy of one another. So it happens that the modern woman is capable of a high order of friendship with other women. In this connection a visiting French woman paid a very pretty compliment to American women (we choose to accept it as such!) when she exclaimed, "*You* are friends with one

another, while *we* would not trust one another for a minute."

Sixth Tenet. There is, however, one thing which Feminist—New Style envies Frenchwomen, and that is their sense of "chic." Indeed, she is so far removed from the early feminists that she is altogether baffled by the psychology which led some of them to abjure men in the same voice with which they aped them. Certainly their vanity must have been anæsthetized, she tells herself, as she pictures them with their short hair, so different from her own shingle, and dressed in their unflattering mannish clothes—quite the antithesis of her own boyish effects which are subtly designed to set off feminine charms. She may not be quite as smartly gowned as the society woman, for she cannot afford so great an expenditure of time and money; yet every year sees her better dressed and infinitely better groomed than the erstwhile professional and business woman.

As regards manners and mannerisms she has not the slightest desire to imitate men. On the contrary, she prefers to keep the intonations of her voice and the quality of her gestures purely feminine, as nature intended them to be. (If she makes no attempt to be a "perfect lady" it is for the simple reason that it would cramp her style too much as an individual: she prefers to call a spade a spade and to feel free to discuss scientific facts impersonally with men or women.)

Seventh Tenet. Empty slogans seem to Feminist—New Style just as bad taste as masculine dress and manners. They serve only to prolong the war between the sexes and to prevent women from learning to think straight. Take these, for instance, "Keep your maiden name." "Come out of the kitchen." "Never darn a

sock." After all, what's in a name or in a sock? Madame Curie managed to become one of the world's geniuses even though she suffered the terrible handicap of bearing her husband's name, and it is altogether likely that she darned a sock or two of Monsieur Curie's when there was no servant at hand to do it.

"Keep your maiden name," the slogan which the members of the Lucy Stone League cry from the housetops so lustily, would seem the most inane of all. Will some one kindly tell us why these women don't prove their individuality—and their independence of their husbands—by some sort of real achievement? And would it not be more consistent for them to require that every member not only keep her maiden name but *that she support herself?*

But perhaps they aim not to be consistent—only to get publicity. For instance, one of their members recently married and registered with her husband at a highly respectable New York hotel as Miss Jones and Mr. Smith. Naturally the manager objected, with the result that reporters got wind of the incident and wrote it up, thus giving the clever couple columns of free publicity.

The story also is told that a famous British woman lawyer visiting these shores was fêted one night by the Lucy Stone League and the New York Women Lawyers' Association. The Lucy Stoners made their speeches on the same old subject of nomenclature, and when one was asked how she managed with the tradespeople, she replied haughtily, "Oh, I am Mrs. to my butcher, but to *no* one else!" When the visitor expressed a desire to hear from the women lawyers on the subject, it developed that most of those who were married bore their husbands' names and did not consider the subject worthy of argu-

ment. Naturally, if a woman has made a name for herself in a business or a profession before her marriage—as was the case with the visitor—it would seem expedient for her to keep that name, or if she is not sure how long she is going to remain married. But when all is said and done, Feminist—New Style considers that it is hardly a matter to go to meeting about.

As for sock-darning, our modern young woman dislikes to darn a man's socks as much as she dislikes to darn her own. If possible she will have a servant do both. But if that is impractical, and if her husband is properly appreciative, she will do the darning herself, and will expect him to relieve her of a few tasks in return.

"Come out of the kitchen" is a fair enough slogan if a woman makes sure that she has left some one capable in her stead. Feminist—New Style likes to know how to cook so that she can direct a servant intelligently and economically; and furthermore she occasionally enjoys preparing a meal herself because it is fun to use her own skill. Unlike the old order of feminists, she is not afraid that if she understands the culinary arts she will get stuck in the kitchen for the rest of her life, for she knows that she can earn more than enough to pay a cook's wages.

Eighth Tenet. As for "free love," she thinks that it is impractical rather than immoral. With society organized as it is, the average man and woman cannot carry on a free union with any degree of tranquillity.

Incidentally, she is sick of hearing that modern young women are cheapening themselves by their laxity of morals. As a matter of fact, all those who have done any thinking, and who have any innate refinement, live by an æsthetic standard of morals which would make promiscuity inconceivable. She readily agrees that the

Greenwich Village vogue for experimenting with the emotions is a tawdry thing. The individuals who thus experiment are not "living" as much as they think they are, for their emotions are all on the surface. Feminist —New Style, is sophisticated enough to know that one does not get real experience by grabbing for it.

But whether she marries—or does not marry—she is liable to have a pagan attitude toward love itself. She believes with George Santayana that "We last as a strain of music lasts; and we go where it goes"; also that "To come to an end is a virtue when one has had one's day."

So if a love-affair comes to an end she will not be surprised or embittered. She will be more greatly surprised if it miraculously flowers into a lifelong affection.

Ninth Tenet. She readily concedes that a husband and children are necessary to the average woman's fullest development, although she knows well enough that women are endowed with varying degrees of passion and of maternal instinct. Some women, for instance, feel the need of a man very intensely, while others want children more than they want a husband, want them so much, in fact, that they vow they would have one or two out of wedlock if it were not for the penalty that society would exact from the child, and if it were not for the fact that a child needs a father as much as a mother.

But no matter how much she may desire the sanction of marriage for the sake of having children, she will not take any man who offers. First of all a man must satisfy her as a lover and a companion. And second, he must have the mental and physical traits which she would like her children to inherit. She has seen too many women engulfed in tragedy simply because they let their instincts rush them into an ill-advised marriage and into the bear-

ing of one child after another, each one handicapped by a bad physical or moral heritage. Instincts are an excellent thing in their place, but they must be guided by reason if disaster is not to follow.

In fact, it seems to Feminist—New Style that a woman who gratifies her desire to have children without being sure that she can give them a sound heritage and a harmonious home environment is unjustifiably selfish. A child should be an end in itself, not merely an extension of the parent's ego or an object to be loved fiercely and tyrannously; nor should it be a means of keeping a shattered home intact, or of salvaging the health of a woman who is a semi-invalid—even though some doctors are benighted enough to prescribe child-bearing as a cure for all ills.

If Feminist—New Style finds it practicable to have children she will resolve from the start not to sacrifice everything to them—for their sake as well as her own. During the years of their babyhood she may find it necessary to give up her work, either partially or wholly; but as soon as possible she will organize the family life so as to resume her own interests.

This business of combining two careers presents its grave difficulties. In fact, it is a bigger job than any man has ever attempted. But because it *is* a big job, and because she has seen a few women succeed at it, Feminist—New Style will rise to the challenge, provided that she has a normal amount of physical energy.

When she looks into the homes of a few women of the leisure class she will console herself with the thought that she cannot possibly do a worse job than they have done. Spoiled and sickly, the children in these homes

dominate the scene and will inevitably grow up to be impossible egotists.

Of a very different temper are the children of the woman who has a job of her own and has therefore put her children in a nursery-school run by a specialist in child education. They appear to be happy, obedient creatures who actually have a closer bond with their mother than the children of another woman who is conscientiously devoting every hour of her life to their training, but who makes the mistake of giving her emotions free rein when it comes to discipline, whereas the nursery-school teacher treats every child with impersonal fairness.

But whether or no the nursery-school is the solution, the fact remains that the mother who has managed in one way or another to retain her own special interest will have a growing fund of wisdom and experience to share with her children. And, furthermore, she will avoid the sin of struggling to possess them body and soul and of expecting them to make great sacrifices for her later in life because she once gave up everything for them.

To treat a child as a complete individual: that would be the ideal of Feminist—New Style, even as it was of the parents of William and Henry James, who allowed their sons—nay encouraged them—to range as far from home as their imaginations would carry them.

Tenth Tenet. But even while she admits that a home and children may be necessary to her complete happiness, she will insist upon *more freedom and honesty within the marriage relation.*

She considers that the ordinary middle-class marriage is stifling in that it allows the wife little chance to know other men, and the husband little chance to know other

women—except surreptitiously. It seems vital to her that both should have a certain amount of leisure to use exactly as they see fit, without feeling that they have neglected the other.

She looks at some of the married couples she knows and feels consummate pity for the wives who have exhibited such childish streaks of jealousy that their husbands are no longer frank with them. One husband, for instance, has a great zest for knowing all kinds of people; but he has discovered that his wife is so hurt by his friendships with other women that he dare not tell her about them. A second wife declares that she must have *all or nothing*. As though any one could own all of another person, or any part of him!

Feminist—New Style would consider it a tragedy if she or her husband were to limit the range of each other's lives in any way. Arguing from the fact that she herself can be interested in other men without wanting to exchange them for her husband, she assumes that she has something to give him that he may not find in other women. But if the time should come when it was obvious that he preferred another woman to her or that he preferred to live alone, she would accept the fact courageously, just as she would expect him to accept a similar announcement from her; although she would hope that they would both try to preserve the relationship if it were worth preserving, or if there were children to be considered. But if the marriage should become so inharmonious as to make its continuation a nightmare, she would face the tragedy, and not be submerged by it. For life would still hold many other things—and people—and interests.

Finally, Feminist—New Style proclaims that men and children shall no longer circumscribe her world, although they may constitute a large part of it. She is intensely self-conscious whereas the feminists were intensely sex-conscious. Aware of possessing a mind, she takes a keen pleasure in using that mind for some definite purpose; and also in learning to think clearly and cogently against a background of historical and scientific knowledge. She aspires to understand the meaning of the twentieth century as she sees it expressed in the skyscrapers, the rapid pace of city life, the expressionistic drama, the abstract conceptions of art, the new music, the Joycian novel. She is acutely conscious that she is being carried along in the current of these sweeping forces, that she and her sex are in the vanguard of change. She knows that it is her American, her twentieth-century birthright to emerge from a creature of instinct into a full-fledged individual who is capable of molding her own life. And in this respect she holds that she is becoming man's equal.

If this be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it.

THE YEAR OF THE BIG SHRIEK

by Herbert Asbury

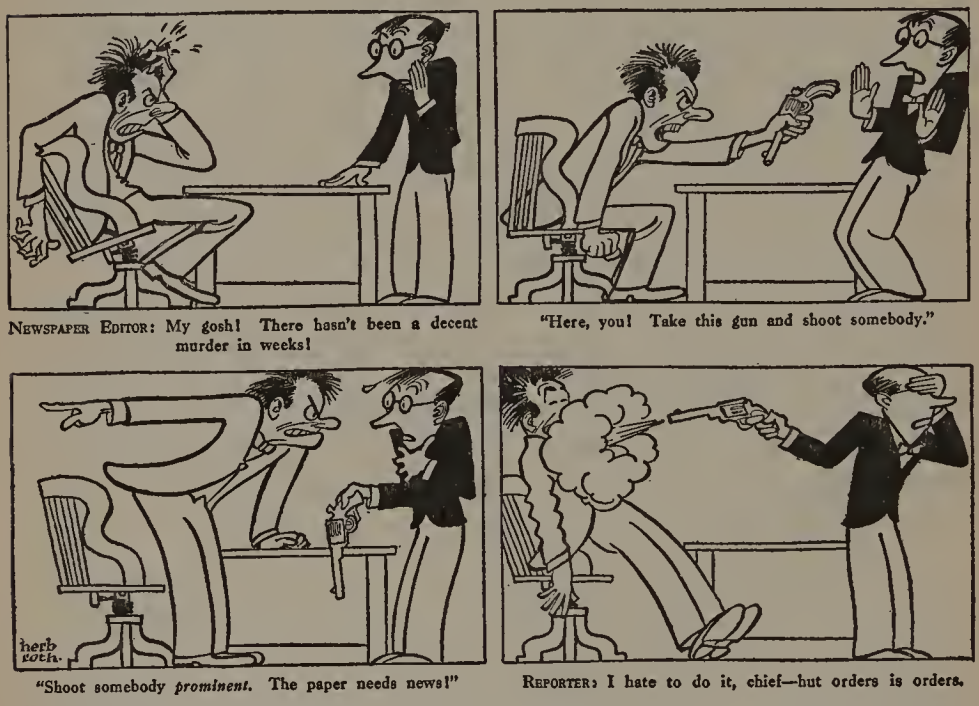
I

NOT since the close of the World War has there been a year which produced such an amazing crop of big news as 1927; scarcely had one stupendous occurrence been embalmed in journalistic tradition as the greatest story of the age than another appeared to take its place, and goad frenzied editors and reporters to new heights of hysteria and hyperbole, while above the din of competition rose the mellow baying of the publicity hound and the raucous bleat of the politician as he knelt in adoration before the glory of the front page and welcomed the heroes returning from the scenes of their exploits.

It would be difficult to imagine a more imposing array of events than the successful airplane flights of Lindbergh, Chamberlin-Levine, Byrd, Brock-Schlee and Maitland-Hegenberger; the disasters which resulted from other attempts to span the Atlantic and Pacific by air, including the *Old Glory* catastrophe which robbed tabloid journalism of its greatest genius when Philip A. Payne, managing editor of the New York *Daily Mirror,* went to his death with Lloyd Bertaud and James Hill; the Mississippi and New England floods and the St. Louis tornado, which were mere acts of God and were so overshadowed by the spectacularity of personal exploits that they hardly received a fair amount of attention; the successive prize-

fights which Jack Dempsey waged against Jack Sharkey and Gene Tunney; the Sacco-Vanzetti case; the annual uproar over the so-called suicide wave among high school and college students, which died away to a faint twitter when life insurance companies produced statistics showing that there had actually been a decrease in the number of such tragedies; and the announcement of President

Herb Roth in *Life*


NEWSPAPER EDITOR: My gosh! There hasn't been a decent murder in weeks!
"Here, you! Take this gun and shoot somebody."
"Shoot somebody *prominent*. The paper needs news!"
REPORTER: I hate to do it, chief—but orders is orders.
herb roth.

MR. ASBURY DESCRIBES THE GO-GETTER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
On murder and execution days the conscientious editor can safely rely on a jump of 30,000 in circulation.

Coolidge that he did not choose to run in 1928, which precipitated a flood of speculative political gush and was generally accepted by editorial writers and other profound thinkers as an extraordinarily cryptic utterance, though coming from a statesman who had hitherto been looked upon as of exceptional transparency. All that was needed to round out the situation which thus developed

was the animadversions of the White House Spokesman, but unfortunately that amusing and justly famous personage had succumbed earlier in the year to a campaign of hilarity and ribald joshing inaugurated by the New York *World,* and carried on with great vigor by newspapers which could discern nothing of merit in a Republican administration.

As a fitting start for the year, there were the final chapters of the Browning case, which had so titillated the morons in 1926, and the Snyder-Gray murder trial on Long Island, wherein Mrs. Ruth Brown Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, an amorous but indiscreet corset salesman, were brought to book for the killing of Mrs. Snyder's husband, an obscure art editor. The marital difficulties of Mr. Browning and his child-wife had been settled within a month after the first of the year, but in that brief period there was abundant opportunity for the practice of the new journalism, and two noteworthy advances were recorded in the art of tabloid publishing. The New York *Daily Mirror* led the way with the entire front page given over to five-inch streamers carrying such vital information as "Peaches' Shame!" and "Oh—Oh—Oh! Daddy Browning!" But the *Daily Mirror* did not employ this method to acquaint the public with the fact that a libel suit for $1,000,000 damages had been filed against it by the defendants in the Hall-Mills murder trial in New Jersey in 1926. The New York *Evening Graphic,* which had already won great fame by the judicious use of composite, or faked photographs, contributed a name for these masterpieces of dark-room magic. They are now called "composographs," and as such have been invested with a new dignity, for the word is an imposing one and quite beyond the comprehension of a majority of the

tabloid readers, who view with dark suspicion all words of more than two syllables. *The Graphic* is said to have gained about 250,000 circulation on the Browning adventure, while the *Daily Mirror* went up something like 300,000 and the *Daily News,* the daddy * of the tabloids, reported an increase of about 200,000.

The Snyder-Gray trial was a pallid enough affair compared to the lurid Browning case, or the Hall-Mills case of the previous year, for neither mystery nor millions was involved; it was a cheap crime in which cheap people were concerned, and there was never any doubt as to their guilt. But there was an abundance of blood and sex, both delightfully revolting, and although Justice Townsend Scudder conducted the trial with great dignity inside the courtroom, he had no control over the headlines or the orgiastic predilections of the people, and it was quickly transformed into one of the weirdest judicial circuses of the age. From a journalistic viewpoint, perhaps the most interesting and significant phenomenon of the trial was the amazing concentration of celebrities as special writers; the gold poured out by the newspapers and syndicates for experts in human emotion to analyze and interpret the testimony, and impart the florid atmosphere of the scene, attracted such widely divergent personages as Dr. Will Durant, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton and Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, not to mention David Belasco —and a horde of lesser lights who flutter about the fringes of fame and, naturally, command lower prices. Oddly enough, Miss Joyce proved to be the most capable reporter of the lot, although she probably received much less for her efforts than did either Dr. Durant or the

* The word is here used as a colloquialism for father, and not in the sense to which tabloid readers have become accustomed to it.

Rev. Dr. Straton. But so it goes; even in the field of exhibitionism there is rank discrimination against the ladies.

Dr. Durant and the Rev. Dr. Straton, the former perhaps suffering from an embarrassing sense of shame, were conscious of their duty to uplift and instruct, and in painfully drawing their philosophical and moral conclusions were inclined to be pedantic and ponderous; and the minor celebrities could do no less than follow their illustrious leaders. The result, in most cases, was very sad. Miss Joyce, however, was simply too thrilled for words, and so was the courtroom when she appeared in an ermine coat. Practical newspapermen predicted freely that her writings would be vastly more entertaining and more acceptable to her public than the polysyllables of Dr. Durant or the labored preachments of the Rev. Dr. Straton; and the betting reached prohibitive odds when, at the close of her first day in court, she was quoted by a delighted reporter as having asked, simply, "What's going on here?" Another of Miss Joyce's rival journalists *pro tem* was W. E. Woodward, author of a biography of George Washington and other works. His employer, the New York *Evening Post,* headlined him as "the author of 'Bunk' " and there was much ribald and disrespectful comment among the columnists (of other papers) until it was explained that the line referred to the title of one of Mr. Woodward's earlier books.

II

All of these stories were tremendous circulation builders, and it was largely due to them, with some assistance from minor disasters and murders, that practically every American newspaper of importance reported a

substantial gain for the year, with corresponding increases in advertising revenue. In New York city alone this gain reached the impressive total of more than 400,000, and throughout the country no fewer than 2,000,000 persons, whose principal reading matter had hitherto been the titles of the moving pictures, began to buy newspapers and eagerly spell out the headlines. The combined circulation of the English language dailies in the United States is now in excess of 38,000,000, approximately one copy for every two literate persons over ten years of age; and it is quite likely that editors now living will see the happy day when the number of papers sold each day equals the reading population. Then will civilization have reached its peak, and the political demagogues and sporting promoters give thanks to high heaven, for theirs will be the glory and the profit thereof. But it is doubtful if these enormous circulation gains represent a distinct advance in the intelligence of the general public or even a more widespread interest in the news; it may well be that the new customers were attracted by the extraordinary show that journalism has been presenting and by the spectacularity of the news, and that when the inevitable news slump occurs they will abandon their reading and revert to their former status of innocent bystanders. However, it is well known that newspaper reading is a habit, easily contracted and discarded only with difficulty, and it is not impossible that the people will become such slaves to their novel mental narcotic that the coming year will see even greater journalistic prosperity. That, of course, would be highly desirable, for amidst all the blah and jazz there is much that has real educational and humanizing value, and any change that might be made in the

thinking habits of the race would of necessity be for the better.

In an attempt to assign definite causes to the unprecedented prosperity and popularity of the newspapers, two interesting surveys were made and the results published in October by the New York *Times* and *Editor & Publisher*. The former confined its investigations to the metropolis, and found that among the reasons for circulation increases, in the opinions of the publishers, were "the unusual number of important news events, improvements in the quality of newspapers, a widespread growth of popular education, an extension of interest on the part of newspaper readers and the growing practice of reading from three to five newspapers a day." That the American public is rapidly becoming omnivorous in its reading habits is particularly noticeable in New York, where men who eat alone in restaurants commonly read a different newspaper at each meal, and sometimes two or three. Of all the publishers quoted by the *Times,* only Ogden Reid of the *Herald Tribune* gave any credit to the editorial forces. Mr. Reid expressed the opinion that the amazing growth of his newspaper, which has been the marvel of American journalism since he bought the New York *Herald* three years ago and merged it with the *Tribune,* was due not only to an abnormal quantity of news, but also to the industry and enterprise of his editors and reporters.

The survey of *Editor & Publisher* covered the entire nation, and not only endeavored to learn the causes of the general increase in circulation, but to determine peak days and their relation to outstanding news events. Its figures showed that whereas a 4 per cent gain is a normal growth, and, indeed, one that is not infrequently reached, even the

conservative journals achieved at least a 5 per cent increase in 1927, while others gained as much as 10 and 15 per cent. The stories which sold the most papers during the year were the Lindbergh flight on May 21; Chamberlin and Levine on June 6; Commander Byrd's expedition on July 1; the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, July 21, and the Dempsey-Tunney battle on September 22. In various sections local stories caused additional days of unusual circulation, notably in Los Angeles, where the newspapers fattened off the Aimee Semple McPherson stories; but these were the nation-wide high-water periods. The Sacco-Vanzetti case also helped, particularly in the East. The New York *World* sold some 20,000 additional copies of its morning edition on the day of the execution, while the *Evening World* gained 33,000 and the other papers reported proportionate increases. The *World* probably obtained the best results, for it had consistently fought for a new trial or commutation of sentence, and had done much to compel a review of the evidence by the Governor of Massachusetts. The activities of the *World* had an interesting repercussion in the withdrawal from its staff of Heywood Broun, who for several years had conducted a column for which he wrote criticism and comment. Apparently he wrote as he chose, but it was generally known that the powers that be on the *World* had expressed distaste with certain of his articles which conflicted with the editorial policy of the paper, and Mr. Broun's comment on the Sacco-Vanzetti case served to bring the trouble to a climax. His articles were attacked by the New York *Times,* which especially took him to task for asking if the name of Harvard University should be changed to Hangman's House. This particular article also incurred the displeasure of Ralph Pulitzer, pub-

lisher of the *World,* and after Mr. Broun had indignantly refused to write on other subjects, as requested, Mr. Pulitzer announced that the policy of the *World* was not to interfere "with the fullest possible expression of individual opinion to those of its special writers who write under their own names," but that, "exercising its right of final decision as to what it will publish in its columns," it had "omitted all articles submitted by Mr. Broun." Soon thereafter, following a dignified exchange of letters in which Mr. Broun and Mr. Pulitzer expressed their profound admiration for each other, the former proclaimed his withdrawal from the staff. A few weeks later he began writing a weekly column for the *Nation.* Mr. Broun is now said to have a contract guaranteeing him absolute freedom of expression, but it would be interesting to see what might happen if he should suddenly launch into vociferous praise of Secretary Mellon, the government's Russian policy, or some other *Nation* bugaboo.

In some quarters, especially among the naïve thinkers who are convinced that the managing editors of the metropolitan journals report each morning to J. P. Morgan & Company, the friction between Mr. Broun and the *World* was regarded as a cataclysmic event in journalism; to them it marked the final collapse of the press, and was *prima facie* evidence that the newspapers had at last come out into the open as the avowed tools of Big Business. But practical newspapermen recognized that if the trouble meant anything at all it meant merely that Mr. Broun had lost a good job and the *World* a first-rate feature; they knew that within a month the bulk of the *World's* readers would have become passionately addicted to his successor. Moreover, they suspect that

Mr. Broun's parting from the *World* is more likely to be a separation than a divorce, because of the existence of a contract which is said to prevent his employment by another newspaper. It is common gossip in newspaper circles that he has been in conference with Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the *World,* and that after a suitable interval, perhaps by the time this article is being read, his writings will again adorn the pages of Mr. Pulitzer's journal.* With this happy event it is quite likely that the *World* will again announce that its policy is not to interfere "with the fullest possible expression of individual opinion to those of its special writers who write under their own names." And the reunion will doubtless be hailed as an event of the utmost significance and as portending a new epoch in independent journalism; but its real meaning will be merely that Mr. Broun has got his job back, and that the *World* again owns and can syndicate, even more extensively than before, because of the publicity which the dispute received, a valuable feature which every newspaper in the country would be glad to possess, simply because there is money and circulation in it.

The landing of Colonel Lindbergh probably would have established an American circulation record had he not chosen to come to earth on a Saturday. Practically every Sunday newspaper on the continent reported a sell-out, but none distributed as many copies as it might have done, for comics and other parts were lacking with which to stuff the news sections and so make a complete newspaper. Many, however, had made some slight provision, notably the New York *Times,* which sold 25,000 addi-

*Editor's Note: It happened while this page was being set up. Mr. Broun is again with the *World*.

tional copies and increased that figure by some 15,000 during the remaining days of the Lindbergh excitement. The New York *Evening World* gained 114,000 on its Saturday sales, and the *Telegram* reported a total of 380,000 copies for the day, a gain of about 100,000 over the sales at the time of the verdict in the Snyder-Gray murder case. On the Pacific coast the Seattle *Times* gained 2,618 on the Lindbergh landing, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* reached its highest point in six months, while the San Francisco *Call* doubled its previous day's sales. The Washington *Star* disposed of 16,000 extra copies; the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* 40,000; the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* which had helped finance the flight, 27,000; and the Chicago *Evening American,* 35,000. Similar gains were reported throughout the country.

But the most important news event of the year, measured in terms of circulation, which naturally supersedes all questions of educational and civilizing benefits and is the best criterion of public interest, was the prize-fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in Chicago on September 22. Like the Lindbergh flight, the meeting of these noted gladiators had the benefit of tremendous advance publicity, the newspapers having kindly started the ballyhoo on behalf of Tex Rickard as early as May, when Dempsey knocked out Jack Sharkey. The New York *Times* added 37,000 to its circulation the morning after the fight, while the morning edition of the *World* picked up 44,000 and the *Evening World* 58,000. The Seattle *Times* sold 3,000 more papers on the Chicago battle than on the Lindbergh exploit, but in Los Angeles the Dempsey-Sharkey fight brought more circulation to the *Evening Herald* than did Dempsey's meeting with

Tunney, the press run of this great journal rising from 206,879 to 334,585 on the former and to 326,607 on the latter. The New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* published special editions which were rushed to Chicago by airplane, and were profoundly impressed by their own enterprise. Indeed, one of the most amazing features of American journalism is the enthusiasm with which the newspapers pat themselves on the back; after each crusade or the publication of an unusual feature hordes of reporters gallop about asking leaders in business, finance and society to say something nice about their paper, all of which is duly printed under some such headline as "Leaders Praise Daily Blah Blah's Enterprise; Marks New Epoch in Journalism, Says Steel Chief."

III

The remarkable prosperity of the newspapers during the year was accomplished by the most terrific bombination of personal publicity in the history of American journalism. Indeed, so lavish was the outpouring of journalistic and political jazz, and so vociferous the uproar, that when the historian of the future approaches the gigantic task of recording the tale of our bewildering, ballyhooing civilization, he will doubtless shake a puzzled head and set the period down in his pages as the Year of the Big Shriek. For in truth the news and editorial columns throughout the twelve months were just one scream after another. "He has exalted the race of men!" cried the Baltimore *Sun* when Lindbergh alighted at Le Bourget eight years after Alcock and Brown, now wholly forgotten, had flown the Atlantic in a stock Handley-Page bombing machine. "He has performed the greatest feat

of a solitary man in the records of the human race!" shouted the New York *Evening World,* and the Ohio *State Journal* said that Lindbergh had taken his place "among the great pioneers of history." The New York *Times,* staunch champion of conservatism, demanded editorially, "What was the greatest story of all time? Adam eating the apple? The landing of the Ark on Ararat? The discovery of Moses in the bulrushes? . . . But Lindbergh's flight, the suspense of it, the daring of it, the triumph and glory of it—these are the stuff that makes immortal news."

Right here it must be said that the reception of the aviators by their country was very natural, and the comments made in this article are in no sense a criticism of their very great achievements.

The *Times* made immortal news out of it to the extent of fifteen pages of type and photographs when Lindbergh arrived home in the loving custody of the Navy Department, and in a later single issue devoted one hundred columns of text and pictures to the aviator. In reporting the welcome in Washington and New York, when the politicians swarmed all over the place and jostled each other for places before the camera and on the front pages, the New York *American* approached the fifteen pages of the *Times* with ten, the *Herald Tribune* filled nine with news of Lindbergh and his top-hatted, eager political satellites, the *World* found sufficient news for eight pages, and the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily News,* tabloids, told the story in twenty-three and sixteen pages, respectively. On two different occasions the New York *Times* devoted three pages of its rotogravure section to pictures of Lindbergh and the events which preceded and followed his flight, and eclipsed all previous records by giving five

pages to a pictorial presentation of his uproarious greeting when he returned to the United States. During the first four days of the Lindbergh story about 250,000 more stories were published about him than about any other single event in the history of American journalism, and it has been estimated that in that period the newspapers devoted to him something like 30,000 columns, approximately 36,000,000 words, or enough to fill almost one hundred books the size of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Probably two or three times that number of words, all told, have been published about Lindbergh since he first took off from California and flew to New York and thence to Paris, for he is still front-page news and scarcely a day passes that his activities are not recorded.

He has become, of course, a national symbol, and his Mexican trip (where he was embraced by Calles) is only another sign that he is an actual "ambassador of good will" to the nations of the world But even this hardly explains the tons of type and the forests of trees that have been consumed in recording his exploits.

Lindbergh's successful flight, of course, took the edge off the Chamberlin-Levine, Byrd and other expeditions which set out to adventure through the air, but they received their due meed of attention, and were duly and hysterically welcomed when they returned to their native land. Throughout the summer the excitement was at such a height that every politician of whatever degree laid in a plug hat and joined in the scramble for the front page, and every flyer who attempted an ocean flight, or even announced that he contemplated such an exploit, was hailed as the greatest hero of all time. It became difficult for an observer to distinguish those who had flown from

those who had merely tuned up an airplane engine. Miss Mildred Doran lost her life in the ill-starred attempt to fly to Hawaii for prizes offered by a Hawaiian pineapple king. But she was driven from the public memory, notoriously short, by Miss Ruth Elder, whose attempt to fly to Paris in October was vociferously hailed as absolute proof that the American girl was the most wondrous and the bravest of all the creatures that crowd God's green footstool.

Throughout the summer the newspapers expended unprecedented sums for wire, cable and photographic services, and there was fierce and at times ungentlemanly competition for feature stories, and for the personal narratives of the aviators; and even for the tales of the murderers, pugilists and others who had distinguished themselves in less spectacular endeavors than advancement of aviation and the promotion of international amity. Indeed, so eager were our great journals to purchase such accounts, and the public to read them, that a hero could probably have sold his story even if he had announced flatly that he had performed his exploit for his own selfish ends, without thought of aviation, his wife and kiddies, or his dear, sweet-faced old mother, who sat at home with her hands folded meekly in her lap, praying that God would let her boy pass unscathed through great dangers and bring home the bacon and the contracts. But of course no adventurer would be foolish enough to make such a statement; America loves its heroes, but demands that they must be altruistic, and if they have no wives and kiddies, or sweet-faced mothers, and if they are too patriotic to promote international amity, they had best follow the example of Miss Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel for the Stars and Stripes.

The cream of the "How I did it" yarns was obtained by the New York *Times,* which purchased and extensively syndicated the writings which were signed by Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Levine, Byrd and Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger. Lindbergh is said to have received $10,000 in cash from the *Times* before he set out for Paris, and later, when it became evident that enormous sums were to be made by the syndicate rights, the newspaper gave him all the profits, amounting to about $60,000. In regard to Lindbergh's book, "We," which is still among the best sellers, Commander Fitzhugh Green, of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, recently said in an address that the flyer's royalties would amount to at least $200,000. Students of American hero worship estimate that Lindbergh's total takings were not less than $350,000, including the Orteig prize of $25,000 for the first non-stop flight between New York and Paris. But he rejected various offers which would have netted him more than a million. The other aviators received much smaller sums for their accounts. Maitland and Hegenberger are said to have been paid only about $5,000. Nor did they receive anything like the tumultuous ovation accorded Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd, largely because the politicians of the West are not so adept at official welcomes as those of the East.

But the peak of such expenditures was reached later in the year, when the New York *Herald Tribune* paid $150,000 for the New York, Connecticut and New Jersey serial rights to Ray Stannard Baker's biography of Woodrow Wilson. This was probably the largest sum ever expended for a single feature without syndication rights, and in this particular instance was all the more remarkable because the old New York *Herald* and the *Tribune,*

now combined, were President Wilson's severest critics throughout his political career. The New York *Times* was an eager bidder for Mr. Baker's work, as the *Herald-Tribune* had been for some of the aviation features, and as a result of this rivalry the business offices of these great journals, probably the most powerful in the United States, enlivened the dog days of summer by boyishly making faces at each other.

There was a great deal of this sort of thing among the New York newspapers during the year, and to an humble laborer in the editorial vineyard, whose knowledge of the manners and customs of business offices is largely hearsay, it appeared to be a very short-sighted policy. It would seem that if the papers pursued journalistic harmony with the industry that the aviators have displayed in chasing the mirage of international amity, they could lead the advertisers around by the nose, to the greater profit of all concerned. Perhaps it would be a good idea to employ an aviator to fly from one newspaper office to another, and so inculcate those feelings of good-will and sweet fellowship which, as every one knows who has read the editorials and the ringing utterances of the statesmen, the ambassadors of the air have brought about among the nations.

As usual, though a bit late this year, Mr. Hearst has pushed eagerly to the forefront in these good works, and in the promotion of amity between nations as well. While Mexico was greeting Colonel Lindbergh with an enthusiastic acclaim never before accorded to a foreigner, and the people of both countries were fairly bubbling over with good will, Mr. Hearst thoughtfully published, in his twenty-six newspapers, a series of documents purporting to have been abstracted from the official archives of the Mexican government, and indicating that the

Calles administration had distributed a bribery fund of more than two million dollars among four United States Senators. Naturally, there was great fulmination from members of Congress and from the more conservative newspapers, and at this writing a Senatorial investigation is in full swing. Testifying before the Senate Committee, and later in a long answer to a scathing denunciation by Senator Norris of Nebraska, Mr. Hearst said he did not believe that the Senators ever received the money, and that he had published the documents because he thought an inquiry should be made.

The authenticity of the papers has been questioned, forgery has been intimated, and the New York *Times* indignantly declared that "the process implied in this reputed kind of bribery was so crude, so raw, as to be wholly incredible." This was the general reaction to Mr. Hearst's exposé, and the publisher was hotly scolded by his more conservative editorial brethren. Yet it is not likely that Mr. Hearst's activities have seriously shaken the solid foundation of trust and mutual admiration that exists in every American city, and which is daily exemplified by the blind faith which one editor places in the omniscience of another, though most editors keep one eye open while contemplating the tabloids and the Hearst newspapers. But does one journal publish an exclusive story in an early edition? Then it is a safe wager that all the other papers will print it in later issues, with or without verification. The technical term for this is "lifting," but it is to be hoped that the practice does not become general in the business world. Imagine the uproar that might ensue if the Standard Oil Company, say, should daily lift a few hundred gallons of gasoline from the Texas Company, instead of digging new wells. Some

editors are inclined to decry this custom as bordering on the unethical, if not slightly dishonest, and as implying a doubt of the excellence of their own news judgment; but for the most part they are compelled to continue it to avoid answering such embarrassing questions as "Why didn't we have that story?" Pointed interrogation of this nature is very annoying to an editor who faces the problem of crowding eighty columns of news into thirty columns of space. If he replies that the story was not news, he is squelched with the observation, "Well, the *Daily Blatt* thought it was news"; and if he simply says that his staff failed to get it, he is set down as an incompetent executive, and his days are not long in the land. Thus it all becomes very confusing, and the only remedy seems to be for all the editors of a given city to get together before press time and prepare a list of the canonical news items.

IV

It is the practice, not to say livelihood, of the professional critic of the newspapers to view journalism with a jaundiced eye; he points with horror to the reams of blithering nonsense that pour daily from the presses; he deplores the downfall of the newspaper from its former proud position as director and formulator of public opinion; he groans with agony as he contemplates the collapse of the editorial page as the manipulator of this opinion and as the beneficent czar of politics; and as proof of his gloomy wailings that the press has gone to the dogs and is owned body and soul by the financial octopus, he produces evidence that the metropolitan journals failed to publish long accounts of the beating of a Pennsylvania coal miner by a county detective. But as one who has

watched the wheels go round for some fifteen years, I increasingly incline to the opinion that the only sensible reply to the ravings of these suffering souls is, "If true, what of it?" with a loud and vulgar "Bosh!" anent their picture of a subsidized press bending the knee to the financial barons of Wall Street, for no more ridiculous charge has ever been made. Money controls the newspapers just as it controls every other big industry, and to no greater extent, for newspaper publishing is a business just as making pants is a business, and the owner of a newspaper is as keen to make money as a pants manufacturer. It is true that there are still editors and reporters who contend that they are professional men, but in the business offices they know better, and on the activities charts the editorial rooms are coldly labeled "starting-point of manufacture." The journalistic air will be considerably clearer when critics, public and editors learn to accept newspaper publishing as a business, and big business at that, instead of attempting to regard it as a fourth branch of the government or as a sequel to Revelation. In truth, the newspapers should be praised for the gorgeous manner in which they present the imbecilities of the human race, and not scolded for failing to reform the world. If religion has not been able in two thousand years to effect much improvement in mankind, what chance has journalism?

The critics say, further, that the newspapers pander to the basest emotions of the race, and that there are few if any signs of improvement. It is perhaps sufficient to point pridefully to the great wave of purity which in recent months has swept our newspapers like a cleansing storm. Not even the most indefatigable seeker can find a dirty word in any of the standard papers, and only an

occasional one in the tabloids. A majority have substituted "darn" for "damn" and if a character in a story says "hell," it is apt to be transformed into "heck" or even "shucks." One of the New York papers has recently stricken "obscene" from the language, and what was once obscene is now "vile." This same journal has also barred "spinal fluid" from its columns, although the reason for that is obscure. Another New York paper recently rejected an advertisement because it contained the words "hell" and "passion," and also refused to publish a paid announcement of Ernest Pascal's book, "The Marriage Bed." An illegitimate baby is a "love child," and if a man and woman have carnal relations which eventually land one or the other in the divorce court, the newspapers do not regale their readers with such words. They describe the affair as "illicit love," or the couple as having been "too friendly" or "intimate." And a woman without clothing is no longer naked or nude; she is "undraped," "partly draped" or "scantily clad," according to the degree of dishabille. Even the New York *Daily News,* the first of the picture papers and originator of most of the tabloid devices which have now become common property, has taken up the cudgels for purity. The *News* began to display wistful yearnings for respectability about the time its circulation topped the million mark, and within the past year, horrified by the manner in which the filth of the Browning case was broadcast, the *News* has actually published an editorial advocating a censorship of the press, to "extend only to matters of common decency." But of course the censor should have frequent periods of sabbatism, say whenever a Browning case or a murder of great pulling power appears upon the circulation horizon.

V

The buying, selling, merging and scrapping of newspapers continued throughout the year, but no publisher arose to conduct these affairs with the genius of the late Frank A. Munsey. Perhaps the most important sale was that of the New York *Telegram,* formerly a Munsey property, to the Scripps-Howard interest, which marked the first invasion of the metropolis by this famous chain. The *Telegram* underwent radical changes, and from type dress to editorial policy appeared practically as a new paper. The Associated Press franchise was scrapped, following a traditional Scripps-Howard custom, and the *Telegram* was standardized to conform to the Scripps-Howard pattern and filled with chain features. Under the new ownership the paper made a 10 per cent gain during the six months ending September 30, which was distinctly an achievement in such a competitive field.

In Atlanta the *Constitution,* one of the most famous of the southern newspapers and for many years under the editorship of Clark Howell, was sold to Luke Lea, publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean,* the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* and the Memphis *Evening Appeal.* The Memphis *News-Scimitar* was merged with the *Press;* and in New York the Ridder Brothers merged the *Commercial* and the *Journal of Commerce,* and announced the purchase of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the *Dispatch.* Three papers became one in Buffalo and mergers were also consummated in Louisville, Des Moines and Trenton, N. J. In Pittsburgh Paul Block bought the *Post* and *Gazette* and merged them, and William Randolph Hearst performed a similar operation upon the Pittsburgh *Sun* and *Telegraph.*

SCIENCE MIRRORS OF 1927

by Science Service

(Edwin E. Slosson, Director)

IN science some of yesterday's wonders are to-day's commonplaces, although there are achievements that, like Peter Pan, seem to remain perpetually young and novel. To the scientist himself progress is often exasperatingly slow; to the layman upon whom a new development bursts like a meteor, science is astonishing in its rapidity. From year to year, however, it can be seen that science progresses. Promises are fulfilled, beginnings reach climaxes, and the world has a new tool or plaything.

One of the most spectacular culminations of research during the year of 1927 was the demonstration of television that took place between New York and Washington, when Secretary Hoover and other prominent men, speaking in the capital, were seen in the metropolis.

Described as one of the greatest triumphs in the history of communication methods, this process was the product of many minds working together in the Bell Laboratories in New York under the guidance of Dr. Herbert E. Ives. Despite the elaborateness of the apparatus, television depends essentially upon the fact that a film of potassium metal in a vacuum tube can be made to give a small electric current when light shines on it. This is in the photoelectric cell. The method of its use in the new process

Frueh in *The New Yorker*

THE MEN'S CLUB KEEPS ABREAST OF SCIENCE

Television, according to Science Service, is one of the most spectacular developments of the year. It will be a boon to mankind as the above cartoon shows.

is quite different from previous attempts to attain the same result.

In other methods, the subject, whose visage is to be transmitted, is flooded with brilliant light and a lens picks up the illumination and focuses it on a small photo-electric cell. In the new method, by the idea of Dr. Frank Gray, the subject is illuminated with a tiny moving spot of light, which is picked up by a battery of large photoelectric cells—the largest yet made. The result is the most successful transmission of the actual view of the human face that has yet been achieved.

As seen on the small receiving screen, the scene looks like a half-tone, two inches high, printed in the pink sheet edition of a daily paper, except that it has come to life. Most newspapers print photographs in what is known as half-tone—small dots spaced fifty to sixty to the inch and blended by the eye into a continuous picture.

In the television received the picture is also made up of fifty eye-blended rows of light and dark, which appear pink because the light in which they are painted comes from glowing neon gas—a rare element found in the atmosphere. Like its relatives—helium, argon, krypton and xenon—the neon used in the receiving lamp is peculiar because it will not combine with any other chemical substance. When two metallic electrodes are sealed into a glass tube from which all air has been exhausted, but which contains a little neon, and an electric current is passed through, the gas glows with a pinkish light. Unlike the ordinary electric lamp with a filament of tungsten, which continues to glow for an instant after the current has been disconnected, the neon light goes on and off as instantaneously as the current itself.

To television a speaker's face from Washington to New

York, for example, the light starts from the carbons of an automatic arc-lamp. In front of the lamp is a disc with fifty holes around its edge in a spiral, each hole a little nearer the center than the one before it. A lens projects an image of the holes out into space, just as the lens of a movie machine projects an image of the moving film on to the screen, but in the television device the screen is the subject's face. And just as the movie film travels through the machine so fast that the single pictures are not seen, but are combined together by the eye into a continuous picture, so does the rapidly moving disc, containing the holes, move so rapidly that the fifty holes, each a little lower than the one before it, sweep across the facial screen in less than a fifteenth of a second. The person being televisioned has this light spot swept over him seventeen and one-half times a second. To a person standing beside the subject, his face seems to be illuminated by a slightly flickering but single area of light. The single holes, or even the rows of holes, are not seen separately.

Outside of the light from the arc, shining through the holes in the disc, the subject is in semi-darkness. In front of him are three photoelectric cells, the eyes of television. They turn the light into electricity. The production of these cells itself is a triumph accomplished by Dr. Ives. They are the largest that have yet been constructed. When the moving finger of light, a fiftieth of an inch in diameter, sweeps across the face, it encounters the light-colored flesh; light is reflected to the sensitive photoelectric cells. By means of amplifiers like those used in radio stations, the photoelectric cells' tiny current, the electrical counterpart of the light, is magnified thousands of times. And when the spot of light reaches a dark part

of the face—pupil of the eye perhaps—and no light is reflected, no current flows from the cells to the amplifiers.

Thus the lights and shades of the face are transformed into a varying electric current, just as the ordinary telephone transmitter transforms the sounds of the voice into a pulsating current. It travels over the telephone lines for hundreds or thousands of miles, or else on the radio carrier wave for even greater distance. The receiving end picks up the current, amplifies it some more to make up for any losses in transmission, and connects it to the receiver with its neon tube.

The variations in current are translated by the neon tube back into variations of light. But the tube shows an extended surface of light—an inch or more square—with no semblance of a picture of a face or anything else. Here the revolving disc again plays a part. A disc the exact duplicate of the one at the sending end revolves in front of the neon tube. Another ingenious invention, made by H. M. Stoller and E. R. Morton, permits the motor running the receiving disc to keep exactly in step with the one at the sending end.

If the spot of light in the sending apparatus is shining on the bright flesh, the receiving screen shows a corresponding bright area through the hole. And then as the sending light spot moves to the dark pupil of the eye of the subject, the neon ceases glowing and the screen shows a dark spot. As the spot moves to another white portion, such as the bridge of the nose, the neon again shines through the hole, which has also moved. The receiving disc, like the transmitting one, moves so rapidly that the light appears to the person observing as a continuous surface, blended into a motion picture of the sending scene. The individual changes from light to darkness

and back to light again may be over in a twenty-five thousandth of a second.

The two by two and one-half inch picture produced by the small neon lamp is intended for individual reception. It is the first form of the apparatus that may in future years be attached to the individual desk telephone.

The corn borer campaign has been successful and has accomplished, as far as is humanly possible, the object set out to accomplish. This is the verdict given out by the executive committee of the international corn borer organization on the ten-million-dollar war on the corn pest undertaken in the spring.

A census of the borer population by actual count has been made in approximately 750 townships in the heavily infested states. Results of surveys in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan show that there was an average of thirteen borers per 100 corn-stalks in the campaign area, as opposed to an average of eight borers per 100 stalks last year. Though this means an increase of 50 per cent for this year, it compares favorably with the 300 per cent gain made by the borers in 1926, when no general control measures were in operation. The increase came about this year in spite of a cleanup that destroyed 95 per cent of the borers. For the pests' powers of reproduction are such that five out of an original population of 100 will produce an average of 150 more adult corn borer moths. This condition notwithstanding, the Department of Agriculture considers the campaign more effective than it had dared expect.

In the light of the fact that the corn borer feeds on some 225 plants with an expressed preference for a diet of corn-stalks, eradication of the pest is considered impossible. Of twelve natural insect enemies of the corn

borer imported into this country from Europe in the last six years with the hope of checking its spread, six have become established. While such means of biological control necessarily take years to become effective, it is regarded as a very hopeful indication that half of the species of corn borer enemies introduced have become permanent residents.

Of the ten million dollars appropriated last spring to fight this foe of America's corn crop, no money was used for quarantine or research purposes. The bulk of the appropriation has been spent on compensation to farmers for extra work, special machinery, field equipment and supplies and a far-reaching educational program.

Fast-growing hybrid popular trees grown as a farm crop may before long compete with corn and cotton for a place in the farmer's fields. To meet the ever-increasing demand for wood pulp for the paper-making, rayon and other industries, three scientists representing an alliance between botany and chemistry, and also between pure research and applied science in industry, undertook to see what could be done about getting new varieties of trees big enough to use in less time than it takes the natural species to grow in the forest. These three men, Dr. A. B. Stout of the New York Botanical Garden, Dr. Ralph H. McKee of Columbia University, and E. J. Schreiner of the Oxford Paper Company, announced that they had obtained new hybrid varieties of poplar that will reach a trunk diameter of eighteen inches in eighteen years, giving a total yield of 100 cords to the acre. Part of the crop can be harvested at the end of the years, to thin out the stand, and the balance when the trees have matured.

The researches of Prof. H. J. Muller, of the University of Texas, and of Prof. T. H. Goodspeed and Prof.

A. R. Olson, of the University of California, on the effects of X-rays in the breeding of animals and plants opened up unexplored vistas in the fields of evolution, genetics and eugenics, and may eventually have revolutionary effects in agriculture, animal husbandry and even in human society. Prof. Muller used fruit-flies for his material, and the California scientists tobacco plants. In both researches the reproductive cells of the organisms were given heavy irradiations with X-rays, with the result that the second-generation offspring developed mutations, which are one type of evolutionary change, over 100 times as fast as they occur in nature. The work is still being carried on at both universities, and the initial success of these pioneers may be expected to induce many other scientists to follow their lead.

Astronomically, the chief event of 1927 was an eclipse of the sun. This took place on the 29th of June and though it lasted a very brief time it probably attracted, with one exception, more attention than any previous eclipse. In January, 1925, an eclipse track passed over the northeastern part of the United States and was seen by an estimated total of 20,000,000 persons. The eclipse of June passed over an equally well-settled area, for it crossed England, Norway and Sweden. It was the first eclipse that was visible in the British Isles since 1724 and the last until 1999.

As the British astronomers could be trusted to make the most of their opportunities, astronomers from other countries went chiefly to Norway and Sweden. Chief of the American parties was one headed by Dr. S. A. Mitchell, of the University of Virginia, and one under the direction of Dr. Frederick Slocum, of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. An expedition

from Hamburg Observatory in Germany went to northern Sweden. In England all parts of the path were covered with astronomers, but Giggleswick was elected as the location of the party from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

Once again nature proved how she could upset the most carefully laid plans of even scientific men. The good fortune that attended the American eclipse in 1925 was absent and cloudy weather prevented observation over the greater part of the track in England and Norway. The principal ray of cheer shone through the clouds at Giggleswick when heavy clouds opportunely cleared away at the moment of totality. The Astronomer Royal, Sir Frank Dyson, was therefore able to secure some good photographs of the corona. This is the glowing protuberance around the sun which can only be observed at the time of a total eclipse.

At Southport, near Liverpool, where a number of astronomers had gathered, the eclipse was seen through light clouds, while in other parts of England it was hardly seen at all. One British astronomer, Gerald Merton, a former aviator in the war, got above some of the clouds by making observations from his own airplane. In rising he passed two layers of clouds, one at 4,000 and one at 9,000 feet. He flew at an altitude of 10,000 feet and while there was another layer about a mile above him he was able to get a pretty good view of the phenomenon. This was the first time that an astronomer observed an eclipse from his own airplane.

The American observers in Norway were completely defeated by the weather. Thick clouds prevented anything being seen at all. The expedition from Hamburg, however, which had gone to northern Sweden, had un-

usually clear weather and made perhaps the best photographs that were taken of the 1927 eclipse.

June was quite an exciting month for the astronomer. Besides this sun eclipse and an eclipse of the moon a fortnight earlier, a comet came closer than any comet has ever been known to do before, with one exception. This was the one known to astronomers as Pons-Winnecke. On the 27th of June it was only 3,500,000 miles away. This is about fourteen and a half times as far as the moon and much closer than any other astronomical body ordinarily comes.

But despite this neighborly visit, no empires fell because of its proximity, no kings passed away—or at least, if they did, their passing had nothing to do with the comet. It was just barely visible to the naked eye at night as a faint patch of light, quite different from the usual conception of a comet, for in all eleven visits on which it has been observed by astronomers, it has never shown a tail.

The mere fact, however, that it came so close made it interesting to the astronomical profession, and for a month or two it was the cynosure of telescopes large and small. Only once, so far as astronomers know, has a comet come anywhere nearly as close as Pons-Winnecke. That was in 1770, when Lexell's comet approached to a mere stone's throw at 1,400,000 miles from the earth. Probably within a few years after that, many people thought that it had been a warning of the American Revolution, for until comparatively recent times superstition about comets has been rampant. They were supposed to be the heralds of wars and conquests.

Pons-Winnecke, however, is rather a second-rate comet, so far as size is concerned. It is a periodic comet,

and returns once in a little over six years to the neighborhood of the earth. A French astronomer at Marseilles, named Pons, discovered it in 1819, but it was not found on the next few visits. In 1858, however, a German astronomer, at the University of Bonn, Winnecke by name, discovered a comet. After a few observations of his comet had been made, it was found that it was the long-lost Pons comet, and in honor of his having rediscovered it, the German's name was attached, making it the Pons-Winnecke comet.

In the following years, constant track has been kept of it, though some of its returns have not been observed. It was seen in 1869, 1875, 1886, 1892, 1909, 1915 and 1921. It came back also in 1880 and 1904, but in those years it was not in a good position, and so it was missed. This year an American astronomer had the honor of being the first to find it, for Prof. George Van Biesbroeck, of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, sighted it on March 3, with the observatory's reflecting telescope, in which a dish-shaped mirror two feet in diameter serves the same function as the lens of the refracting telescope.

Among the various observatories that studied the Pons-Winnecke comet was the Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona. After the comet had passed on its way beyond even the big telescopes, Dr. V. M. Slipher announced some results of his studies.

Despite the excitement it occasioned the comet had the distinction of possessing the smallest nucleus that has ever been observed in such a body. Probably it was not more than two or three miles in diameter, said Dr. Slipher.

Other studies of the comet were made by Dr. Slipher with the aid of a spectroscope attached to the big telescope. In this way, by analyzing its light, he found

several very peculiar features. It has been supposed that comets are excited to great activity as they get near the sun, but the studies by Dr. Slipher of Pons-Winnecke, as well as other comets, seem to contradict this view.

The spectrum showed very strongly the same dark bands that are revealed in the spectrum of the sun. This shows that the comet's light consisted largely of reflected sunlight. Also, in the band of spectrum there appeared rather weakly the bands that are associated with cometary light. A spray of light which projected from the nucleus towards the sun gave off more light of its own than any other part of the comet.

Although it did not do as well as 1926, when a new record was established for cometary discoveries in their number, 1927 held its own with ten such visitors, including Pons-Winnecke. Four of these were periodic comets that returned to the earth after a more or less protracted absence. The other six were new visitors. It is of interest as showing what can be done in astronomy by the man who is not a professional astronomer, that four of the six new comets were picked up by amateurs.

The first of these and the first of the year was found on January 13 by an amateur astronomer in South Africa, named Blathwayt. This was soon followed, on January 26, by another South African amateur, William Reid, of Rondebosch, discovering another new comet. Both of these comets were named after their discoverers. Reid and Blathwayt were both experienced cometary observers, because during 1926 they each discovered a comet also. By March 10 the professional astronomers introduced an entry into the race. On that date Dr. Carl L. Stearns, of the Van Vleck Observatories of Wesleyan University, found a comet which was named after him.

New comet number 4 was picked up on June 7, by Walter F. Gale, a Justice of the Peace, of Sydney, Australia. The fifth new comet was found on November 15, by Drs. Schwassman and Wachmann, of the Hamburg Observatory in Germany.

The German astronomers appeared again as discoverers when three days later they found a new star, or "nova," of the tenth magnitude in the constellation of Orion. This was the year's second discovery of such an object, which is a previously faint star that suddenly flashes out with increased brilliance. The first was also made by a German astronomer, Dr. Max Wolf, of the Heidelberg Observatory. Photographs made at the Harvard Observatory have confirmed the fact that it was really a "nova" or "new" star.

A nova is really the explosion of a star, and is the most vast of all known physical catastrophes. But despite the violence, the stars that are affected seem to be pretty much the same after the outbreak as before. Though they are not at all bright enough to be observed, it is estimated that ten novæ occur in our stellar system in a year. This precludes the possibility of one theory that has been suggested for their origin, that they are caused by collision between two stars. The stars are so sparsely scattered in space that such a collision would be millions of times rarer.

The tremendous energy which is liberated is now believed to be due to a breaking up of the atoms of which the star is made. Some internal condition might start it, or some collision with a very small body in space might act as the trigger to set it off, according to astronomers' ideas.

Besides Pons-Winnecke, three other comets returned

after previous visits. Encke's comet and the Schaumasse comet were both found by Prof. Van Biesbroeck, who first saw Pons-Winnecke this year. The third, the Grigg-Skjellerup comet, was rediscovered by S. J. Hargreaves and Gerald Merton, at the Royal Observatory, in England.

The last of the year's cometary discoveries was the most interesting, for it was the first bright naked-eye comet since 1910. On December 3 an amateur astronomer named J. F. Skjellerup, one of whose previous discoveries in the same line is commemorated in the name of the Grigg-Skjellerup comet, found another. When he picked it up, it was of the third magnitude, bright enough to be easily visible to the naked eye, and was moving towards the sun, though it was not visible except in the southern hemisphere. It was observed at several southern observatories before it disappeared in the glare of the sun's rays, then it came out on the other side. Around Christmas-time it was a conspicuous object in the western evening sky of all northern countries.

The sun rose to great activity, as evidenced by the number of spots that appeared on its surface. Many of these great solar whirlwinds were far larger than the earth. This was because of the approach of the maximum of the eleven-year cycle which the sun undergoes. Once in this time the sun-spots become unusually numerous and then they lessen until for months at a time no spots may be seen at all. As this period is not always entirely the same length, it cannot be said whether the maximum came during 1927. Towards the end of the year there appeared to be a diminution of the number of spots, but whether this was the start of the real downward trend or merely a temporary variation cannot be determined for perhaps

a year. Passage of great sun spots across the center of the solar disc, as we see it, was attended in many cases with magnetic storms on the earth and displays of the aurora borealis.

To the radio amateur, there may soon be added the amateur solar observer, and just as the amateur experimenter has been responsible for many of the great advances in wireless communication, the amateur solar observer may do a great deal in the future to aid astronomers in solving the mysteries of the sun, nearest of all stars, and the one upon which our very life depends.

Already there are numerous amateur astronomers, but they are largely concerned with the study of stars which change their light more or less periodically. However, by means of the spectrohelioscope, an instrument that can be made at a cost not exceeding that of a good radio set or a cheap automobile, activities on the sun which a few years ago were invisible to astronomers may now be watched.

The spectrohelioscope was developed by Dr. George Ellery Hale, honorary director of the famous Mt. Wilson Observatory. In the last few years he has been observing the sun regularly with it from his private observatory. In an aritcle in the English scientific magazine, *Nature,* he told of his latest observations, and how he has been able to see large clouds of hydrogen vapor on the sun rushing into the sun spots.

Many years ago, Dr. Hale invented a somewhat similar instrument by which it is possible to photograph the sun in the light of a single wave-length, or color. As each element, when its light is analyzed by the prisms of a spectroscope, shows characteristic colors, which belong to no other element, the device makes it possible to take

pictures of the sun by the light of only one element—hydrogen, for example.

However, observations with the spectroheliograph, as the earlier device was called, were not always clear, Dr. Hale stated. It was not possible to tell which way the clouds of hydrogen were flowing, whether into the spots, or out of them, but the direction could only be inferred. Though a series of pictures could be taken in rapid succession, the critical moments at which the hydrogen was drawn into the spot were rare, and only good luck would permit a photograph to be made at the proper moment. Among the thousands of spectroheliograms of the sun made at the Mt. Wilson Observatory, only once, and that in 1908, has such a phenomenon been recorded.

The spectrohelioscope, however, permits the observer to watch the sun, in the light of a single wave-length, and so the ebb and flow of a single element can be watched. And then, if necessary, a photograph could be made at the proper moment. With the instrument, says Dr. Hale, he has repeatedly seen these great clouds of hydrogen suddenly develop near an active sun spot, and then rise up and descend into the spot, with a speed of as much as 1,600 miles a minute.

In 1926, the scientific world was startled by the demonstration by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, of the General Electric Company's research laboratory, of a powerful new tube for producing cathode rays in air. These consist of rapidly moving electrons, the "atoms" of electricity, but previously they had never been obtained in abundance outside the generating tube.

During 1927 Dr. Coolidge continued his researches. Chief of the developments was the hitching of three such tubes after each other, so that the electrons came out of

the last tube with a velocity equivalent to that imparted by electrical force of nearly a million volts.

The year 1927 also brought out at least two possible applications of the rays from the tube. Of most importance is their use in curing rickets. Dr. Arthur Knudson, of the Albany Medical College, working in collaboration with Dr. Coolidge and his associates, found that they resemble sunlight in their power of imparting to certain substances the quality of preventing this disease of the bones which often afflicts children.

Persons or animals suffering from rickets, a disease of the bones, can be cured by exposure to ultra-violet rays, either from an artificial source or from sunlight. Dr. Knudson tried exposing rats with rickets to the cathode rays, but with no effect.

However, when he took a chemical substance called cholesterol, which is present in many living tissues, and exposed it to the rays, it was then able to cure the disease when administered. Previously, the cholesterol could be fed to the rats without curing them at all.

Other substances were likewise affected. Brewer's yeast, cornstarch and cotton-seed oil, none of which ordinarily is able to cure rickets, were exposed to the rays, and they were then found to have the curative power. Yeast exposed to the rays for thirty seconds was found to be ten to twenty times as powerful in its curative effects as cod liver oil, ordinarily used as a cure.

Similar effects had previously been found on exposing cholesterol to ultra-violet rays. Such exposure gives it the curative power, but, according to Dr. Knudson, much longer exposures are required than with the cathode rays. The cathode rays are quite different from the ultra-violet rays, however. The former are like the rays of light

that affect our eyes, except that they vibrate too rapidly to be seen.

The other possible use of the rays was described at the Richmond meeting of the American Chemical Society in April. Then Prof. J. S. Long, of the chemistry department of Lehigh University, told how he had found the rays capable of speeding the drying of paint.

In collaboration with a group of his associates, Prof. Long exposed a number of glass plates coated with linseed oil, perilla oil, and China-wood oil, all standard paint materials, to the action of rays from the Coolidge tube, and also exposed similar samples to blasts of warm air and to beams of ultra-violet rays, to obtain comparisons of the speed of drying and hardening produced by these methods.

"The time required for the oil, without driers, to become dry to the touch or to dry hard, was found to decrease in a regular manner as the time of exposure to cathode rays increased up to ten minutes," Prof. Long stated. "Perilla oil, without driers, rayed for ten minutes, was dry to the touch in two hours and hard in five hours. Linseed oil, rayed for ten minutes, was dry to the touch in three hours and hard in six hours at sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Raw perilla and linseed oils, without driers, flowed on the same glass plates at the same time, were wet and not much changed when the progressively thicker films from rayed samples were all dry."

In a second paper, Prof. Long discussed the properties of a synthetic compound resembling linseed oil in its quick-drying effects. It bears the descriptive chemical name "linolenic menoglyceride," and was artificially made with acids derived from linseed oil and perilla oil as a basis. It is the hope of Prof. Long and his co-

workers eventually to obtain a series of such synthetic oils that will free the paint and allied industries of their present dependence on vegetable oils that can never be produced in sufficient quantity to satisfy the demand and hence are always expensive.

The "quantum"—the "atom" of which modern physicists suppose that light and other radiations consist—may be divided. This was indicated by experiments of Dr. A. J. Dempster, of the University of Chicago, and reported by him to the National Academy of Sciences at its October meeting.

In the experiments he obtained light from a single vibrating atom, instead of many, as in the ordinary light source. But though the light is supposed to consist of single quanta, it behaved just as does ordinary light. When allowed to fall on a lightly silvered mirror, part of the light was reflected, and part passed through. When this was recombined, the same patterns of light and dark bands were produced as would come from ordinary light.

Astronomers can figure a little more accurately with how much force the earth and the moon pull on each other by gravity; or physicists can figure out more accurately the force with which their bodies would be pulled to the earth if they fell out of a second-story window. This can now be done by means of the new value of what scientists call the "gravitational constant," announced at the meeting of the American Physical Society in April by Dr. Paul R. Heyl, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

As a result of three years' work, much of which was done in a subterranean chamber at the Bureau of Standards, Dr. Heyl has found this constant to be expressed

by the fraction 6.664 over 100,000,000. The law of gravitation, stated many years ago by Sir Isaac Newton, says that two masses of matter attract each other by a force which is greater as they are more massive, and less as the distance between them becomes greater. The exact force is found mathematically by multiplying the masses of the two bodies by each other, and dividing by the distance, and then multiplying the result by the gravitational constant. As exact knowledge of the force of gravity is important in many different branches of science; all the way from study of projectiles fired from guns to study of the motions of the stars, the gravitational constant, which the physicist calls G, must be known very precisely.

Sound waves from a motorcycle could hamper determination of whether the earth is drifting through the ether which is supposed to pervade all space, Dr. Dayton C. Miller, of the Case School of Applied Science, found. He made a series of observations which may show the presence or absence of this ether. Two years before, Dr. Miller repeated an experiment performed many years ago by Michelson and Morley. This was supposed to show that the earth was drifting through the ether, but an almost negligible effect was then obtained. One of the consequences of the efforts to explain the result was the Einstein theory of relativity.

However, when Dr. Miller repeated the experiment at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California, he found that there was an appreciable effect. When he announced this before, it was hailed as proving that the earth was drifting through the ether—meaning the downfall of the relativity theory. Other scientists since have tried the experiment without confirming Dr. Miller's results. Now he has set up the apparatus on the campus of the

Case School and the first series of observations, which have just been completed, are completely in accordance with the Mt. Wilson results, he says.

As an illustration of the delicacy of the measurements, Dr. Miller said that one objection seemed to be that the traffic on two nearby streets affected the sensitive fringes of light and darkness which the instrument reveals. This was overcome with a heavy concrete foundation, but there were still disturbing effects. It was finally found that a trolley-car going by had no effect, but if a motorcycle started noisily two blocks away, the fringes completely vanished. This proved to be due to the sound waves from the machine causing a variation in density of the air through which the light had to pass, and so prevented the appearance of the alternate bands of light and dark.

During the year Prof. A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, one of the original performers of the experiment, also made plans for repeating it at Mt. Wilson. This will probably take place during 1928. Also, he continued his experiments to determine more accurately the speed of light, by attempting to send a beam around on a 164-mile round-trip of California mountains. Hazy weather defeated the efforts, but he planned to continue in 1928.

On May 22 a severe earthquake occurred in the Kansu Province, interior China. In some respects this country resembles California, for the fault lines, along which the quakes occur when the two parts of the ground slip over each other, tend to run east and west. The damage that was done by the quake may have been in Tibet, as well as in the Kansu Province of China. Much of the damage done by quakes in this region is due to landslides, caused when the loose soil is shaken. These may also bury

whole villages which may never be heard from again.

Other severe earthquakes promptly located in this manner were those of April 14 and November 14, in Chile; March 27 in Japan; October 24 in Alaska, and November 24 in California.

America's worst flood since white men settled the continent occurred in the spring, when all the tributaries of the Mississippi were swollen by rains at the same time. The consequences of this flood will be felt for many months in the future, and it has caused a public recognition of the great engineering task that confronts those who are charged with controlling this mighty river. It is to be hoped that careful and scientific investigation of the problem of flood control as applied to the Mississippi will be made before large sums of money are spent in repairing the inadequate flood defenses of that river. In Europe models of rivers at flood are used to guide the work of the engineer, and it is probable that a few thousand dollars spent in this way would save millions. The New England flood in the fall was also a record-breaker, causing much damage and suffering.

Each year tornadoes do some damage in the middle-western part of the United States, and in 1927 St. Louis was the city worst hit. Tornadoes also did major damage in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Arkansas, and Kansas.

The international radio conference held at Washington to revise the world radio agreements was the year's climax to a readjustment in the field of broadcasting. Technically the most important development was the commercial introduction of radio receivers that, through the use of tubes operating on ordinary alternating house current, eliminate the troublesome batteries. Beam radio,

operating upon the shorter wave-lengths, came into greater use in world communication and the very short waves, under 100 meters, became better known and appreciated through experimental work.

Due in large part to the public interest created by the Lindbergh and other transoceanic airplane flights, 1927 will be known as an aviation year. The progress consisted largely of the application of previous technical advances to actual flying; and the growth of passenger, express and mail airlines is an expression of this culmination.

Defense from the ground against attack from the air, recognized ever since the World War as one of the most difficult of all military problems, has made great strides forward during recent months. New weapons and fire-control instruments developed by the Army go far toward taking the soldier on foot out of the class of a mere helpless target for bombs and "strafing" machine-gun fire from planes, to which he has been assigned by popular conceptions.

The most striking of the new means of defense is not in itself a new weapon, but a means of making more effective use of already existing weapons. This is the new electrical fire-control instrument for anti-aircraft guns, which enables the commander of a battery to sight all four of his guns simultaneously, and also to set the fuses for all the shells. These important details have hitherto been attended to separately for each gun, with the result that errors both in direction of fire and in position of the shell at the moment of burst have crept in, seriously lowering the effectiveness of the fire. The new system makes it possible for a battery of four 3-inch guns to deliver a 15-pound shell every half-second, to a height of 10,000

yards, with a horizontal range of 15,000 yards. The same control system has been applied to the new 105-millimeter, or 4.1-inch guns, which fire only half as fast, but throw a shell more than twice as heavy to a height of 12,000 yards and an extreme horizontal range of 19,000 yards.

One of the outstanding medical developments of the year has been the use of liver diets in the treatment of pernicious anemia. Drs. George R. Minot and William P. Murphy, of the Collis P. Huntington Memorial Hospital of Harvard University and the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital of Boston, were the first to report the successful treatment of patients with this hitherto hopeless disease by means of diets containing large amounts of liver. Other physicians have tried out the method with a degree of success that argues well for the new mode of attack on a very stubborn malady. Since liver in the quantities necessary to increase materially the number of red blood corpuscles soon becomes distasteful to the anemia patient, a search is being made for the active principle in liver that produces the beneficial result. Dr. E. J. Cohn, of the department of physical chemistry at the Harvard Medical School, has isolated a liver extract that, administered in a small daily dose, gives the results of 300 or more grams of the whole liver. Chemists are still uncertain as to the exact amount of the effective substances in this extract, for after further purification a large part of the material may prove to be inert. Pernicious anemia shows many fluctuations over periods of years, so that time alone will show how permanent the results of this promising mode of attack will be.

Another hormone has been prepared in the laboratory. Dr. C. R. Harington and Prof. George Barger, of Uni-

versity College, London, succeeded early in the year in manufacturing synthetically for the first time, thyroxin, the active principle of the thyroid gland. Thyroxin is used in treating goiter patients. Its production synthetically assures a product of absolutely even standard and should have the effect of making this important medicament much lower in price.

Science is a step nearer the isolation of the anti-rachitic vitamin. The younger generation will be interested to know that a preparation many times more potent than cod liver oil in preventing and curing rickets is being tried out in laboratories.

Scientists here and in Europe have come to the conclusion that vitamin D is formed when certain sterols, a group of substances similar to fats, widely distributed in nature, are exposed to ultra-violet light. It was formerly thought that cholesterol, occurring in all animal fats and oils, and its counterpart, phytosteral, in vegetable foods, was the substance actually responsible for preventing rickets. Recently, however, it has been established by Dr. Alfred F. Hess, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, and Drs. O. Rosenheim and T. A. Webster, in London, and Prof. A Windhaus, at Gottingen, that only a small portion of cholesterol is activated by ultra-violet light. This is an allied substance called ergosterol. It is widely distributed in lower plant forms and only minute quantities are needed to protect laboratory animals from rickets.

Decided progress has been made in the treatment of erysipelas. Thanks to an antitoxin developed about two years ago by Dr. K. E. Birkhaug, of Rochester, New York, this painful inflammation of the skin is on the high road to becoming a vanquished disease. Doctors at

the Bellevue Hospital in New York, which maintains one of the largest erysipelas services in the world, are enthusiastic about the results of this new treatment. It marks an advance, in the estimation of some authorities, commensurate with that obtained by the use of antitoxin for diphtheria. It is said to have reduced the erysipelas mortality at Bellevue from ten to five per cent.

The drive to immunize children to diphtheria by the toxin-antitoxin treatment has begun to bear fruit. It is noteworthy that at least two towns where the immunization campaigns have been carried on on an intensive scale have not had any diphtheria deaths throughout the duration of two school years. Continued effort to make this practice general should, according to the American Medical Association, make the diphtheria mortality in this country practically negligible by 1930.

In the laboratories where psychologists are working with human material, progress in various lines was reported. At Columbia University, Dr. E. L. Thorndike conducted experiments in learning ability of adults and children, with results which should bolster up the morale of adults who feel that it is too late for them to learn new things. In extensive experiments in learning reading, spelling, arithmetic, and other elementary school subjects, adults of forty-two progressed about five-sixths as fast as adults of twenty-two. Both groups probably learned faster than they would have learned the same things as children at the age of twelve, Dr. Thorndike concluded, for they learned more per hour of study than children comparable to them in brightness are able to learn. In learning the artificial language Esperanto the adults learned more rapidly than children. Ability to learn rises until about twenty years, Dr. Thorndike re-

ported. Then perhaps after a stationary period of some years, learning ability slowly declines at about one per cent a year. Up to fifty years a man or woman should seldom be discouraged from trying to learn anything which he or she really needs to learn from fear of being too old, he said, and to a lesser degree this is true after fifty.

A representative piece of research in fitting students into the work for which they are best qualified was tried out by psychologists at George Washington University, who devised a test of teaching ability for students planning to become teachers. The importance of tests of this sort, which show an individual's aptitude or lack of aptitude for a profession or trade, is gaining recognition, because of the large percentage of students who spend several years in training for a given line of work, only to realize that they are unsuited for that occupation. The importance of perfecting tests of mechanical ability was stressed by industrial psychologists who met to discuss ways in which men and women who have this ability can best be discovered in industry.

The effect of noise on nerves and efficiency was tested in an experiment at Colgate University, made by Dr. Donald Laird. His results indicate that while efficiency may be kept at par in noisy surroundings, the drain on energy is considerably greater. The worker's speed also fell off as a result of noise.

Emotions continue to be one of the most argued over and least understood subjects in the field of psychology. A symposium on emotions and feelings at Wittenberg College, at which prominent American psychologists presented their theories and prominent Europeans sent papers outlining their theories, showed the wide di-

vergence of opinion as to the mechanism and organization of man's emotions. Meanwhile physiologists continue to add, piece by piece, to the knowledge of how the muscles, nerves, and glands operate in emotional expression. Dr. Philip Bard, collaborator of Dr. Walter B. Cannon at the physiological laboratories of the Harvard Medical School, located the nerve center which controls emotional activity. In a series of experiments he removed different parts of the brains of animals, and then observed their ability to express rage. The dominating center of rage and the other emotions was thus found to be a small section of the diencephalon in the optic thalamus, the old primitive part of the brain which is common to all vertebrates from fishes to man.

Studies of the part played by facial expression in portraying emotion, by Dr. Knight Dunlap, of Johns Hopkins University, showed that in the total facial pattern it is the mouth that is important, not the eyes, so far as expression of pleasure, happiness, sorrow, or pain is concerned. Dr. Dunlap demonstrated his conclusions by photographs of individuals expressing unpleasant and pleasant feelings. When the pictures were cut in half, the apparent happy or mirthful eyes appeared unhappy if fitted to an unpleasant mouth; and the sad or gloomy eyes looked pleasant when fitted to a smiling mouth.

Psychiatrists, meeting at Cincinnati, reported progress in dealing with mental and nervous patients, who now occupy fifty per cent of the hospital beds in this country. The importance of the home in protecting a child against instability and delinquency was shown by Dr. William Healy, of Boston, who followed the careers of 500 children taken from their own inadequate homes and placed with foster parents. All were normal mentally, but all

were considered difficult behavior problems. Ninety per cent have made good in their new homes, indicating the importance of environment in the behavior of children, he reported.

The part played by a child's unbalanced emotions in the later development of mental disease was shown by Dr. Henry S. Sullivan, of Baltimore. Some children are subjected to such experiences that they react to rage more than to any other emotion, he found. These tend to grow up to become violent, aggressive and epileptic types. Other young children have their needs anticipated and their chief emotion is self-satisfaction. They are not fitted to meet life, and often develop obsessional neuroses quite early. A third type has an infancy and childhood dominated by fear, and these develop defense reactions and set up barriers between themselves and the world. Grave mental disorders of the dementia precox type are maladjustments to a social environment and not in any sense the outcome of hereditary factors, he declared.

Additional evidence that environment plays a major part in insanity, rather than heredity, was presented as the result of a fifteen-year study by Dr. L. Vernon Briggs, of Boston. Facts about 28,000 people who have died in the past fifty years on Cape Cod were collected by Dr. Briggs, who found that 3,000 had died from diseases of the central nervous system, and 1,000 had been in hospitals for mental disease. Only eighteen per cent of the thousand were descended from insane parents and only thirty-seven per cent of them had insane relatives. This extensive investigation is the first to reveal a clear picture of insanity through several generations in a community.

No question in anthropology and archæology has caused more controversy here in America than the con-

tention that man existed in the Western Hemisphere earlier than a few thousand years ago. Reports of the discovery of early man in America have been made on numerous occasions in the past, but scientists have been unable to agree on the authenticity of the claims. New and striking evidence came to light during the past year and it may be that this problem is nearing solution. J. D. Figgins and Harold J. Cook, scientists of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, have investigated discoveries of arrowheads and other artifacts showing human handiwork.

Instead of dating back only some eight thousand to twenty-five thousand years, the time when most archæologists and anthropologists say the Indian came to America from Asia, these human relics, because of their association with extinct animals and geological deposits of known antiquity, are assigned to the geological period that scientists know as the Pleistocene. That was the time of the great Ice Age; when northeastern America was periodically covered with an immense glacier and when prehistoric elephants and mastodons roamed the land. It was from twenty-five thousand to a million years ago.

From three localities evidences of human antiquity on the American continent have been obtained: Frederick, Tillman County, Oklahoma; Colorado, Mitchell County, Texas; and Folsom, Union County, New Mexico. From all three sites arrowheads have been unearthed in close association with extinct animals.

Along Lone Wolf Creek, near the town of Colorado, Texas, flood waters exposed the bones of an extinct species of bison, and while large blocks of the earth in which they were embedded were being removed for their

transportation to the museum, three arrowheads, totally unlike those in any known collections, were found beneath a nearly complete skeleton. The arrowheads were of grayish flint, thin and not notched.

At Folsom, New Mexico, fossil bones were discovered at the extraordinary altitude of 7,000 feet, and among the fossil bones were found arrowheads similar to those found in Colorado. The bones were identified as those of three hitherto unknown and extinct species of bison and an ancient deer-like animal. A little flint arrow-point, such as primitive men used in hunting game, was discovered beside a buffalo skeleton at Folsom, New Mexico, and was kept undisturbed while specialists on the American Indians and geologists visited the scene to express their opinions as to what story it really tells.

The third locality rich in evidence of ancient man in America is near Frederick, Oklahoma. There were found three distinct layers of deposits, and in a very short time two arrowheads and some seven metates, primitive grinding instruments, were excavated from the pit. Those working in the pit remembered other worked stones that had, before realization of their significance, been thrown away. With the artifacts, as in the other cases, remains of extinct animals were found, and eight feet above the level at which the grinding stones nearest the surface were discovered, there were found remains of the mammoth, including numerous teeth. This is considered strong evidence of the great antiquity of the arrowheads and the metates.

The lively and heated controversy among European scientists as to whether objects dug up in profusion at Glozel, France, are properties of very ancient man, or are less than two thousand years old, or whether they are

merely crude faked antiquities, continued. To settle it, an international commission was appointed to investigate the whole Glozel situation, and Dr. A. Morlet, who had presided at the field where the vases, brick tablets, and other objects had been unearthed, agreed to accept the verdict, favorable or not, of the investigation.

Meanwhile, reports have stated that a French farm boy buried the objects that have been accepted as genuinely ancient by some of the most noted French archæologists. It was also reported that a man named H. C. Rogers said that he planted the articles with the help of a French farmer.

On the other hand, the French Government, not at all disturbed, has placed the site under the control of M. Peyrony, an eminent archæologist, and has declared it a national historic monument.

The articles dug up at the Glozel farm by Dr. Morlet and Emile Fradin, whose father owns the land at the site, are very curious and remarkable. Some of the pottery vases are molded to resemble grotesque faces, with handles like ears. Many of the small clay tablets are covered with cryptic marks, which some experts believe is a primitive alphabetic writing, perhaps the oldest writing ever discovered. Others, however, say it is a kind of Latin, and that the remains belong to the comparatively recent Roman Empire days. And other experts consider the whole collection of vases, tablets, stone axes, spindles, and carved pieces of horn a carefully prepared but crude fake.

The possibility that Neanderthal man was a direct ancestor of modern man, and not merely a side shoot from the evolutionary stem, arose during the year. Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, of the U. S. National Museum, called in

question the widely accepted belief that this ancient, low-browed race was a people apart from modern humanity and was entirely exterminated by an invasion of the early Cro-Magnon race, leaving no descendants.

In geological sequence, in his relation to the animals among which he lived and which supplied his food, in his choice and use of shelters and caves, in his art and implements, and above all in his bodily structure, Neanderthal man fits into the evolutionary picture. In his beginnings, he grades off into the little known races that preceded him, and at his end he grades off similarly into the better-known race that followed.

Even in the crucial matter of skull shape and proportion, Dr. Hrdlička pointed out, Neanderthal man is not so sharply marked off from modern man as we commonly assume. The more typical skulls do display marked characteristics, such as a low, flattened top of the brain-case, heavy eyebrow ridges reminiscent of the gorilla, a jaw very massive but lacking in chin, and a very primitive type of teeth. But among the collection can be found skulls that depart from the type. One shows a higher cranial arch, another has eyebrow ridges of a less apelike type, a third displays a remarkably "human" tendency in the shape of the upper jaw and palate, and so on. These departures from type indicate that evolution was actively at work in the race, and that it was not a fixed and static type which could not give rise to a new kind of humanity.

The search into the past of civilization goes on year by year and from the past there can be learned lessons that will prevent for the future the mistakes of our ancestors.

Italian archæologists began the excavation of Herculaneum, the beautiful Roman city which perished beneath dust, steam, and mud from Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

Pompeii, which was buried by the same tragic eruption of Vesuvius, has been extensively excavated, so that about half of its buildings and streets are uncovered. But the hidden treasures of Herculaneum, about seven miles from Pompeii, are practically untouched. A theater, a few houses and one street are the main areas dug out in previous excavations.

Art objects taken from Herculaneum by past explorers are of such beauty that the systematic excavation promises to reveal ruins and relics of great importance. Such an excavation has never been conducted because Herculaneum was buried under mud which quickly hardened into volcanic forms of stone. Later eruptions of Vesuvius buried it still deeper, so that the city is now forty to one hundred and fifty feet below the surface.

Names of eastern kings who ruled in Mesopotamia more than five thousand years ago and returned to the dust leaving no trace of their reign may be restored to the records of history as a result of excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, the early home of Abraham, made by the joint expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum. Seals bearing the names of kings unrecorded in any history were discovered in graves which belong to a period as early as 3500 B.C.

Through investigation of the ruins and débris of a crusader's castle in Palestine, by an expedition from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the everyday life of the knights who set out for Jerusalem to recapture the tomb of Christ from the infidel is beginning to be clearly understood.

SOME BOOKS OF 1927

by William Lyon Phelps

THERE were more books published in 1927 than in 1926 and there will be more in 1928 than in 1927; for of the making of books there is no end. No one can read more than a small portion of the total production; and one wonders how some authors find time to read their own works, much less write them. It must take H. G. Wells, Eden Phillpotts, J. S. Fletcher, many days and nights to read the proofs of their own compositions; the original work can be dictated, but the proof must be read.

"The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard is a historical work conceived on original lines and written with dignity and distinction. The frontispiece to the first volume shows a man and an ox engaged in plowing; the first volume is called "The Agricultural Era." As a matter of fact this picture might stand as a symbol of eternity; for as Waller said that the only two occupations in heaven we are sure of are singing and loving, so the only thing that is certain to last as long as earth itself is the tilling of the soil. Sound scholarship and an absolutely independent outlook are the characteristics of Charles and Mary Beard.

The second volume of Mark Sullivan's "History of Our Times" is called "America Finding Herself," and bears out the bright promise of its predecessor. The hero of this section is "McGuffey's Reader," which seems to be largely responsible for the culture, sentiments, and

Bruce Bairnsfather in *Life*

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH

morality of the average American. Other interesting chapters are on the Standard Oil Corporation, the rise of Theodore Roosevelt, who was the opposite of what his enemies thought him to be, the advance of applied science; while the numerous pictures help to display the curiosities of fashion.

One of the best books on the United States of America comes from France. The author is André Siegfried, and the book is called in the translation "America Comes of Age." The correct translation is "The United States of To-day."

Two highly important and interesting works are the volumes "Greece" and "Rome," by Professor Rostovtzeff, and are copiously illustrated. The author does for ancient Greece and Rome what Mark Sullivan is doing for America at this present time. He gives a presentation of the actual conditions of economic, social, artistic, political, literary and domestic life. And what a difference between these works, built on profound and patient scholarship, and the slapdash "Outlines" of the world in general and of anything in particular!

The History of Man is given in four volumes called "The Science of Society," by Professor A. G. Keller, who was assisted by the notes left by the late W. G. Sumner. This is one of the most important scholarly productions of the year; a monument of original research, it is written in a clear, understandable style.

In purely literary scholarship, the most important book of the year is "The Road to Xanadu. A study in the Ways of the Imagination," by Professor John Livingston Lowes, of Harvard.

The completion of the Yale Shakespeare in forty

volumes is worthy of special mention. A large number of scholars have coöperated in the production of this attractive and valuable edition. The last volume, completing the set, contains the Poems, and is edited by the famous Elizabethan specialist, Professor Albert Feuillerat, of the University of Rennes. *Finis coronat opus.*

The foremost biographical works of the year were made in Germany. Two years ago the name of Emil Ludwig was unknown in America; in 1927 every one is talking about him. Four of his substantial books have appeared in English translations this year—"Napoleon," "The Last of the Kaisers," "Bismarck," "Genius and Character," the last-named being a collection of stimulating biographical essays. Of these four books the most interesting is the one on Napoleon, partly because of the inescapable glamour of the subject; the least interesting is the one on Wilhelm, for the same reason; the most permanently valuable is the one on Bismarck.

No American biography of 1927 is equal to Carl Sandburg's Life of Lincoln, which appeared last year, and is a masterpiece. Gamaliel Bradford's Life of the Evangelist D. L. Moody is the best book this brilliant diagnostician has written; it presents, without irony or condescension, Moody as a man of genius. He was indeed a combination of St. Francis and Benjamin Franklin. A new Life of Darwin, by Henshaw Ward, is perhaps the best of all works on this scientist for the general reader; Mr. Ward served a long apprenticeship as a teacher of English and commands a clear and incisive style; furthermore he seems to know exactly where to put the emphasis. A Life of Publius Cornelius Scipio, called "A Greater Than Napoleon," by the English military expert, Captain Liddell Hart, contains much information and many

provocative ideas. The third volume of the irresistible Parson Woodforde's Diary, called "The Diary of a Country Parson," and edited by John Beresford, is so fascinating that one eagerly awaits the fourth instalment. David Alec Wilson's monumental biography of Thomas Carlyle, perhaps the most important biographical work of our time, swells into its fourth volume, "Carlyle at his Zenith"; when this undertaking is finished, we shall know Carlyle as we know Doctor Johnson. Philip Guedalla's "Palmerston" is, if anything, more interesting than Palmerston. The French novelist and biographer, André Maurois, adds one more to the rapidly increasing number of Lives of Disraeli—it is a good book.

Michael Sadleir's "Anthony Trollope—A Commentary" is certainly the best book ever written on that hardy perennial. "John Sargent," by the Hon. Evan Charteris, well illustrated, is exactly what a good biography should be.

Autobiographies, which to many readers are the most interesting of all books, increase and multiply. Of the great dead, Emerson and Thoreau appear in convenient and accessible form, both skillfully condensed. "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" and "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals" are two books to be shipwrecked with. It would be well also to read as commentary "The Golden Day," by Lewis Mumford. The accomplished British journalist, J. A. Spender, has published in two volumes "Life, Journalism, and Politics." He has known intimately the leading figures in English politics during the past fifty years; he is a man of the world, a scholar, a practical journalist, and withal spiritually minded; he knows how to write and how to give point to an anecdote.

The famous American opera singer, Emma Eames, in "Some Memories and Reflections" tells the interesting story of her own life and career, and the history of the Metropolitan Opera House during its greatest period, the last ten years of the last century. Two autobiographies quite unlike in style and material, but both entertaining, are Bishop Lawrence's "Memories of a Happy Life," and De Wolf Hopper's "Once a Clown, Always a Clown." Doctor Victor Vaughan's "A Doctor's Memories" is good reading.

In addition to the numerous "new" biographies of Washington, attention should be called to the book "Washington Speaks for Himself," arranged by Lucretia Perry Osborn. It speaks for itself and so does he. It is both important and opportune.

An extraordinarily clever and altogether delightful book, half autobiography and half fiction, "truth and poetry," is "Some People," by the English diplomat, Harold Nicolson. Here is a gallery of portraits worthy of Max Beerbohm or of anybody else.

In original American poetry, the year is chiefly notable for the appearance of "Tristram," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. This has made a deeper impression on the public and on the critics than any other volume of poetry written by an American in the twentieth century. Mr. Robinson's previous work had given him a deservedly high reputation; it was marked chiefly by intellectual qualities, the power of analysis, philosophical thought, economy of style. But "Tristram" is glowing with passion and imagination, and the language is exceedingly beautiful. It is a work that any poet in the world would be proud to sign.

Sara Teasdale, one of our foremost lyrical poets, sings with her accustomed beauty of tone in "Dark of the Moon," a slender volume well named, for many of the poems are meditations aroused by observation of the sky. Apart from their beauty, it is reassuring to note that they are correct astronomically. Arcturus is put in his place, and the crescent moon is where she ought to be.

Leonard Bacon's "Guinea Fowl and Other Poultry" indicates a gift for irony and satire that should carry its young author far. The book indeed has something of Byron's "tempest anger, tempest mirth."

John Hall Wheelock's "The Bright Doom" should add to his reputation and to the number of his readers. Its predominant note is the wonder and delight of living.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman" reads well and sounds well; the production of this opera, music by Deems Taylor, was greeted unanimously as the best American opera of the twentieth century.

Eugene O'Neill, America's leading playwright, and the only one, living or dead, with a European reputation, has published two new plays, one in the spring and one in the autumn. They are "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed." Both will shortly be seen on the New York stage. Philip Barry has printed his exquisite play, "White Wings"; Robert Emmet Sherwood his successful spoof drama, "The Road to Rome"; and John Galsworthy "Escape," the best play he has produced since "Loyalties." Nothing from Barrie or Shaw except silence from the former and daily interviews with the latter. Burns Mantle keeps up his good work as critic and historiographer by printing "The Best Plays of 1926-1927," an invaluable record.

Many anthologies have appeared this year; but the best is probably "The Copeland Reader," by Charles T. Copeland of Harvard.

Of books of travel and autobiography combined, the most notable book of the year, and possibly the most notable book of the year in any field, is "Trader Horn." This is a diamond mine of such astonishing richness and brilliancy that I would not believe the gems were genuine, if it were not for the guarantee of John Galsworthy. Richard Halliburton's "The Glorious Adventure" will please those who liked "The Royal Road to Romance." Stella Court Treatt's "Cape to Cairo" is a lively record of an amazing journey.

No one need fear that the world will ever become irreligious, for new books on religion appear every day, and many of them find numerous readers. Some of the most important of the present year are "The Reconstruction of Belief," by Bishop Gore; "Religion in the Making," by Professor Whitehead; "The Christ of the Indian Road," by E. Stanley Jones; "The Life of Prayer in a World of Science," by William Adams Brown; while Bruce Barton's "What Can a Man Believe?" presents religion in a popular way.

The most interesting dictionary of the year, and one of the most fascinating books of any description, is "Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler. Many people read this every day. It is a happy combination of learning, sound judgment, good taste, and sparkling humor.

The present year is like all others in seeing more new

works of prose fiction than of any other variety; some of these are good enough for any place or period. The finest American novel of 1927 is "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. This young man, who was born in 1897, has apparently seen more of the world and of human nature in thirty years than many see in eighty. His first novel, published two years ago, was an exotic and illusive will-o'-the-wisp, called "The Cabala." I read it through with interest, charmed by the subtle music of the style; but I did not know then, nor do I know now, what it was all about. I was content, however, to listen. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is an immense advance; in the former work he was tuning up his instrument. Here he has something to say, in fact a great deal. This is an original and beautiful work of art. It is original in its conception, in its plan and construction, in its characterization, and in its method of presentation. As for the style, Arnold Bennett, who ought to know, calls it "absolutely first-rate work." It is a masterpiece.

A brilliant young virtuoso might just possibly write as well as this; but as I am always amazed at the ability of young players to interpret Beethoven, so I am amazed at Mr. Wilder's uncanny knowledge of the hearts of men and women. There is an insight, a sympathy, a tenderness before which I stand in humble and respectful homage. He is already in the first rank of living novelists.

This year is also memorable because the veteran and well-beloved Booth Tarkington has produced his best work, "The Plutocrat." I had supposed that "Alice Adams" was and would remain his masterpiece; but "The Plutocrat" is distinctly better. It abounds in rich humor,

in vivid description, in subtle irony. I wish that every foreigner might read it.

The most sensational success of the year was scored by Sinclair Lewis with "Elmer Gantry." Any one who can create a character that lives is sure to live himself; and Mr. Lewis's "Babbitt" is known and read of all men. Everywhere in the world wherever English is spoken, the word *Babbitt* is instantly understood and Mr. Lewis has a right to be proud of such an achievement. In "Elmer Gantry" we have much of the same superficial mimicry of slang and habit; but the book is a failure, not only because Elmer Gantry is not a representative clergyman, he is not even human.

Louis Bromfield, a Pulitzer Prize winner, carried on his studies of American life with "A Good Woman," which, while extremely well written, is not on the whole so good a book as "Early Autumn." Synchronously with its appearance came the portrait of another woman, "good" in exactly the same sense, in a novel by a new author, Mrs. John Cournos, who, in "The Winthrops," has done such fine realistic work that one is justified in high hopes for her future.

Professor John Erskine has added to his already brilliant reputation by the novel "Adam and Eve."

Edith Wharton, who by common consent stands at the head of living American novelists, produced in "Twilight Sleep" a powerful satire on fashionable society in New York. It is thoroughly expert work, as was to be expected; but it is not so good a novel as "The Age of Innocence." Willa Cather has written a book that lingers in the mind like the afterglow of a quiet sunset on the desert. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is a series of pictures, static rather than dynamic. It is pur-

posely written in exactly the opposite manner to that of our magazine fiction; there are few dramatic or exciting incidents. It is a series of beautiful pictures of a certain aspect of American life that needed just this treatment. She wrote this book to please herself, which is why it pleases all readers of taste and intelligence.

A star of the first magnitude has joined the ranks of the novelists. This is the Englishman, H. M. Tomlinson, whose first novel, "Gallions Reach," is a work of high distinction. He wrote it just to see if he could write a novel. He should be satisfied.

Anne Sedgwick in "The Old Countess" displays her customary skill and sincerity, but not in so appealing a manner as in "The Little French Girl." The construction of this story is not nearly so good as the characterization; the ending has pleased few critics, but the figure of the Old Countess herself is not easy to forget. Zephine Humphrey in "Winterwise" has written a book of spiritual healing; it is a tranquillizing and calming book, more needed by more people than books with a punch, or to use the latest vernacular, books with a kick. The descent from hand to foot indicates the speedy degeneracy of slang.

Of novels by new writers, "Rebellion," by Mateel Howe Farnham, and "Purse Strings," by Mrs. Stern, are especially notable.

The amphibious novelist, Ben Ames Williams, who has written wild tales of the sea and charming stories of the farm, has launched a newspaper epic in the very long novel "Splendor," which gives the life history of a worker on a Boston newspaper, from early boyhood to maturity. This book astonishes by its unassuming truthfulness. There are no persons and no events that can be called

extraordinary; all the characters and all the happenings are ordinary. It is a noteworthy attempt to tell the exact truth about this kind of environment. I should think journalists would enjoy it particularly.

One of our most popular novelists, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, has written her best novel in "Lost Ecstasy," where the cowboy marries the lady. This has more quality than her previous books, but I believe she will surpass it. Mazo de la Roche deservedly won a prize with her novel "Jalna," a story of a Canadian family on a farm—thoroughly good work. Professor Rölvaag's epical novel, "Giants in the Earth," has a massivity that reminds one of Knut Hamsun. It is a work of superb vitality.

"The Gentleman with a Duster" (Harold Begbie) comes to the front with "Julius," a novel which, like "Daniel Deronda," has a Jew for a hero. All Jews and most Christians will read this book with attention and pleasure. The conversations are especially interesting; and those that take place in the undergraduate's rooms at Oxford are as superior to the talk one finds in "Dusty Answer" or in "The Plastic Age" as Dante is superior to Marini.

The anonymous young English woman who wrote "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and "This Day's Madness," both admirable novels, has chosen to reprint one of her immature books, in "The House Made with Hands," which, even so, is more mature than most novels written by her elders. Warwick Deeping continues to present his philosophy of virile independence in "Kitty," a good story of the war between England and Germany, and a close-up of the war between mother and wife. When two men fight for a woman, it is frequently an interesting

spectacle; but when two women fight for a man, then you have a real fight to a finish even more absorbing, because there are no rules. Witness the terrific combat between mother and wife in Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife."

A posthumous novel by Alfred Ollivant, "Tomorrow," is his dream of Utopia. He was an incurable idealist and optimist, and it is interesting to see his vision of the perfect world, which differs from that of H. G. Wells or the late W. H. Hudson.

Anzia Yezierska, who came to America from Poland with no money and no English, got a very little of the former and a very large amount of the latter. Her 1927 novel is called "Arrogant Beggar," and I hope it will be thoughtfully read by all fashionable folk engaged in charity work.

One of the most noticeable features of the year's output in fiction is the prodigious number of crime novels —whether this has anything to do with the increase of crime I cannot say. Among the best of these crook-books are "No Other Tiger," by A. E. W. Mason; "The Crook's Shadow," by J. J. Farjeon; "The Canary Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine; "The Astounding Crime of Torrington Road," by William Gillette; "Vivanti," by S. Horler; "Rainbow Island," by M. Caywood; "The Crime of Diana's Pool," by V. L. Whitechurch.

Finally, among the authors of the year must be mentioned THE MAN OF THE YEAR, Lindbergh, whose "We" is like himself. Nothing more need be said.

Of course I have left out many important books in all subjects; this is a rapid review, in which I have included

those that for one reason or another seem to deserve mention. But memory is treacherous, and no doubt I shall think of many others when it is too late.

I wish there were some "tendencies" to be pointed out; but the only tendency I can observe is that every man, woman, and child in America has either just written, is writing, or is about to write a book. What that fact indicates heaven only knows.

ART IN AMERICA, 1927 *

by Henry McBride

FOR my own personal satisfaction I hope it will occur to one of those professional compilers, who seem to be everywhere in our midst, to compute the number of art exhibitions that occur in New York in one season. I have never seen the number stated, but know it must, from my own experience, be impressive. For instance, as a journalistic critic, I frequently during the winter have from twenty to thirty exhibitions listed each week upon my calendar, and which I am supposed to inspect; and the number that I do actually see each week never falls below twelve.

This is, as the French say, *"formidable";* and doubtless when the exact figures are available much may be opined from them—such as, for instance, the extraordinary thirst for art in America; or possibly the immense propaganda that is going on in America for art; or perhaps, alas, the disheartening competition in America that young artists must surmount before achieving fame.

Whatever the morals to be adduced from these facts, when known, it is sufficiently evident in advance of them that a vast amount of water flows under the East River bridges without bringing appreciable treasures to port. For that reason the task of the historian is simpler than at first glance appears. The energy of the producers and exploiters is prodigious, but at the end of the year what

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Peter Arno in *The New Yorker*

"—AND NOW DADDY SAYS WE MUST GET RID OF THIS PERFECTLY STUNNING BATISSE."

"GOOD GRACIOUS! WHY?"

"WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT WATERMELON DOES TO HIM!"

According to Mr. McBride, the arguments to-day on what constitutes art are being taken up more furiously than ever by the U. S. Customs Bureau.

is there that lingers in the memory? What artists have increased their reputations notably? What scandals have aroused the public interest? What feats of construction have been undertaken? What new geniuses have appeared above the horizon?

Answers to such questions as these must include an appraisal of the sale of the famous John Quinn collection of modern art, and its effect upon public taste; and accounts of the rise in public favor of the Americans, John Marin, Charles Demuth and Gaston Lachaise. By way of scandal, there is the indictment by the United States Customs Bureau of the work of Constantin Brancusi. The Customs people insist that the famous sculptor's work is not art and there is an attempt to decide the matter in the courts of law. The Marland Competition for an enormous bronze statue to be erected to the glory of the Pioneer Woman, and to be placed on the plains near Ponca City, Oklahoma, proved to be an immensely diverting affair for the general public. Finally, in constructive work, there is to be heralded the purchase of a costly Titian by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the first purchase from the enormous fund bequeathed to the institution by the late Mr. Frank Munsey, and the forerunner, doubtless, of many more masterpieces to be filched from Old World collections. Also in the constructive line is the new small gallery of modern art opened by the New York University, at the instigation of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin, in its rooms on Washington Square—the first public venture of the kind in America. With a clear idea of such affairs as these, the reader may be said to be in possession of the year's most striking achievements in art. Owing to the courtesy of the New York *Sun* and the *Dial,* I am able to include in my account

of them certain already published impressions that were gathered on the spot.

I had written in advance of the John Quinn sale:

"This event has already occasioned an ocean of talk and when the results of it are known doubtless the talk will continue indefinitely into the future, for there are significances in the background of this sale that are out of all proportion to the prices that may prevail in it. In short, it is to be an historic occasion. . . . It is known that selected examples from this collection have already been exhibited and sold at private sale. It quite broke my heart, for instance, to learn that Henri Rousseau's 'Egyptienne Endormie,' the important Matisse, and the fine Redons had gone abroad to foreign purchasers in this secret fashion. This procedure, in the opinion of some experts, was a tragically unfortunate move, and not in line with the feeling of the late Mr. Quinn, who would certainly have relished, in the flesh, the enormous splurge that the dispersal of his masterpieces in a public auction would have created, and who was also practical enough to see how the excitement over them could have been capitalized for the benefit of the lesser items in the sale.

"That there should be a profit at all from the sale of an art collection undertaken so altruistically as this one was is a triumph the meaning of which should not escape collectors who wish to possess fine pictures and at the same time aid in the advancement of art. The few collectors whom I have known who have had courage and disinterestedness comparable to Mr. Quinn's have not come to grief. They plunged, as he did, whole heartedly and according to their lights, into the game of forming a collection that should represent their time, and in the end it proved that the great increase in value of the successes

more than compensated for the many failures. My favorite example heretofore of a benefactor has been the late George Hearn, who sought, as Mr. Quinn did, not always to acquire masterpieces, but to aid artists in general. He knew that the great thing to do for an artist was not so much to get him into museums, as to patronize him. And the sale of his enormous collection more than justified itself."

The Quinn sale provided a full week's diversion to collectors and artists alike. The sensational plums had already been plucked from the tree, but there was unexpectedly good picking in what was left. Another fine Matisse, Derain's "Cornemuse," Puvis' "Beheading of St. John," Marin's watercolors, Pendergast's "Promenade," Augustus John's "Arthur Symons," Pascin's portrait of "Hermine David," *et cetera!* The total realized from these pickings was $91,570. One of those connected with the dispersal of the estate assured me that the previous private sales had amounted to $500,000, which I thought a nice, fat figure that had possibly been rounded out optimistically by my informant; but the *Art News,* which prides itself upon its exactness, rounded it out still further to $700,000. Whatever the exact figures were—and we shall probably learn them, sooner or later—it seems abundantly clear that Mr. Quinn's plunge into modern art was not the wild Irish exploit that some supposed it, but a matter of sound business. It is doubtful, for instance, if Mr. Quinn's investments in stocks and bonds yielded him so much. This, too, in spite of the fact that he was far more sentimental in buying pictures than in buying bonds. He bought quantities of pictures from Mr. Kuhn just because he liked him personally and found him useful in the politics of art. He bought incessantly

from George W. Russell, "A. E.," because in addition to being a writer of renown, Mr. Russell was also Irish. Mr. Quinn, it must be conceded, indulged in many whims, which, however, did not in the end cost him too much. The buyers in attendance at the auction displayed excellent judgment in their purchases and there were few real bargains—unless you call Mr. Wyndham Lewis' things, which sold for trifling sums, bargains—the English cubists not having as yet obtained a footing in precarious New York.

The aftermath of all this justified, I think, my preliminary prophecies. The high prices for the Matisses, Rousseaus, Derains and Redons, and the attendant excitement over them, duly impressed the public. These names and those of the other modernists, such as Picasso, Braque and Juan Gris, which a short time before had been anathema to officialdom, took on a new importance to the dealers, to the museums and to collectors. So much so that a happening that would have been extraordinary the year before, now occurred, and without disturbing the public peace. I refer to the award at the Pittsburgh International Exposition of its gold medal and $1,500 to Henri Matisse.

That was my great surprise when I journeyed down to Pittsburgh to see the show. I found that my friend Pierre Matisse's papa was an academician. This, I thought, would be quite a surprise to Pierre. He had always supposed his papa to be some sort of radical—a Bolshevik or a conscientious objector—anything, in fact, save what he now turned out to be. It's a wise child, of course, that knows its own father. It is indeed a wise father, the old Greeks held, that could know himself. So Henri Matisse may be also among the surprised. But there can be no

doubt as to the fact. The Pittsburgh gold medal and the prize money had certainly been awarded to him.

He was a long time in getting found out. He is no longer in his first youth nor his second. He is almost sixty. For many years he has been famous—some would say notorious—for doing all sorts of things that young painters in the schools are taught not to do. To have him suddenly caught up like this by the Carnegie Institute and held aloft as a model for the entire world will require many professors and curators of paintings to make a right-about-face.

All the way home from the show, and whilst gazing from the train at the bleak, forbidding landscape of western Pennsylvania, which does not in itself reward thought, I kept wondering what Henri Matisse would do with that money. He is, from the point of view of artists, a rich man. In the far-away days before the war, when calling upon him with Gertrude Stein, I noticed as we passed through the garden some first-rate horses kicking their heels in his stables, and only last summer in Paris I heard a rumor, which may have been true, that he had refused $50,000 for a certain picture. The sudden accession of a $1,500 prize would not, therefore, mean any great change in his mode of living. What would he do with the money? Whistler, you may remember, when he received a farthing damages in the celebrated suit for libel against Ruskin, decided to wear the farthing upon his watch-chain. Matisse would hardly spend the $1,500—trifling though the sum must seem to him—on a bangle for his watch-chain. True, he could invest it in a bangle for his wife's watch-chain. A bangle for a lady may cost as much as you please and more, as John Singer Sargent found out when he wanted to do something nice for Carmencita. I

thought the Carmencita episode the only amusing thing in the new life of Sargent, which I recently read for reviewal purposes. When the portrait of the dancer was exhibited in New York an admirer offered £600 for it, which was refused. Sargent said to Glehn: "I was unable to accept it, as it had cost me more than that to paint." "Cost you more? How do you mean?" "Why, in bracelets and things."

The good people of Pittsburgh, it was said, were quite dashed by this honor to Matisse. They had never known what to think of him, or, rather, had never been permitted to think about him, for the few Matisses in times past that had got past the stern censors of the International committees were non-committal affairs and were hung, usually, in the remote corners where they escaped the throng. Even the prize-winning examples, if the truth must be told, are non-committal affairs, and not the best Matisses I have seen. If Pittsburgh puzzles over them, it will not in the least imply a lack of intelligence upon Pittsburgh's part, but simply that insufficient evidence has been presented. They are genuine, of course, but modest. They are the kind that small collectors snap up with avidity, but not the kind that "make" collections. They are not the kind—I want to put it so you must understand me—that Matisse refused $50,000 for last summer in Paris. The prize award, consequently, was a *beau geste*. It was given by some one who knew more about Matisse than what he had just picked up in the Pittsburgh exhibition. Just the same, it was a *beau geste*.

John Marin and Charles Demuth, painters in water-color, and Gaston Lachaise, sculptor, established themselves higher in favor than ever before, and their separate exhibitions, all of which occurred in the Intimate Gallery

under the direction of Alfred Stieglitz, attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Marin, in particular, was much discussed. Feeling the character of the Marin work to be exceptional and wishing, not only to aid the artist, but to make a bold stand for the advancement of American art in general, Mr. Stieglitz asked Mr. Duncan Phillips, of the Phillips Memorial Museum in Washington, $6,000 for the particular Marin he fancied. Mr. Phillips reluctantly paid the sum. Thereupon, in a burst of joy at the standard created for his protégé, and wishing, himself, to be generous, Mr. Stieglitz presented Mrs. Phillips, who was there, with another Marin watercolor that he knew she admired. This transaction was supposed to be a secret, but secrets that are shared by five people have a way of leaking out, and this one did. It was reported that a Marin watercolor had been sold for $6,000. The publicity ensuing annoyed Mr. Phillips, who retorted that he had acquired two Marins for that sum. Then Mr. Stieglitz replied with a pamphlet giving all the details of the affair and making it abundantly clear that, however zealous he might be in furthering the cause of the painters he believes in, he was seeking nothing for himself—and the episode which was furiously talked about for a little while soon faded away.

Unpleasant as such disputes are, the main point of Marin's great success was not obscured. It was due to the fact that the artist had found himself in a serener mood the previous summer than for several seasons past. Gone were the nervous zigzags that suggested that transcripts from nature had been printed on paper as by strokes of lightning; gone were the emotional crises provoked in this painter by the sight of the city's skyscrapers. He had, *tout simplement,* been Wordsworthianizing up

the river. All had been as peaceful, as bucolic, as pleasant, as Colin Clout could have wished. The tempo remained a bit swift, however. It was the wind, I suppose, the wind on the heath. John Marin may have covered up his energy somewhat, for the moment, and to reassure the ladies, but the immense gusto with which he puts in a wash shows that he is but a Vesuvius quiescent.

Also, for the benefit of those who are not so modern in taste as they might be, it may be stated that the water-color chosen by Mr. Phillips, and which raised such a rumpus, is quite abstract. "It is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth"; but I defy the Customs House officials, who are at this writing engaged in the Brancusi trial, to explain to me precisely what it is about.

Seated on the benches in the courtroom awaiting our turns to testify in the Brancusi case, I noticed an unusual ring upon Jacob Epstein's finger. The reporters in attendance appeared deeply impressed by Mr. Epstein's sartorial splendor and did full justice to it in their accounts in the daily press, but I don't think any of them noticed the ring.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"A ruby," he replied. "An Indian prince gave it me."

It was in effect sufficiently Indian. The large ruby was embedded in gold which had been carved into the semblance of a snake.

I had forgotten it temporarily, but it came to mind when I had progressed but a little into the New York exhibition of Mr. Epstein's bronzes at Ferargil's. The bronzes were so very Indian, so forcibly Indian—so very different, indeed, from the sort of thing encountered in Dr. Katherine Mayo's new and sensational book, "Mother India." The Indian Madonna and Child, in

particular, were so aggressively challenging to New Yorkers that they might be supposed to be the direct reply to Dr. Mayo's awful accusation. No wonder the Indian prince gave Jacob Epstein that ring. He should have given him a lac of rupees as well, and a white elephant, and half-a-dozen Nautch dancing girls, and—but I am forgetting again; those bronzes were achieved long before Dr. Mayo thought of her book. The Indian prince, after all, could only have been a disinterested art-lover. Or do you suppose he could have foreseen Dr. Katherine Mayo and the havoc she was to make of American sympathy with the Far East, and was preparing against the day?

In truth, I have a wretched memory, and another thing I completely forget, though I should know it, since I must have been told, is how Jacob Epstein became so Indian. The psychologists say that that sort of forgetting is due to indifference, which is something I'm sorry for, if true; and anyway, even if I should be proved guilty of indifference to the Indianization, as such, of Jacob Epstein, I certainly am not indifferent to the process of his becoming so. Processes are always interesting. Why, I wonder, did he take it on? When he might just as well, like Ralph Rakestraw in "Pinafore," have remained an Eng-lish-mun.

Mr. Epstein was an awfully good witness for Brancusi. He has immense social skill, and with distinct leanings towards the histrionic. He will be a great success in America, just as he has been in England. Jacob Epstein couldn't fail anywhere. His charm of manner was just as certain in the spacious courtroom as when produced for short-range effects across a dinner table. He was grandly patronizing to the presiding judge and to the

opposition lawyer, speaking to them from a height—as though to little children—and with the greatest virtuosity screening his amusement from them though getting it to us on the back seats perfectly. Just the same, and this will illustrate to him what he is up against in his return to America after twenty-five years of burial in England, neither this judge nor that lawyer ever seemed to have heard of Mr. Epstein before.

It is always the legal game, I suppose, to discredit expert testimony, and all of Brancusi's well-wishers and friends were forced to reply to dull inquiries into their right to speak authoritatively upon questions of art.

"Well, did you study anywhere?" asked the lawyer skeptically, when Jacob Epstein avowed himself to be a sculptor.

"Yes, at the Art Students' League, in New York; six years at Julien's, in Paris; and later at Carlorossi's, in Paris."

"Well, have you anything to show for it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Any paper. Wouldn't they give you a diploma?"

"Art schools are not like colleges," began Mr. Epstein incredulously, as though scarcely trusting his ears.

"Did you or did you not receive a diploma? Yes or No!" thundered the attorney, hammering his desk in the approved legal manner.

"I never heard of such a thing," said the sculptor, still smiling broadly.

"Answer the question," said the judge, wearily.

"No," replied Mr. Epstein, meekly; and the opposing lawyer glared around the room as though requesting the reporters to note that point especially.

But in the end the bored judge, who looked as though

he had never had in his life a job less to his taste than the task of deciding whether or no the "Bird" by Brancusi was a work of art or a dutiable object of utility, appeared to be impressed, in spite of himself, by Mr. Epstein's enthusiasm for it, and gave out the official pronouncement that the title of a work of art did not necessarily describe it and consequently that, though the object in dispute did not represent a bird literally, it could very well embody certain impressions in the artist's mind that had been aroused by the sight of a bird in flight. He immediately quelled, though, the mounting rapture on the back benches by murmuring to himself, *sotto voce*, that personally he thought all this sort of thing nonsense and had he to choose, himself, between Michelangelo and Brancusi he would choose Michelangelo every time. Those were not his exact words, of course, but approximately the burden of his refrain. In spite of this chilling lack of modernity the little Brancusi coterie thought him a most excellent judge—far better than they had dared to hope for—and that in deciding the "Bird" not to be an object of utility he had practically decided everything—as far as the Courts of Law were concerned. The amusing farce could not end there and then, however. A legally necessary deposition from the author of the "Bird"—Brancusi is in Paris—delayed the verdict six weeks. It could not affect critical opinion, in any case, since artistic merit cannot be decided by law.

In the meantime the Epstein exhibition was attended by crowds of people who were vaguely but visibly impressed. No instances of outraged opinion were recorded. A foreign-looking Madonna astonishes nobody. In fact, the idea long since became general that she was not American. So that is that.

The other sculptors all admit Epstein to be a sculptor. So do I, in spite of the fact that he is diploma-less. He is not as deep as Michelangelo nor as suggestive as Brancusi, but he knows how to do what he sets out to do. There is a touch of sameness to the work that invites the suspicion that Mr. Epstein confines himself to the things he knows how to do. He doesn't clutch at the stars like Blake. He never fails gloriously, but succeeds methodically. Such extraordinary ease in execution is, on the whole, rather tiresome. The immense collection of bronzes he displays has, in truth, an air of rankness as though it had sprung up overnight in some moist tropical forest. But the American public unquestionably likes a free-flowering genius. Sert, for instance. They liked Sert.

A revelation to persons of taste in New York, and what could very well have been a revelation to their similars in Paris, was the exhibition in November at the Brummer Galleries of the work of the French sculptor, Charles Despiau; for, astonishing as it may seem, this was the first reasonably complete exposition anywhere for this great sculptor. That a "world-première" of this magnitude should occur here rather than in the land where the work was produced is due simply to the long-existing friendship between Mr. Brummer and the artist. New York, consequently, is immensely in Mr. Brummer's debt.

Revelation is the word. Despiau's work has but to be seen to be appreciated. Getting out of the elevator, which opens directly into the gallery, and catching a glimpse in the distance of the "Grande Eve," I was, I confess, quite petrified with astonishment. I don't wish to pose as being emotional, but I stood transfixed, incapable, for a few moments, of advancing any nearer—scarcely trusting my eyes at the beauty of the thing. There are mo-

ments like that in one's experience, moments charged with a feeling difficult to analyze—and one is only aware that a new star has swum into one's ken. In youth, when making acquaintance with the acknowledged masters, and especially if one happens to be doing the "Grand Tour," these experiences are fairly frequent—who is there who could forget his bewilderment at first sight of the "Dying Gaul" in the Vatican, of the "Meninas" in the Prado, and of the "Moses" of Michelangelo?—but in contemporary life, long intervals, alas, occur between these mental knockouts.

Despiau is a painter-sculptor. That is, he clings to the touch that especially appeals to all those educated in painting. His form is incontestable and noble. He is both subtle and strong. He must be the most sensitive of living sculptors.

His modernity consists in the fact that he lives now. I mean by that that he belongs to no special movement and preaches no novelties in technique. But the amazing thing about him, the thing that sweeps you off your feet, is his freshness. All his art comes directly from the life about us. The portrait heads—Despiau's chief preoccupation is for busts—are of types that one would ordinarily think unsculpturable—but through sheer genius the sculptor invests them with both reticence and candor, with the haunting quality of certain people unexpectedly encountered in crowds and who linger on in memory. In short, he endows them with charm and at the same time makes them represent an idea.

For the benefit of those at a distance, and for whom a style cannot be defined in words, a comparison or two may prepare for a future acquaintance with Despiau. Comparisons are not necessarily odious, and especially not

when all the artists concerned are definitively individual. So, with that reservation in mind, it may be stated that the Despiau figure pieces, in their majestic simplicity, are nearer to those of Maillol than to those of any other contemporary that may be thought of; and the Despiau heads have a far-off relationship to those of Rodin, though much more deeply rooted in antiquity.

As for the "Grande Eve," I cannot describe it. We are too remote, now, from the sources of life, for our artists to put forward with any sincerity a literal view of "Eve, the Mother," and Despiau contents himself with breathing immortal life into just another "Ideal Woman." She is young and, to use an abused word, lush. If I were not afraid to use two abused words in juxtaposition, I should say she were as lush as a ripe peach. There are no architectural helps. She stands naked and unadorned, supported, I dare to say, on the two most beautiful legs in all sculpture. I have never seen anything like them. In reaching out for vague comparisons, I can do no better than to cite again the "Dying Gaul" of the Vatican, the long lines in the back of which have a like elegance.

The "Grande Eve" is unquestionably one of the masterpieces of modern times. This is so apparent that it came upon me almost as a shock to learn that she had been purchased for the Luxembourg in Paris. It is not the usual thing for rarities of this order to be absorbed so quickly into official institutions. There must be some mystery about this acceptance. Perhaps we shall learn the interesting details later on. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the Luxembourg authorities will clear away a lot of the sculptural trash that chokes its outer vestibules and give the "Grande Eve" a whole *salle* to herself, like the Venus de Milo in the Louvre.

THE THEATER

by Larry Barretto

THE year just past in the theater was possibly a less confusing one for the critic than 1926 in that it was possible to deduce in generalities at least a trend here and there which seemed consistently in one direction, and did not as in the previous year come into conflict with one or more examples which by their success would tend to contradict one's hypotheses. Thus it is fairly safe to say that plays exploiting purely American scenes and themes came definitely into their own; that there was a lull in the importation of foreign plays, and that among those produced the ratio of failure was higher than formerly; that negro drama had a vogue, without, however, having any striking successes; and that salaciousness, already boring the blasé public, received a culminating defeat in several sensational convictions.

Other changes in the theater seemed to be more particularly physical, and in this respect the passing of The Neighborhood Playhouse should be noted. For some eight years this organization housed in a tiny theater on far-away Grand Street had been offering plays which in their production and generally fine acting compared favorably to anything that the uptown managers could produce. And as is always true with something of merit a trail was soon blazed to the Playhouse door. Among the most recent examples of this group's artistry are "The Dybbuk," "The Lion Tamer," and "The Little Clay Cart." The little theater anywhere is confronted

Constantin Aladjalov in *Theatre Magazine*

Disdainful, though tolerant, is the customary attitude of the "smart" folk toward the play which "simply must be seen," to make dinner-table talk.

"Arty" persons who sit on hard benches in converted stables must preserve an air of profound thought that their neighbors may know they are of the intelligentsia.

Part of the enjoyment of a "swell show" on Third Avenue is the opportunity afforded the clientèle to indulge in necking and caramels while the lights are low.

Maiden aunts and middle-aged cousins from "the sticks" vicariously enjoy the tense emotions of young love on the stage and stampede the ticket agencies for the newest things in naughtiness.

The Big Buyer from Shamokin is always regaled by the Head of the Firm with a show in which feminine pulchritude and a jazz-step chorus dominate the evening's performance. The tired business brain seeks relaxation at $5.50 per relax.

Drawings by
CONSTANTIN ALADJALOV

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE THEATER A PROGRESSIVE INSTITUTION

Mr. Barretto thinks that plays exploiting American themes and scenes have been coming into their own.

with a problem in its limited space and so at last the backers of the Grand Street venture decided that the cost was too heavy for private individuals to bear, and the doors of a house which in eight short years had made theatrical history were closed.

But The Neighborhood Playhouse did not quite die, for the falling torch was caught up by its own personnel, from publicity man to box office girl, and presently the same company was performing uptown under the name of The Actor-Managers, a name which England is more familiar with than the United States.

On the other hand, a new venture by Miss Eva Le Gallienne flourished. Convinced that New York would support a repertory theater, and eager to give plays at reasonable prices, she engaged a house and began offering Shakespeare, Ibsen and a few others in rotation. From the beginning it was an unquestioned success; her season's repertory was always interesting, and in the case of "Cradle Song," a Spanish adaptation, was notable. Doubtless many devotees of the Grand Street Theater are now finding their way to this actress-manager's door, consoled at learning that an art not wholly wedded to commercialism can survive in New York.

More in the theatrical world than The Neighborhood Playhouse passed from our ken, for Arnold Daly, Sam Bernard and John Drew, to mention three famous names, were among the theater folk who died. For two of them it would have been quite as they wished, in harness; for Mr. Bernard had just finished a successful run in "It Seems to Me," a musical comedy in which he was as fresh and amusing as when he first appeared with his funny accent, and Mr. Drew was on tour with "Trelawny of the Wells."

The number of stars who were free to engage in this decennial revival was little short of amazing. Such notables as Wilton Lackaye, Henrietta Crosman, Rollo Peters, Pauline Lord and Mrs. Whiffen drifted about the stage as if they were never happier than when playing second, third and even fourth fiddle. It added to the happiness of the audiences as well to see parts so perfectly played and with such admirable restraint. Not one of the celebrities showed more than a passing interest in the calcium, although their names are accustomed to glare forth in white lights. Mr. Drew as Sir William Gower gave a marvelously clear-cut impersonation of a great gentleman in the sixties. A truly fine ending for a fine career. Who indeed shall replace him?

By contrast with the sober gaieties of "Trelawny" the theater seemed trending into blind alleys and obscurity. A strange play called "Damn the Tears" was produced, a play so irrational in a seemingly honest endeavor to explain the brain of a madman that its audiences reeled with dizziness and despair. Following this a group of young playwrights in revolt gathered and formed themselves into a guild called the New Playwrights' Theater. It might be well to examine their first piece, "Loud Speaker," by John Howard Lawson, since these authors have expressed themselves through their firm name as dissatisfied with existing forms. Under the guise of novelty we found nothing new and much indeed that we now take for granted. "Loud Speaker" is of course the exposition of our radio age superinduced on a mechanical background. Harry U. Collins has deserted Big Business to run for governor, and in between his radio speeches are shown segments of his home life—his neurotic wife addicted to Freud and bearded Armenians,

his sophisticated daughter seeking a lover in a quite conventional manner, and himself with his platitudes, posturings and mistresses. Through it all there runs a stream of tabloid reporters, sob sisters and photographers. Now all this is but a cross-section of American life exploited to the uttermost word in magazines, newspapers and pulpits. One finds here merely conventionalized types. True, in "Loud Speaker" they entered and made their exits on chutes and runways, and they galloped up and down spidery green stairs indifferent to heart strain, but this, apparently, is simply the playwright's method of saying we have subways, elevators, and live too fast. So we do. And what of it?

A more successful attempt to picture American life was "Pinwheel," in which The Neighborhood Playhouse tried to broadcast the sounds of New York City. A raucous and uncomfortable evening with the subway rush, the great business offices, Coney Island, slums and night clubs blaring forth their myriad noises. One indeed was left with an impersonal despair for the treadmill lives of thousands, although in so far as the puppets in this particular piece were concerned there was no emotion as to their fate, only indifference.

Plays like these which formerly were shown somewhat breathlessly in the cellars of Greenwich Village have of late been appearing more frequently in the neighborhood of Broadway, but the attention which they have received has been slight and that not encouraging. The note of humanity, of compassion, which they might contain has too often been lost beneath eccentric forms, and eccentricity in itself seldom pays.

Following the success of "Broadway," which with its ability to pack the Broadhurst Theater month after month

and with its numerous road companies has become almost a national institution, playwrights turned more confidently than before to the American scene for material. Novelists had for some time been conscious that their own land contained as many good stories as any foreign clime, but for some reason the theater was cursed with the conviction that labels, "Made in Germany," in France or Hungary, added to the prestige of a play, and native playwrights, more sensitive to success than most authors, attempted a synthetic product by placing generally their plots in Buda-Pesth, in Paris, or at the least on the Riviera, although for many years the latter has been entirely an American possession in spite of the few sulky English crowded together in Mentone. And so with the success of "Broadway" the United States was discovered.

There was "Chicago," in which Maurine Watkins uncovered the viciousness of the newspaper world and did it so cleverly that it was rumored the piece would be retitled "New York" when playing the Windy City, since the conditions depicted were American rather than localized to any one community. There was "Tenth Avenue," dedicated purely to New York; "Speakeasy," an American pastime, and "Spread Eagle," which etched in acid an area extending from Wall Street to the Mexican Border. "Spread Eagle" probably was the most flaming in its denunciations. Jed Harris, that shrewdest and youngest of the producers, sponsored it, and no more bitter lines, no sharper thrusts at vulnerable parts have been heard and seen hereabouts since "What Price Glory" introduced a mode and held us gasping in our seats.

"Spread Eagle" undertook to expose who make wars and why. It was as unflinching in its quests as the most

pacific spectator could desire and far more unflinching in its findings than a Congressional investigation. The trail led inevitably to Wall Street, more specifically, 120 Broadway, which may be termed the home of Big Business. Here the play opens with Martin Henderson, a financial magnate, and his secretary planning how they can induce intervention in Mexico in order to save the former's vast interests there. A visit to Washington has been fruitless—Coolidge being cool, even chill to the proposals. And so it being up to this magnate to save his own hide—or oil or mines, as the case may be—he plans a revolution to cost so much in dollars and cents. It all works out just so, Washington intervenes and the play ends with a blare of bugles while the youth of the land is being killed for its misguided patriotism. Ten years ago, and possibly ten years hence, this play would be suppressed at a moment's notice, but in the year of Grace 1927 we happened to be at peace. It serves as an example how far the sugar coating of former years has been discarded. The crisper and racier the comments now the better an audience likes them.

Continuing the American scene, Sidney Howard offered first "Ned McCobb's Daughter," in which life in Maine was shown to be not all it should be what with bootleggers and gunmen, mostly imported; and this he followed with "The Silver Cord," which might be laid any time, anywhere—anywhere that is in America, for in no other land has the coddling of sons by devoted mothers become such a fine art. The only trouble with Mrs. Phelps was that she loved her sons too much. That seems almost a virtue, but the playwright promptly goes about making a most damning case against the poor woman. She petted them to a degree that was nauseous, she planned their

lives serenely, if not sensibly, and she interfered with their love affairs to such an extent that she nearly created a tragedy. In the end, while one son turned from her the other elected to remain at home, the victim of his mother's devotion. Now this is happening every day in any house on any block, and it would seem that a subject so generally applicable would be received with sensitiveness. On the contrary, the Guild Theater was crowded night after night with matronly gray-haired women, laughing heartily at their own weaknesses. The quaint impression still persists in Europe that we, as a nation, object to criticism, but nothing could be farther from the truth, when that criticism comes from one of our own.

A phase of life which is not necessarily American, although it has been elevated here to the dignity of an institution, found expression in "The Barker," a story of the circus. Here was a new segment of the theater as far removed from the cabarets of Broadway as may be —not the huge three-ringed circus of Barnum and Bailey either, but the tent show that travels from one small town to another exhibiting its tattooed woman, its oriental dancer, snake charmer, and freaks. "The Barker" made a very human story of the loves, hates, sorrows and adulteries of these show folk. The romance of these nomad lives in their desolate wanderings from one town to another, gaped at by the peasantry, was rather cleverly achieved on the narrow limits of a stage, but we felt the play to be important for other than its romantic qualities. The motion picture will eventually force these show boats of the land into retirement, and immediately the memories of them will become the precious heritage of a nation too prone to change.

Maxwell Anderson, who has written such dissimilar pieces as "Outside Looking In" and, as co-author with the well-known Mr. Stallings, "What Price Glory," wrote a piece which was rather surprising as coming from his pen in that it was charming, gentle comedy untouched by gall. "Saturday's Children" of course must work, and it is on this theme that his play is based. Probably all would have gone well with Rims O'Neill and his young wife if they had had enough money to buy a radio and go to the movies; but unfortunately young clerks are usually underpaid, and when they insist on marrying the weekly stipend seems slimmer. Out of this Mr. Anderson fashioned a rueful little comedy with some tears and many heartaches not far beneath the smiles—a comedy of logical entrances and skilled exits, for this playwright above all knows the mechanics of the theater. The play piled up for itself a substantial run of many months, and indeed was mentioned seriously for the Pulitzer Prize, but that honor went elsewhere.

The play which did receive the prize was "In Abraham's Bosom," the biography of a negro in seven scenes, by Paul Green, who offered his interpretation of the black man come to mental maturity. His struggles to educate himself and to raise his race are met on every hand by rebuffs from white men and black. In the end of this play Abraham tastes the bitterness of death and all his work is swept away. But the tragedy of the negro who would rise has been the preoccupation of writers from Harriet Beecher Stowe to T. S. Stribling, and so Mr. Green cannot be said to have uncovered any startling new evidence. What he did do, however, was to write a smoothly cadenced play which in spite of the fact that it awkwardly tried to span a period of twenty-five years

had about it a certain dignity and tragedy which made it notable. Whether it was the outstanding American play of the year is for each theater-goer to judge for himself.

Mr. Green had at any rate chanced on a theme for the moment fashionable, as we have said. There was an unusual number of plays dealing with the negro, who has abandoned the Black Bottom of musical revues for drama, mostly tragic. There was "Porgy," "The Bottom of the Cup," "Goat Alley" and "Black Boy," to mention a few, all concerned with the negro misunderstood and ill-treated. "Porgy," an adaptation of Du Bose Heywood's novel, was the most important, and the Theater Guild produced it brilliantly. None of the others was remarkable and some were excruciating. "Goat Alley" is perhaps a fair sample.

Once again the playwright set out to prove that all colored men are thieves and seducers with a propensity for falling into the hands of the police, and that all colored women are worthy, hard working, and too busy supporting the illegitimate children which have been wished on them to have time for any real wickedness. It may be so. At any rate every time Lucy Belle Dorsey's husband went to jail or got a job in another state the poor girl was sinned against, and when her husband came home there was yet another baby in the well-worn cradle. After the third it might be supposed that he would know what to expect; but no, his astonishment and rage finally broke the bonds of restraint and he strangled Lucy Belle to death quite as Lulu Belle was strangled in another and more luxurious room the year before. The author was eager to make it clear that all this was not Lucy's fault even when she threw the last baby into a convenient mill-race off-stage. She was born to work and work she

did in a laundry all day, eking out that pittance by taking boarders, always young, amorous and male. Under the circumstances it was a temptation for the boarders, but Lucy Belle might well have lessened it if she had invested some of her laundry money in a stout lock and key.

There is, one cannot doubt, a wealth of material for the stage in the lives and folklore of the colored race, but this critic recalls no plays which have done the material justice with the exception of "Porgy" and some years ago "The Emperor Jones."

Not all the honors for the year went to American playwrights. There was, as always, a certain invasion from the foreign stage, although not so overwhelming as heretofore. W. Somerset Maugham contributed perhaps the most noteworthy success with "The Constant Wife," in which Ethel Barrymore, abandoning for the time being her "Twelve Pound Look" and vaudeville, held the boards for many months. Mr. Maugham shares with Frederick Lonsdale the distinction of writing the lightest and wittiest dialogue in this age—only one or two Frenchmen being able to vie with them—and in this play the author had ample scope, for he was satirizing and attacking the conventional conception of marriage. All the old fables of lifelong ecstasy, wifely fidelity and the dual standard were torn to pieces to the accompaniment of laughter from infatuated audiences. This was not the only time during the year that a clever playwright thumbed his nose at a muddle-headed censor. Probably Maugham's faithless constant wife was more deleterious to the institutions which the law had sworn to uphold than any number of bawdy revues, but the district attorney never knew it.

John Galsworthy was represented by one play which,

so he states, is to be his last. This, if it is true, is unfortunate, since no perceptible weakening of Mr. Galsworthy's powers is evident in "Escape." What the play lacks in dramatic quality is due probably to the difficult form which the playwright attempted—a prologue and nine episodes not lending themselves easily either to continuity or suspense. Much of the conviction of the piece depended on Leslie Howard as the escaping convict from Dartmoor who gave a very sensitive performance; but Mr. Howard had already scored once before during the year in "Her Cardboard Lover," which was the vehicle chosen for Jeanne Eagles' return to New York after an overlong tour of the provinces in "Rain." It was on Miss Eagles that the metropolitan attention was concentrated, but strangely enough it was Mr. Howard, not even featured, who received the major part of the applause. Now, aside from Mr. Howard's very perfect acting, there seemed to be a reason for this. The play was, we imagine, written to be dominated by a male star, and so well did Jacques Deval, the playwright, contrive this that even the spotlights, focussed constantly on Miss Eagles, failed to shade the other part. The play itself was entertaining French froth which speedily became popular. No discernible trend away from the theatergoer's liking for sophisticated comedy laid in bedrooms was to be observed. Mr. Howard, whatever his play, proved himself an artist, and while it is difficult to mete out fame it is probable that he won the greatest personal success of the year.

A type of play which may have paved the way for many others of the same sort was "The Road to Rome," by Robert Emmet Sherwood, which might have been inspired by "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," al-

though book and play are of course in no sense alike. But both are laid in olden days and both offer food for thought in the witty, up-to-the-minute speeches put in the mouths of the ancients. Helen's private life was a plea for tolerance, and "The Road to Rome" asked again, What price glory? Most of the asking was done by Amytis, wife of the Dictator of Rome, who traveled to Hannibal's camp outside the walls to demand what all the fighting was about. Hannibal wasn't able to answer that question, but he took into consideration the fact that the love life of Amytis was far from complete. The immediate result of this consideration was that Rome was saved. The lines were sly, often risqué, and amused sophisticated audiences. Some years ago Horace Liveright offered his "Hamlet" in modern dress. Here the process is reversed and it may go far as other playwrights will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to present historical personages clothed in the garments of their time, but with present-day speeches in their mouths.

The usual number of popular novels were dramatized, but with only fair success. Two of these had been outstanding as books in their season, "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, and "The Green Bay Tree," by Louis Bromfield, which found the stage as "The House of Women." "The Constant Nymph" may well have been hard to dramatize. In the first place a play creates or is supposed to create in its opening act an atmosphere that hereafter remains the keynote of the piece. But naturally the continuity of this play became confused as one was jumped successively from Sanger's Circus in the Tyrol to the music room of a London home, from there to a concert hall and finally to a bawdy house in Brussels. It was not only the locale that changed,

but the characters as well. In the novel this was quite logical, but on the stage it became merely confusing. The play could not, however, be classified as all good or all bad. What was all bad was the singing which interlarded the first act. It must have contributed much to the death of the musical Sanger in his room off-stage.

It is not quite so easy to write an epitaph for "The House of Women." Here was a play based on a fine novel and holding in itself the germ of greatness. But the themes of the book seemed to defeat the play by their very complexity, and the book itself burst through the narrow bounds laid upon the stage, with the result that there was no dominating note throughout the piece.

There has been a tendency more and more of late years to incorporate the audience with the stage. In musical revues chorus girls have been sent up and down glass runways for the delectation of craning baldheads below, other girls have played ball with the first few orchestra rows, and men and women have been invited to leave their high-priced seats to dance self-consciously on the stage during the intermissions. But the most successful fraternizing was accomplished this year, not in a musical show, but in a mystery melodrama called "The Spider."

Here the action takes place on a vaudeville stage where the soft shoe dancers, the skating act, and the master magician are interrupted in their turns by a murder which takes place either behind the footlights or in the body of the house. Drastic measures are required in order to prevent the villain's escape, and so the entire audience is placed under technical arrest. Police are posted in the aisles, and an inspector harangues the suspects from the stage. Actors seated throughout the

theater add to the thrills as they rise to aid or impede justice. There are revolver shots and struggles until finally the mystery is solved and the highly reluctant audience is permitted to depart in peace.

For all the enormous number of new plays which were shown during the year there were still theaters enough to provide space for not a few revivals, which numbered, among others, "The Brothers Karamazov," "Pygmalion" in both English and Spanish, no less; "Mr. Pim Passes By," and inevitably "Ghosts," which Mrs. Fiske brought in from a successful tour for a limited number of performances.

The last is worthy of mention in a year book, since it was such a version as has never been seen on land or sea before, and one could wish to be psychic enough to know what Ibsen's ghost thought of Mrs. Fiske's "Ghosts." The specter may have been doubled up with anguish or laughter, for Mrs. Fiske, who has been on the stage long enough to know what she wants to do, played the part of Mrs. Alving as comedy! She made the audience giggle at the most inopportune moments with her uncanny skill. There were those who shuddered at this "profanation" of a work of art now bearing the accolade of age, but surely it is proof that the theater and its direction is still very much alive if a new interpretation can be given, especially an interesting one, to a play so set in its interpretation as "Ghosts."

No particular divergence from the type of musical show of the year before this was discernible. They were as usual divided into musical comedy, the super-revue which the Messrs. Shubert are fond of producing, and the intimate revue combining the best—some say the worst—features of both. All three types had their suc-

cesses and their failures, and all three were generally popular with patrons who like an eyeful of beauty and an earful of jazz, although the intimate revue seemed to be losing slightly to its big sisters. Sketchy scenery and makeshift chorus girls are no longer a novelty; both must be dazzling in order to hold the eye, since no thought is ever allowed to obtrude upon the brain. And so "Rio Rita," "Peggy Ann," "The Desert Song" and a dozen others unwound their glittering lengths before vast audiences, mostly male and according to tradition always tired.

It may be odd to mention a play that had at most only two or three performances, but it is interesting in that the Metropolitan Opera House was packed to its very doors each time "Electra" was given. And at that probably not more than one tenth of the audiences had ever seen it before, but its fame has been spreading through all the centuries like a mighty wave. Sophocles was born in 495 B.C. and he may have written "Electra" in middle age, which places it when the cultural world was young. Yet in spite of its antiquity the drama is as absorbing as on the day it was written. The audience testified by intense silence and vociferous applause to its eternal qualities. At that the play had little to depend on save the brilliant acting of Margaret Anglin who as "Electra" was plotting the murder of her guilty mother. The rest of the cast were so occupied in chanting their lines in the proper cadences that they forgot a show of emotion, the qualities of pity or derision in swelling tones, was probably not unknown in ancient Greece. For all Miss Anglin's splendid interpretation Sophocles still remains the star. The epic significance of his theme of vengeance may be adapted by all, but the manner of its upbuilding, the

skillful rising from one inconsiderable climax to another until the final moment is reached, is his alone. There was not, of course, any other opening which could bear comparison with "Electra" either as drama or as an interesting example from the historic past.

One would like to linger in pleasant memory over many excellent plays of the year. Surely "Caponsacchi," "Cradle Song," "The Second Man," and a score of others deserve comment as having offered delightful evenings, but there is hardly room even to list all the good plays, and many of them, while admirable, seemed to indicate nothing as to the way in which the drama is trending. "Crime" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" would appear to be more indicative of a change than "The Devil in the Cheese," for example.

The theater has become throbbing, hurried, even boisterous, with scant time wasted on the building up of plot and none on the building up of character. Haste is what patrons are demanding and haste is what they are getting. The leisurely theatrical is being surely relegated to the past. This new mode may not be art, but it is exciting.

This article should not close without note being taken of a loss sustained by Broadway. No Florence Mills this who has passed, no Dean of the American stage, but a play. "Abie's Irish Rose," the most visited and most reviled play of the century, is dead! After five years its effects were carted out of the Republic Theater; Abie and his Rose were no more, and a host of actors, stage-hands, ticket agencies and the like were deploring the loss of what had seemed to be permanent jobs. They should console themselves by the reflection that there is nothing permanent on the stage. And at that there are wiseacres who murmured with satisfaction, "I knew it wouldn't last!"

Don Herold in *Life*

♩ I'M A RED-HOT-BOILIN'-OVER-COME-AND-WARM-YOURSELF MAMMA!
KID CASEY CLIPS THE CHAMPION ON THE CHIN AND THE CHAMP CLINCHES. THAT WAS A PRETTY ONE. NOW THEY ARE TRADING BLOWS
Don Herold

THE HUMANE SOCIETY PUTS RADIO HEAD SETS IN OPERA BOXES FOR HUSBANDS WHO HATE OPERA

Mr. Shepherd says that the influence of radio on our lives is already so great that it must be explained sectionally. But here is one way in which it will bring relief to a large and long suffering section of humanity.

WHAT USE BROADCASTING? *

Bringing the Stump into Your Living-room in 1928

by William G. Shepherd

RADIO broadcasting has come to play a part in American life larger than any one has yet been able to calculate. Its force is so great that it cannot yet be reckoned with as a whole and must be explained sectionally and along specific lines. Since this year 1928 is a convention year and an election year, it seems easiest to illustrate this newest art and most modern force by its effect on politics. For in this year of 1928 broadcasting is a political institution. The politicians have taken it as one of the most effective tools that has ever come to their hands.

Here is the reason: Down in the basement of the beautiful Municipal Auditorium at Cleveland, Ohio, one June day, back in 1924, electricians were hooking up a series of eighteen radio stations. It was the day before the opening of the convention which nominated Mr. Calvin Coolidge. The electricians were rehearsing. Upstairs, on the main platform, was a glass cage that somewhat resembled a telephone booth. All this looked far more interesting than politics to this particular writer. Besides, within the glass cage, was a puzzled looking young man, fooling around with various gadgets. He looked more interesting than politicians. Moreover, it was possible he might have facts of some sort.

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Wherefore the reporter talked to him. It seemed he had a job new in human history: broadcasting a national party convention. Little wonder he was puzzled. I asked him his name. He said it was Graham McNamee. He was quite humble before a newspaper man, for no one knew then that in the world of politics the microphone would shortly be more powerful than the pen.

I asked him what he knew about conventions and political procedure. He told me it was all new to him, but that his employer had hired a crack newspaper expert who would tell him what was going on, so that he could repeat the story to those who might be listening. He didn't know whether the public would be interested; you could only try.

Before many hours had passed the session opened and America was listening to its first National Convention over the radio. This didn't do some of the politicians any particular good. Later the public heard the Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden.

Not long ago President Coolidge sat at the speakers' table at the 1927 United Press Banquet in the city of New York. He was scheduled to speak at nine o'clock. Precisely at that hour a man stepped up behind him and whispered: "Mr. President, we can't have all the stations hooked up until 9:10." And so for ten minutes the President of the United States with several thousand diners waited until the radio man gave the signal that broadcasting stations throughout the United States were ready to broadcast his voice.

The microphones in front of the President were as much a part of the evening's affair as was the food or the audience or even the President's speech itself.

Back in 1924 eighteen stations, covering the United

States perhaps as far west as the Rocky Mountains, were used by political organizations for disseminating their news. When we again began talking about possible Presidential candidates on the verge of the 1928 Presidential election the politicians found themselves able to use sixty stations which in effect covered every square mile of the United States, as well as much of astonished Canada and amazed Mexico.

It doesn't matter to these politicians that prices of National broadcasting have more than doubled. They get more for their money in 1928 than they got in 1924. When Robert M. La Follette hired the broadcasting facilities of a large hookup in 1924 his committee paid $9,000 for the privilege. Other Presidential candidates paid about the same sum for a sixty-minute use of the radio stations. In 1928, however, the national hookup of sixty stations cost over $40,000. A good rate of radio speech is 100 words a minute, or about 6,000 words equivalent to something less than one page of newspaper space—an hour. This will make the cost of candidature speaking run somewhere about $6.66⅔ per word.

Politicians have learned a lot about the use of radio since 1924. That cat-and-dog fight in Madison Square Garden known as the Democratic National Convention did not, because of broadcasting, do the Democrats any good. As for the Republican Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, there was a steam-roller smoothness about it that did not serve to make a pleasant impression upon many of the millions of unseen listeners. The public heard every detail of convention hall proceedings.

There is a better way of broadcasting conventions, so the convention leaders decided, and they had planned, long before the 1928 convention dates were set, that there

should be a different arrangement. This is a more costly plan than that which was followed in the two 1924 conventions, but it will be more effective from the politicians' viewpoint.

In the studios of the great stations, so the political committees on arrangements planned, there would be singers and entertainers who, at the drop of the hat, would be ready to take the air with various features. Thus when convention affairs are dragging or are of such a nature that they might not hold the interest of listeners it will be possible for convention leaders to shift to the studios and furnish music instead of discord or draggy proceedings to their listeners.

Never again perhaps shall radio listeners hear a convention in its entirety as we did in 1924.

There is more freedom of the air in 1928 than there was early in the broadcasting era.

Not long ago Norman Thomas, famous socialist, went to a broadcasting station in New York and asked to be allowed to use the microphone for a socialist address. To his amazement Mr. Merlin Hall Aylesworth said, "Why, yes, we shall be very glad to grant you the service of our station."

"But I am going to make a socialistic speech," said Mr. Thomas.

"Yes, I understand that," said Mr. Aylesworth.

"But don't you want to see the speech?" said Mr. Thomas, pushing his manuscript across the desk.

"Why, no, I don't care to read your speech," replied the broadcasting official. "I know that you are a reputable citizen and that you represent a group of citizens who are sincere in their beliefs, and I know that you won't make a fool of yourself or of this station."

Mr. Thomas later took the air and expounded the principles of socialism without any criticism or censorship from the station.

It is a matter of fact that free speech over the radio has made a great gain since 1924. The leading broadcasting stations have evolved a formula which, they believe, makes it possible for them to permit men of almost any beliefs to use the microphone. This formula, which might be known as the "Rule of the three R's," stipulates that the speaker must be known as a responsible, reputable, representative person.

Here is an incident which shows how the formula works: Some months ago a certain organization in the United States became greatly agitated over the treatment which the Mexican Government was according to Catholics. Gentlemen in this organization decided that they would start a rip-snorting campaign against Mexico over the radio system. They didn't care how much the enterprise would cost; they wanted the stations for ten minutes a week for fifteen weeks. Their proposition was a serious problem for Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company. He could see that the gentlemen concerned were angry and that they intended to vent their anger over the ether.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it will be impossible for us to rent the services of this station to your organization without knowing who the speakers will be. It will be necessary for us to have a list of your speakers, and if you will prepare a list of, say, thirty or forty gentlemen, from whom we can select a list of fifteen weekly speakers, we will grant you the use of our station."

That settled the hot-blooded plans for lambasting Mexico over the air. Men who proved acceptable to the

radio station were conservative gentlemen who did not care to go on record as wildly criticizing Mexico. The result was that the whole enterprise was dropped.

The question of who should use the radio was an extremely puzzling one back in 1924. At that time the American Telephone and Telegraph Company leased the wires which hooked up the various radio stations. I remember at that time talking with an official of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company about who should be allowed to use the air. I discovered it was sometimes an embarrassing job for the big telephone corporation to handle politics over the radio.

There was, for instance, the question of whether Robert M. La Follette should be allowed to speak.

"Any great corporation like this," explained one of the great A. T. and T. officials to this writer, at that time, "is extremely sensitive to the criticisms of its stockholders. We are naturally accountable to our stockholders, and if we permit political speakers of unusual views to use the microphone we are naturally immediately criticized by many of our vast groups of stockholders.

"La Follette, for instance, is against the railroads. If we let him speak, every one of our stockholders who also owns depreciated railroad securities will pounce on us for giving so-called encouragement to their enemy."

It is true that later on La Follette's committee was granted the use of a radio hookup for a one-hour speech by La Follette. Fair play demanded this and critics were easily convinced of the fact.

But no such sensitiveness or possible embarrassment will characterize the new National Broadcasting Company, nor the new Columbia Broadcasting system, its lead-

ing competitor, which, over the telephone wires, will cover territory east of the Rockies.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is no longer responsible for what goes out over the radio. The new National Broadcasting Company pays to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company the sum of approximately one million eight hundred thousand dollars a year for the use of wires which join the various stations.

The responsibility of the National Broadcasting Company does not extend to any stockholders but to the general public. Mr. Aylesworth says that 30 per cent of the company's stock is owned by the General Electric Company, 20 per cent by the Westinghouse Company and 50 per cent by the Radio Corporation of America.

Now this trio of companies is interested in producing and selling radio sets and radio parts. Stockholders in these companies profit directly by the sale of radio sets.

"For instance," said Mr. Aylesworth, "the broadcasting of Charles A. Lindbergh's home-coming receptions at Washington and New York City cost the stations over $75,000, but the sale of sets and parts which was stimulated by the program undoubtedly added tremendously to the earnings of radio makers and dealers."

Even if a subject is controversial, its availability for the microphone as a business producer or as a "sale getter" is not affected.

The old broadcasting rule that nothing of a controversial nature should be sent out over the air has been suspended. Indeed, as Mr. Aylesworth told this writer, it is possible that the National Broadcasting Company will some day maintain a forum for the discussion of controversial subjects of all sorts.

"All that we intend to ask," he said, "is that speakers be responsible, reliable persons representing some group of thought or opinion.

"All I say to such responsible persons is: 'trust you and your judgment—anything you say will be all right so long as you don't swear.' "

All sides of political questions from the most conservative to the most radical—that's what we hear when we tune in on politics. This applies not only to the great Atlantic-Pacific hookup of the National Broadcasting Company, with its half-hundred and more associated stations situated on its leased-wire system, but also to every one of the six hundred and more other station owners who are not in the national hookup.

Indeed whether owners of stations like it or not they must, in accordance with the terms of the new radio law, approved by the President last February, open their stations to all sides of an election controversy.

Bill Jones, Republican candidate for sheriff, goes to the owner of the radio station in his community and asks to be allowed to speak.

The owner consents, either renting the station to Bill or giving him its service gratis. But the moment that Bill, the Republican, speaks, Jim Smith, the Democratic candidate, is entitled also to speak from that same station. The new law makes this imperative.

Suppose a prohibition candidate for sheriff is also in the field. He too must be given a chance to use the same station if he wishes.

The owner of the station may be a department-store owner whose customers may tend to desert him for having given over his station to all comers. That matters not. The station owner may truthfully say to his customers,

"The law forced me, under a penalty of $5,000 fine and jail for five years, to let your enemy speak."

And what can a critical customer say to that?

This new law helps the owner of a private radio station to be independent of criticism so far as politics is concerned. It is true that there are several privately owned radio stations in the United States which do not permit political speeches to be made in their studios, but for the most part owners of stations appear to be willing to run the risk of giving all sides of political questions. The law does not make it compulsory on the station owner to admit candidates to the station but it does insist that if he permits one candidate to talk he must permit all aspirants for that same office to do the same.

There was a tremendous variety of station owners among the 693 stations in existence at the close of 1927. For instance, the ever-growing number of schools, universities and colleges which own radio stations has now reached 82, or more than one-eighth of the total number. Twenty-nine newspapers and forty churches are on the list. A dozen cities, a dozen hotels and about as many theaters own stations.

Business corporations, manufacturers, bankers, merchants, several doctors and several hospitals, amusement parks and department stores, radio dealers and national lodges (like the Moose or Woodmen of the World), insurance companies, music schools, several state government marketing bureaus, real estate dealers, radio dealers, rich men who like the novelty of broadcasting, a street railway company, several railroad companies, several chambers of commerce, a state federation of labor, oil companies, grain exchanges, furniture dealers, drug dealers, motion picture makers, motor car dealers—all

these and many others make up the list of station owners to-day. Each of them is licensed under the law and each must be liable to the Government for the conduct of its station.

What is a radio station? Is it a great convention hall containing say thirty million seats? No, not exactly.

"A radio station," one broadcasting official told me, "is, to my mind, more or less like a newspaper or a magazine. It takes on the character of what goes out over its microphone, just as *Collier's,* for instance, takes on the character of what appears in its columns.

"A radio station must have a good character. It must guard its reputation. It cannot succeed in gaining and holding friends if the owner does not understand this fact."

"But," I asked, "doesn't this guarding of reputation mean censorship?"

"No," was the reply. "As long as we stick to our formula that only reliable, reputable and representative men appear before our microphone we have no need of worrying in advance about what they are likely to say.

"It's the man behind the microphone who counts the most.

"We've passed beyond the stage where we fear that the character of the station can be harmed by controversial subjects. We find there is no subject so controversial that it cannot be put on the air provided we give all sides of it and provided the speakers are representative, dependable men.

"The time will come, I am sure, when we shall have an open forum of the air at a certain fixed hour when those who chose to listen to informative controversy and debate on all sorts of subjects may tune in.

" 'Go ahead—so long as you don't swear.' That's the only direction we try to give to radio speakers to-day and we shall always attempt to confine our advice and control within that small limit."

More than 17,000 elective, municipal, county, state and national offices were to be filled by voters in 1928. This means, perhaps, that about 28,000 pre-primary candidates were reaching us or planning to do so by radio for our primary-day votes and that some 14,000 or 15,000 duly nominated candidates were trying to reach us at our firesides by radio, as well as by other methods, in desperate pleas for our votes.

The man, woman or child who dodges politics in America hereafter will have a hard time doing it. Science, through the radio, has found a way of filling the very air with our political problems, and whether we desire it or not it is inevitable that millions of us who have never before reached political decisions will find ourselves taking sides in political controversy.

We may not vote but we can't stay away from political meetings, especially when the meetings come right into our own homes.

It's well to add up the ever-growing power of radio, not only from a political but from a mechanical viewpoint.

By the year 1932, we shall undoubtedly have convention scenes thrown on the screens in our homes; perhaps, it is true, only in rich homes, though it may be in all.

I witnessed the miracle of the largest hookup of stations, up to that time, one June evening in 1927.

It was Wall Street's Broadway, at nine o'clock of a warm evening. A few male pedestrians, in shirtsleeves, moving along, carrying their straw hats and occasionally

mopping their brows. In front of the great telephone building stood a dozen waiting young men; out of the great doorway came scores of coolly, gauzily silken-clad girls. It was evidently the shifting hour for telephone girls.

The dark old cañon brightened up for a moment, with laughter and chatter; then the young folks climbed into trolley cars, disappeared into side streets, or sank down into the subway entrances.

Old Broadway settled down again to wait for morning.

But this particular morning which Broadway awaited had already arrived. Over on the other side of the world, the day had long been born. Indeed, in Sydney, Australia, it was noon of to-morrow.

A summer Thursday evening in New York, with bedtime approaching; in Sydney a midwinter Friday noon. In the Australian city crowds in winter clothes were pouring out of the buildings into George Street, which is Sydney's Broadway, for midday lunch, while Broadway, still had eight hours to wait for sunrise.

I went into the telephone building. A guide there took me into the operating-room of the National Broadcasting Company amid an orderly tangle of wires and switchboards.

"All set for nine-eighteen," a young man in shirtsleeves said. He was giving orders to three telegraph operators, who worked at a great table.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"Why, the announcer at the stadium has told us that he thinks the two fighters will be in the ring about then."

We were on the verge of a great heavyweight fight.

"How many stations are on to-night?" I asked. He explained, fully, carefully.

"At nine-eighteen fifty-one stations will be listening in and broadcasting."

"How do you hook them up?" I asked.

"Well, these telegraph operators merely send them the signal by Morse code that at nine-eighteen the program will begin. They'll be all ready."

"But how do they get ready?" That was a question that opened floodgates of technical information.

It developed that "they," this evening, would consist of about 600 persons, scattered for the most part through the telephone offices of the land. You think this radio is "wireless," don't you? True enough, the part of it that comes to our homes is "wireless." But three sets of wires were being used to-night for this "wireless" broadcasting, connecting up the various stations.

So you see, when you are listening to a national broadcast, your mind need not necessarily go out to the ether as the sole source of what you are hearing; it ought rather to go to some telephone building nearby.

For hours, in various telephone offices, experts had been "hooking up" long-distance telephone wires, from one town to another, just as if they were going to talk across country by long distance phone.

Your broadcasting station never picks its program out of the ether. It gets the program by telephone wires from a nearby telephone office, unless it is sending out its own local program.

But there are more things to do than preparing telephone lines. There are the "repeating stations" to be prepared. The whole miracle of long-distance telephoning as well as of radio broadcasting lies in these "repeating stations."

"What's a repeating station?" I asked the young man. Out of the answer I got this:

Not all the amplfying tubes that are being used to-night are on our fieside radio sets. All along the route of the telephone trunk lines there are amplifying tubes. In the wires the impulses fade out, with distance.

These amplifying tubes are found not only in the telephone office which is sending the program to your community radio station but also in other telephone offices far distant from radio stations stretched along the way. There are literally hundreds of these "repeating stations" along the route. On the map I saw four of them between New York and Harrisburg, Pa. They are surprisingly close together. They are constantly "lifting the power"; bringing notes and tones back to their original strength.

Without these "strengthening stations," with their magic tubes (they are only a little larger than the tubes in your radio set), there could be no long-distance telephoning nor any long-distance wire transmission of radio programs.

I have said that three sets of wires are working to-night. One set, of course, is composed of the long-distance telephone wires. Another comprises telegraph wires. These telegraph wires connect all the broadcasting stations on the network. Radio hasn't killed off the old-time telegrapher with his Morse code, as yet. "Weakening" of tones or any other fault must be traced to its exact source. By means of these telegraph lines the studios can talk among themselves by Morse code.

The third set of wires is composed also of the telegraph lines that run between "repeating stations" to supervise power and see that it is kept free and full.

You can see that all the "getting ready" isn't done in

this central station alone. Fifty-one broadcasting stations have been getting ready for hours; scores of long-distance telephone switchboards have been getting ready and hundreds of "repeating stations." Telegraph circuits have been "ticking" away, checking up connections throughout the early evening; they will continue to do so, throughout the program.

This program will go around the earth to-night, but here in the United States alone, more than 15,000 miles of wire will be used in the three lines—more than enough to reach to the other side of the earth, with some left over.

"But what about this central station, after all the rest are ready?" I asked the engineer. "What do you do here to send out the program?"

"Oh," he said simply, "I just throw this little switch."

"What does that do?"

"It hooks up the stadium with the rest of the world."

The handle of that switch wasn't an inch long; it didn't look large enough to turn on the lighting system in your house.

Telegraph instruments were clicking, three operators were receiving and sending.

"Morse operators," explained the engineer. "They can talk to any station in the network."

"Nine-eighteen" came by our watches; that is, "nine-eighteen" in New York City. It was all kinds of other hours in other parts of the world—eighteen minutes past the noonday whistle in Sydney, Australia, for example.

The young man threw the little switch with a flick of his finger.

The station was filled with the roar of the announcer's voice from the ringside. I suddenly realized that the same voice was being heard throughout the nation and on

the ships perhaps of seven seas. In Sydney, Australia, the fight fans were listening to it—Sydney, where ten minutes after the fight was over newsboys were running through George Street selling extras to the crowd which read the news in a sunlight that was rushing toward us at a rate of over 1000 miles an hour but would not reach us until one-third of a day had passed.

The message reached Sydney not by wires but by short-length waves from station WGY at Schenectady, N. Y. Control of short waves, which are powerful for long distance, is small and indecisive. Reception is uncertain. When we know more about them we may be able to do away with the wires we have used this evening and be sure that our messages will reach their destinations throughout the entire earth without fail.

Free speech in the air will be an evergrowing problem. Please, Mr. Historian of the future, give this generation of mine credit for realizing, almost as soon as broadcasting became general, that free-speech problems would be as great as the mechanical problems that would arise. We started out trying to solve them and the progress of these first six years in free speech in the air has not been small.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW IN CLOTHES

by Carmel Snow

(Fashion Editor of *Vogue*)

FASHION can be an absorbing study if one considers it, not as a series of disconnected episodes, but as a slowly developing story in which one sees mirrored a changing civilization. To chronicle the fact that the winter has seen a rash of lamé blouses or an outbreak of printed silks featuring the Yale Bowl is about as intelligent as to cover last year's dramatic progress by a reference to Mae West's plays, or the phenomenal run of "Abie's Irish Rose." Such things have nothing to do with history in the large.

The fact is that 1927 has witnessed a most interesting development in a movement that began during the War —that was born of necessity rather than inspiration— that produced, in its first stage, a simplicity almost as grim as the War itself. Cloth was scarce, labor was scarce, time was harder still to find. Money was tied up in other things—but life had to go on. So Paris reduced the clothes of the feminine world to what amounted almost to a uniform—a slim little black dress, brief as possible—a plain little tight black hat that couldn't blow off—pearls as the only relief. . . . And behold, something utterly new, with a certain distinction of its own that came from the absence of all fussiness, all striving for effect, with a startling air of youth, movement and the body itself.

No matter what the War did to men, it taught women

Courtesy of *Life*

HE: WILT COME WITH ME TO THE GRAND BALL
AT THE PALACE?
SHE: ALAS—I HAVEN'T A *THING* TO WEAR

Carmel Snow gives the answer to this complaint in forthcoming pages and the damsel in distress is referred especially to page 320.

a lesson of tremendous importance, a lesson they'll never unlearn. Nobody ever again will think of clothes as designed for a creature who sits—she must walk about doing things. Nobody ever again will consider trimming as something to be added after the dress is done. Nobody ever again will go back to buying elaborate accessories for themselves alone, with no thought of the costume with which they are to be worn. Efficiency, simplicity, unity—these make for *chic*. And *chic* is the one thing sought by the modern woman when she thinks about clothes.

But, to begin with, the lesson of the War was overlearned. Having been reduced to a single level and considered *en masse* for so long, women were as slow to recover in their clothes as men in their minds. Yet recover they did. . . . While holding firmly to its lesson of simplicity, the mode began tentatively to reach out for means of diversifying it. The first step consisted in varying the color. After all, one didn't have to be in black to give the new effect. One might be all in beige, gray, green, or what not. But, from head to toe, one must look as though dipped in a dye-vat. This was the era when women ran around with little samples, desperately matching everything. It didn't require a great deal of intelligence, but much determination and endless foot-work; their maids might have done it for them.

The next season saw them attempting costumes that went a step farther toward flavoring their simplicity with a dash of imagination. There might be two or even three tones of the same color in a single costume—but two colors, never. . . . It is perhaps no coincidence that 1927, which saw the great War movies launched, proving to all the world that there *had* been such a cataclysm,

but that it was now far enough away to be talked about, also saw the liberation of the mode from the last of the monotony that accompanied the wartime simplicity. Henceforward, simplicity would remain as the foundation of all *chic*. But it would be a simplicity that possessed a higher degree of elegance than the old pre-war elaboration. Efficiency in cut would still take care of the life of to-day. But beauty would be given its rightful place as never before—beauty of the body, beauty of movement. An almost mathematical use would be made of each note in the costume. But, taken as a whole, the picture would be as highly individualized as it was perfect. A new subtlety would arise in color, a new fineness in texture. . . . To say that we have arrived is to state something never true of the human race in any field. But the close of 1927 sees us having come a long way.

One of the most interesting proofs of this—and one generally overlooked—lies in the type of women who are now concerning themselves with clothes. For almost the whole Left Wing has come over in force—women whose prototypes in the last generation would have considered themselves either too intellectual or too practical to bother about what they wore. Feeling themselves out of sympathy with the sort of thing dictated by Paris, professional women of pre-war days, business women, women in politics, science or the arts, usually dressed without reference to the mode, leaving the whole subject to the empty-headed. To-day, one rarely sees a woman of brains who is not also a woman of at least a certain degree of *chic*. Clothes have caught up with her. They suit her life. She likes them. She sees that she can use them intelligently to further her success. . . . It was the empty-headed woman who was badly dressed in 1927—

who will be badly dressed in 1928. For modern clothes call for brains to understand them, to choose them, to complete them and to wear them.

Naturally, the whole world doesn't move forward together. As in every field, there are reactionaries. There are also those who think themselves advanced when in fact they are totally out of line. But neither the reactionaries nor the freaks count for very much.

One of the greatest of the old-time corset manufacturers died last year at the age of over eighty, still firmly convinced that women would come back to wearing the steel straitjackets he used to make for his contemporaries. To show his faith by his work, he built and equipped a huge new factory to supply the expected demand—but the wheels have never turned. He, of course, is an extreme case, but many other manufacturers of stiff ornate fabrics, elaborate beaded bags, hat trimmings, hair nets, and so on, still continue to play King Canute year after year. They meet, they pass resolutions, they create merchandise, they advertise—all to no purpose.

Many dressmakers, too—some of them even in Paris—still think in terms of dowdy royalty, maidens standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, or ladies who cling to the Marcel. One sees their clientèle occasionally even on Fifth Avenue, looking at clothes with the eyes of a world totally passed into history. They always seem "dressed up"—the unpardonable sin to-day. They think of certain colors as "not belonging to my type," of certain others as "bringing out the eyes," of certain lines as "not pretty," of certain materials as "hard to wear," of black as "old"—and in all of these phrases they date themselves irrevocably. The things they like

are the things still produced by the die-hard dressmakers and manufacturers. The fact that not all of these ladies and gentlemen are old or even middle-aged according to the calendar makes it the more pathetic; they are outmoded in mind.

It would be easy to make a list of the 1927 mistakes made by and for this backward-looking group—the black coats with white fur that were worn in the spring; the large-patterned prints of the summer when Paris was all for the tiny, neat effects; the printed velvets of the winter season that looked like rainbows run through the meat-chopper; the coats with too much badger; the bracelets far too wide; the continued use of the frilly glove and the cut-out shoe. . . . But it would be just as sensible to mention "The Prisoner's Song" if one were talking of music.

At the other end of the line one sees those who think themselves advanced because they have taken certain ideas, like Vionnet's geometrical cutting, the modernist motifs of the Exhibition des Arts Decoratifs, the mode's awakening to the three-color costume, and have used them without any reference to the philosophy that produced them originally. These creators and their followers form the "Ballet Mécanique" division. Their accomplishments would include many of the printed silks of last summer and the spring of 1928, most of the dresses in which one color is used on the other in patterns having no relation to the seaming, the stockings with heels freakish in line or color, the hats where the idea appears to be to cut the felt as often as possible and apply the pieces where they fall, a great deal of the costume jewelry that has speckled discreet American bosoms this winter, and altogether too high a percentage of the pajamas that will

cause discussion on 1928 beaches. . . . Superficially, such things may appear modern. But in reality they depend for their appeal on the idea, not of clean-cut necessary line, but of trimming. Fundamentally, they are as old-fashioned as a lace bertha or an ostrich-feather boa. To the woman who understands clothes they mean nothing.

If I were asked for a test whereby a woman could determine whether she had truly modern eyes—whereby a man could decide whether he had any basis from which to criticize his wife's clothes—I should suggest that both look at a typical Louiseboulanger dress and honestly record their reactions. Do they understand it? Or do they not? If they do—they have passed. If they don't—they may know everything about politics, science, literature and ethics in their very latest developments. But they *don't* know modern clothes. Even if they despise the whole subject as a branch of the arts, they may have some respect for it when they realize that it is New York's biggest industry from the financial point of view.

Louiseboulanger mirrors the *chic,* the elegance of the very moment—like it or not. Hers is a simplicity molded into beauty—something that is far from prettiness, fussiness, freakishness or a self-conscious desire to charm as it is from the after-war severity, clipped to the last inch, that found its chief exponent in Chanel. Not that Chanel is no longer smart—not that Vionnet is no longer inspired—but that Louiseboulanger has a touch of *fantaisie,* of subtlety, of daring that Chanel is too practical, that Vionnet is too coldly restrained, to catch. The mood of each year has its supreme exponent. This year's exponent is Louiseboulanger, with her scarfs that make for the same dress a different dress with every wearing, her bows tied

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"Chic" is the one thing sought by the modern woman when she thinks about clothes, says Mrs. Snow, and an almost mathematical use is made of each note in the costume.

unexpectedly that take all *chic* from the woman who doesn't know how to adjust them and give all *chic* to the one who does, her marvelous use of color, her mastery of material to suggest an almost spiritualized slenderness even when she swathes us with yards of bouffancy in those picture frocks that seem to express our period as nothing else in clothes can do—its sophistication, its dynamic aliveness, its challenge.

Two years ago, people talked of Louiseboulanger. They said that other people said she was a great artist. But very few women felt that they themselves could wear her clothes. She was ahead of her times, painter that she was, working among the soberer etchers and engravers who thought her a little mad. Last year, those who watched the mode began to notice everything she did. To-day, no woman who professes to understand clothes fails to understand *her*. . . . Next year, another may take her place. But 1927 belongs to Louiseboulanger.

Aside from this main theme, however—the full liberation of the mode from the wartime restrictions that accompanied the learning of the great lesson of simplicity and unity of effect—there are interesting things that have happened in the world of clothes during 1927, most of which will carry over into 1928.

The Silhouette: For the last ten years, everything to do with the silhouette has been based on the idea of slenderness and youth. But the original exponents of the idea thought that the only way to express it was to use as little material as possible and as few lines. Even Chanel's two-piece dress, when it first came in four years ago, was thought to take from slenderness because it "broke the figure in two." Later, Vionnet's geometrical cutting con-

trived to mold much more fabric to the lines of the body by making a sheath that was not a sack with a string tied round it, but an amazing series of seams. At this point, rigidity finally parted from slenderness and dropped into the discard. Slenderness wasn't smart at all if it wasn't as pliant as a wreath of cigarette smoke.

During this last winter Louiseboulanger's evening dresses made all of us realize that an even greater effect of slenderness might be obtained by the use of contrast—by the alternate molding and massing of material so that the upper part of the body is daringly defined while a huge bow, yards of tulle or a breath-taking lovely fall of material gives bulk, but never weight, to the skirt. This utter definition of the figure, joined to the lack of weight, are the two things that distinguish the new picture frock from the old.

The same two ideas, much modified, have been carried out with molded body lines and circular cuts in the daytime, and the movement may well have just begun. The continued use of the cardigan and the three-quarter coat that break the up-and-down line, the tremendous vogue promised the scarf in 1928, carry at least a portion of the idea into the sports field. The silhouette seems to be growing farther and farther away from the straight-line effect; it has become utterly feminine, free and supple.

Materials: Materials are becoming softer, thinner and more pliable with every season. The vogue for tweeds that took possession of the whole of 1927 could never have gained such tremendous headway—despite the tendency of the mode toward informality for all daylight hours—if the new tweeds had been the old, stiff tweeds, grand for rough weather in the country but unsuited to town. They have become as soft as the suède-finished fabrics—

hence their versatility. The popularity of the wool dress, too, would never have been what it was if last year's crepella hadn't produced a whole school of fabrics even lighter still. Above all, transparent velvet, something that literally could be "pulled through a wedding ring" proved that even this *grande dame* among materials could reduce herself to a shadow. How much farther toward woven nothing-at-alls the manufacturers can take us next year we don't know—but we're sure that the winter of 1928 will see us badly dressed for a coal strike.

The outstanding newcomers for the summer of 1928 are all shiny materials, including even our old friend China silk, revived by Chanel—for when nobody invents a new material, the mode may always be counted on to resurrect an old one, if the material has been dead long enough and the resurrector has sufficient brains.

Color: Not only has the color mode been amazingly diversified during 1927, so that almost every section of the rainbow was smart for at least some of the daylight or the evening hours, but combinations of color became of more frequent occurrence, and colors were given a trial marriage that had never been even considered as teammates before. The outstanding example of this, perhaps, was Vionnet's use of a dark strong blue for a coat collared in red fox over a dress in brightish brown that echoed the color of the fur. Such a thing would have looked impossible in 1926; in 1927 it looked right.

In the evening, there was a strong feeling for those just-off-white shades that are so much more subtle and so infinitely more becoming than the true old "bridal white." To-day there are pink-whites, yellow-whites, burnt-whites, blue-whites, mauve-whites—to say nothing of such more decided shades as parchment, banana and

honey-beige—and among them all the woman who has followed the rage for getting and keeping herself sunburned will find what is, for her, the most flattering color in the world. This, by the way, is a 1927 fashion that will carry over into 1928.

Jewelry: Ever since simplicity became the keynote of *chic,* jewelry has been of increasing importance, because a plain dress is nothing at all until one begins adding to it. One by one, the great Paris dressmakers realized this. They not only showed their clothes with jewels—they designed the jewels themselves. As so many of the dresses furnished a perfect background for this, but not for that, jewelry became more diversified in color and line, and in the degree of its formality. Naturally, no woman could afford so much real jewelry, so imitation stones became recognized as having their legitimate place. Imitation pearls have been good form ever since the war; emeralds followed them; to-day we have all sorts of imitations, culminating in Chanel's marvelous paste—not to be worn in the daytime: ladies, please take note—which is an imitation of the diamond designed to deceive nobody but to charm every woman who sees it.

This year, however, is especially remarkable for its use of the semi-precious stones—topaz, amethyst, turquoise, jade, and the rest of them. That many women have bought these lovely bits of color as isolated ornaments rather than as deliberately chosen notes in a color symphony merely proves that there are still plenty of people who seem born to misuse their opportunities. One wishes sometimes that labels similar to those on Christmas packages could be attached to all accessories, prohibiting the buyer from unwrapping them till she can give them their predestined background.

Pajamas: It's true that the hotel dwellers even in Palm Beach still have to wear stockings—and, consequently, oughtn't to indulge in beach pajamas—but the members of the Bath and Tennis Club brought them over from the Lido last winter, and here they are, to add themselves to our other three distinct varieties: the pajamas we sleep in, the pajamas we wear in hours of relaxation, the pajamas that are formal enough for tea, even for dinner in the bosom of one's family. Nineteen-twenty-seven has seen these things lose all of their Eastern, all of their Greenwich Village, character. They are now totally modern, and the trousers of the beach variety have shrunk to a length midway between knee and ankle.

Bathing-suits: Those who swam always liked jersey. So did those who must economize. Now jersey has the sanction of the Lido, Newport and Palm Beach as the smartest material for bathing-suits, though these are rarely all in one color as the old ones were, for the trousers are darker than the upper part. Nineteen-twenty-seven saw the rage for sunburn imported from Europe; so bathing-suits were cut down in back almost to the waist in order that even dresses wouldn't show brown triangles superimposed on white skin. Even the straps of the 1928 suits slide off at the shoulders for even burning.

But what the bathing-suits themselves have gained in simplicity and brevity, the rest of the beach costume has certainly added, for the smartest 1928 suits have little coats of their own, and the lady who wishes to be quite in the movement has her bathing-rug and her cushion embroidered to match some color in her suit. With her sunhat for the shore, her rubber cap for the water, her sandals, her beach-bag, and so on, she has as elaborate an

ensemble for the bathing hour as she has for the ballroom. . . . Alas, poor Gertrude Ederle, who swam in nothing but grease!

The Hair and the Complexion: The bob, as we think, has come to stay. But not to stay always the same. For 1927 has been as distinct a movement away from severity in coiffures as in costumes. The Eton crop has come and gone; a softer mood is upon us. This, of course, is as far away from the old Marcel, that used to keep all the hairdressers going, as it is from the extreme mannishness of a year ago. A few loose negligent waves are the rule. Many heads are straight, though few with hair brushed firmly back. An occasional woman is experimenting with the little head covered with tiny curls. But all coiffures are still trim and small in effect.

As was said last year at this time, many of the younger girls have decided not to bob. The bob is youthful—but they already have all the youth they need. Why copy their elders? Their hair, however, is thinned out in the prevailing fashion, done in a small chignon low on the neck, and the outline of the head is much the same. When the years increase, the chignon will go.

As for complexions, the sun of the Lido has shone on all of us, even on those who have never seen Europe, for powders are distinctly darker all round. Rouge has almost passed out; if it is used at all, it must be so discreetly managed that no one knows it. Lips, on the contrary, are brighter than cherries. If there is a woman in America who doesn't make up her mouth, she must have been bedridden for the last twelve months.

Skirts and Sleeves: It would appear that skirts have gone down. In reality, they are just where Paris said they ought to have been last year—where ladies, in fact,

decreed that they must remain. The extremists are slowly realizing that theirs were too high—for which thank heaven. In the evening, all hemlines are uneven, which certainly makes for grace in dancing.

As for sleeves, after having covered our arms during the daytime for several years, no matter how hot it was, we permitted Chanel's sleeveless tennis to bring them out into the open a year ago. The movement continues—thanks to the sunburn vogue—though of course such frocks do not appear on the street in town. At the same time, it is amusing to note that Vionnet has disinterred the long-sleeved nightgown from its Rip Van Winkle retirement, and many of the *ultra-chic* are taking it up. One doubts, however, whether this will ever be a popular fashion. Things which interfere with the comfort of the modern woman rarely get very far.

Gluyas Williams in *The New Yorker*

INFLUENCE OF THE HUDDLE SYSTEM ON A BIG BUSINESS CONFERENCE

Good generalship is all we need, says Mr. Brown, to win the business game again, this year.

BREAKERS AHEAD?

by Henry Shipman Brown

ONCE again the pessimists have been disappointed. At the close of 1927, prosperity is still with us. Theorists who insist upon regarding the immediately preceding years as boom years are still awaiting their long-expected depression. The predicted stifling of our foreign trade by European competition has not yet occurred. To industries that in recent years were laggards, there has come appreciable improvement. Commodity prices have at last interrupted—perhaps ended—their long downward journey. Our security markets have touched higher levels than ever before.

And yet at the close of the year there are more pessimists than at the beginning. Let us see what justification for their views we can find.

There are those who are pessimists by nature. To them, prosperity is always a thing of the past. Hard times are always lying in wait for us just around the corner. Others judge the present condition of the business and financial world and its immediate prospect by the status of their own ill-managed affairs. Still others survey the charted records of the past and seek to determine the outside limit of our present prosperity by means of a foot-rule. They tell us that by all precedent we have reached the end of this era of good times. They talk about action and reaction and business cycles as though prosperity were regulated by some simple formula that even a child could read.

Such pessimists need not concern us. But there are others, economists, statisticians, business and financial men, who tell us that our prosperity seems to be getting tired and who give us concrete reasons for so thinking. They point to such facts as these:

All over the country owners of buildings have excess space to let. Rents, especially for high-class apartments and the most desirable business locations, are declining. Merchants and manufacturers have no trouble in securing goods and raw material; but in many lines they are finding it increasingly difficult to secure purchasers. During the year just closed, most corporations have earned somewhat less than in 1926.

Looking into the future, these pessimists see additional difficulties arising from the eventual exodus from this country of a considerable amount of gold. They tell us that Henry Ford's plans for the future are liable to upset the entire automobile industry. They fret over the presidential election of 1928. They pass sleepless nights—as so often since 1919—worrying about European competition.

Now if recent years had witnessed an old-fashioned business boom, these facts and future possibilities might well frighten us. But as far as the business world itself is concerned, we have had no such boom. There has been no piling up of inventories. Commodity prices, until very recently, have been declining, not advancing. Money rates have been low.

If we turn to the stock market, however, we find an altogether different picture. Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven will go down in Wall Street history as a big boom year. Upon the prolonged and justified ad-

vance of recent years there was superimposed a period of rampant speculation.

There exists, of course, the widely spread and loudly preached theory that the stock market of 1927 was not highly speculative. We are told by the adherents to this theory that the unprecedented high prices of the year were due solely to the extraordinary pressure of funds seeking investment. The United States, they argue, has become the great creditor nation of the world. Twenty-five years ago, when England was the great creditor nation and in the full stride of her financial manhood, her sound investment stocks sold to yield less than four per cent. British consols sold to yield less than two and one-half per cent. Since the United States has replaced England as the world's main reservoir of capital, it is maintained that similar low yields for sound investment stocks should obtain here.

The apologists for the wild stock market of 1927 have let their wish be father to their thought. Money and credit abhor idleness, it is true; but they do not necessarily seek investment. They seek employment, which can be quite another thing.

The safety first policy characteristic of the typical investor did not prevail during 1927. At all times it was possible to buy high grade bonds and preferred stocks that would yield more than the stock market favorites of the day. Such a condition, of course, is not unusual in a bull market. Nor would it in itself signify that speculative demand rather than investment demand was the main force in pushing the market upward. A man does not cease to be an investor and become a speculator simply because he prefers a standard common stock yielding four per cent to a much safer bond or preferred stock

yielding four and one-half. He may believe, with reason on his side, that a period of business expansion is just ahead and that the common stock will shortly pay him extra or increased dividends. But neither the apologists for the 1927 advance nor other optimists have been predicting any such period of expansion. On the contrary, economists and statisticians of all schools tell us that the United States will do well if it continues the rate of industrial activity existing the last two years; a rate which in many fields has broken all previous records.

For the most part, the people who bought stocks in 1927 bought them in the expectation of selling out at a profit. They sought neither safety nor income yield. They speculated.

It was a reckless market. Among the features were common stocks that did not pay nor promise to pay a dollar in dividends. One star performer sold at two hundred and sixty-five dollars a share, at a yield of less than two and one-half per cent; in spite of the fact that the company was not sharing in the general prosperity of the country and had not for several years. As a matter of fact, during much of the year it was operating at only ten per cent of capacity. Speculative possibilities in connection with the company's real estate holdings was the freely acknowledged impetus for this extraordinary advance that more than doubled its market value.

In other stocks, fantastic merger possibilities were utilized to force advances that in some cases doubled and trebled prices already considered unjustifiably high by many observers. The magic names of Morgan, Baker, Dupont, and Mellon were unscrupulously and boldly used by manipulators to aid speculative enterprises that Dan Drew himself would have hesitated to foster. Ten,

fifteen, even twenty point advances, in a day were frequent. Brokers' loans broke all previous high records by several hundred million dollars. Speculative gossip was heard on every side, miles from Wall Street itself.

It is an axiom of speculation that the top is never discernible until prices have receded a long distance from it. The climax of this speculative frenzy may have been reached before these lines are being written; it may not be reached until after they are read. But this much is sure. There must be a day of reckoning.

Wall Street speculators are engaged in the occupation of taking in each other's washing. To-day there is more such laundry than ever before, and more speculators. Many of the men who are now getting a living out of stock market fluctuations are new at the game. In pre-war days, not every Tom, Dick and Harry could become a member of a speculative pool. In the last two years there have been pool managers themselves whose stock market experience dates back only to the dawn of the Coolidge bull market.

Business can be tranquil and yet profitable to business men. The stock market cannot be tranquil and be profitable to Wall Street. New York has become too much the financial center of the world for its security markets ever to know again the long, extremely dull periods they have known at times in years gone by. But speculative excesses will have to be corrected in the future as in the past. The present generation of market manipulators and their followers will have to learn a disagreeable lesson.

But it does not follow that either a collapse or a long depression in speculative stock prices will spell disaster to the nation as a whole. Business conditions that usually

accompany stock market inflation have been absent. Business conditions that usually accompany stock market deflation should also be absent.

Nor will the legitimate investment market suffer substantially. Most members of the public who buy speculative securities at high prices are well aware that they are playing with fire. It is their unfortunate delusion, however, that they know how to handle fire. Ask the statistical department of any brokerage house what percentage of requests for information come from people who are considering the purchase of a stock and what percentage come from those who have already purchased and find themselves with a paper loss. The people who keep these statistical departments alive and active are what Wall Street bears gleefully call "involuntary investors." They enter the market to speculate—conservatively, perhaps; nevertheless, to speculate. Presently, they find themselves unable to get out with a profit. Unless forced to do so by exhausted margin, few of them sell out and take their loss. They become involuntary investors. Their safes are the final lodging-places of the forgotten favorites of yesterday's bull markets. When the end of the frenzy comes, they pay—not for their ignorance but for their folly. We have but little sympathy for them.

Unfortunately, we have in this country a new class of genuine but uneducated investors who indirectly participated in and accelerated the 1927 speculative advances without the slightest intention of speculating at all.

There were formed and sold to the public during the past year a large number of so-called "Investment Trusts." To a legitimate, well-managed Investment Trust there can be no objection. It is an excellent de-

vice for giving the small investor the same diversification that is available to the large investor. With a hundred dollars, or even much less, he can purchase a participation in twenty, fifty, or even a hundred different stocks. Unfortunately, however, the word "Investment" as applied to many of these Trusts issued during 1927 was a misnomer. The closing months of the year brought many warnings against them from responsible bankers and others.

Many of these Trusts included highly speculative securities that had already risen to previously undreamed of heights. Even where they included only investment and semi-investment securities, the prices paid were so high as to preclude the possibility of the purchasers of the Trusts securing any bargains.

At its worst, the Investment Trust is simply an unscrupulous mechanism for unloading otherwise undigestible securities upon an unsuspecting public. The well-timed purchase of a few thousand shares of a given stock on the New York Stock Exchange will advance the price several points. That is one thing. To get rid of the several thousand shares at a profit is another. But supposing the stock so purchased is put into an Investment Trust along with other issues similarly purchased, and the Investment Trust sold to the public at a price based on the top eighth paid for each of the component securities, plus a charge for expense? As a method for unloading securities without depressing the price, such an Investment Trust is the last word in efficiency.

It is hard to separate the sheep from the goats. Nor is this the place to do it. One ominous fact should be pointed out, however: the overwhelming number of these Investment Trusts sold to the public during this year of

high prices compared with the small number of similar offerings during preceding years of lower prices.

For these Investment Trusts there exists no organized trading market. In a period of declining stock prices they will be difficult to sell. They have attracted a vast public, many members of which could not or would not enter the stock market itself. Many of these financially uneducated investors are headed for a rude awakening.

To pass from direct consideration of the stock market and its attendant evils:

Alarm has been expressed by various economists and bankers over the effect of the possible sudden withdrawal of large quantities of gold from this country. There are foreign deposits in our banks aggregating a billion and a half. These deposits are probably earning less than four per cent. In view of the fact that they were accumulated by means of foreign borrowings in this country at the rate of approximately six per cent, at first thought the wonder is that our banks have not long since been called upon to transfer the gold equivalent to Europe.

The apparent loss to Europe of the difference between six per cent and four per cent is compensated for by the saving of charges for handling, transporting, storing abroad and safeguarding. To meet future payments of indebtedness to this country, both interest on private loans and instalments on account of foreign government debts to the United States, Europe will need large balances in this country. The expense of withdrawing gold from us now would in many cases be topped by the later expense of shipping it back here to meet these obligations.

Except as some unforeseen crisis abroad may arise, it is doubtful that we shall see any sudden withdrawal of

gold in the near future. The gradual seeping from us of large quantities is, of course, another matter. We cannot go on importing gold forever. Nor do we want to. It were far better for us if the tide had turned a little the other way some time ago. Then, possibly, we might have escaped the stock market orgy of 1927.

To the long-continued importation of gold may be attributed indirectly the general reduction during the year of Federal Reserve rediscount rates, a move generally believed to have been made for the precise purpose of turning the tide of gold from us.

There has existed almost from its inception a difference of opinion in high places as to the proper functions of our Federal Reserve System. Various events of 1927 have brought this dispute to a head. The action of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington in lowering the rediscount rate of the Chicago Reserve Bank, against the wishes of the directors of that bank, will probably furnish a pretext for certain members of Congress to attempt a general overhauling of the machinery. Shall the Federal Reserve System be an aggressive worker for what it believes to be the best financial interests of the whole nation, or shall it be passive, an institution to be called upon chiefly in emergencies? Shall it lead, or shall it follow? Shall it use its power and influence to help Europe become financially stable, or not? The dispute between Chicago and Washington is obviously a minor matter.

It is extremely doubtful, however, if Congress will take any immediate action on the matter. Nineteen twenty-eight is a presidential year. There are conventions to be held, platforms to be drawn up, campaigns to be waged. There are far easier and more lucrative ways

of winning votes than tinkering with the Federal Reserve System.

As far as the coming election itself is concerned, the world of business and finance is not seriously uneasy. No William Jennings Bryan is threatening to storm successfully the citadel. To be sure, President Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" announcement brought an overnight break of many points in the stock market. But the disturbance was momentary. The complete unexpectedness of the news was a shock to a highly sensitive, speculative market; that is all.

There is the feeling, of course, that Mr. Coolidge may yet be drafted. But if not Coolidge, who? Hoover, Hughes, Dawes, Lowden? Individual business men have their preferences. In the East, of course, Mr. Lowden is not a favorite. But he is not looked upon with fear and loathing. Not even the only Democrat who Wall Street and business generally think has any possible chance of defeating any candidate the Republican party may nominate—Governor Smith of New York—is considered a menace.

As far as a possible increase in the number of Democratic senators and congressmen is concerned, these gentlemen for a long time have been feared far less than certain members of the Republican party itself. And there seems no reason to believe that this radical strength will be dangerously increased in the next Congress.

Any uneasiness that may be felt regarding election possibilities is compensated for by the prospect of additional tax reduction. There will be but little opposition to some sort of lowering of the rates. The only questions are: Who will get the reduction? How much of a one will they get?

Politically, the tariff in this country has long since ceased to be an honest issue between the two major parties. But it is still very close to the heart—and pocketbook—of both business men and bankers.

A year ago, a group of American financiers expressed themselves quite earnestly and in all sincerity on the evils of tariff walls in Europe. They pointed out that the economic restoration of Europe was being seriously interfered with by the innumerable tariff walls that were then being thrown around the different countries.

These American financiers were far more interested in the economic recovery of Europe itself than most Europeans. On this side of the Atlantic Ocean we think of Europe as an entity—in quite a different sense from a purely geographical one. The men who were building European tariff walls were not thinking of Europe at all. Each was thinking of his own country. A device that seemed partly responsible for the great prosperity of the United States might possibly perform a miracle —not for Europe, but for the tariff maker's own country.

During the latter part of 1927, the tariff again became a front page news item for our newspapers. Editorial pages carried long discussions about it. European countries have begun to adopt new methods of tariff retaliation toward us.

A tariff wall around a large, self-sustaining country like the United States is one thing; a similar wall around each and every one of the geographically small countries of Europe is another. European economists and politicians are now suggesting the possibility of a federation of European nations for tariff purposes, a federation that would build a single protecting wall against the United States. The possibility of such a federation is far too remote for

it to be worth while to consider here the effect upon this country. But there are other possibilities. There is, for example, the recent action of France in increasing its duties on importations from the United States while lowering them on those from Germany. It is the belief of many observers that this is the first of many such moves.

The depressing effect of such European action upon our foreign trade is obvious.

Should any such general European discrimination against us come to pass, the tariff will be restored to its former political status. There will be revealed some startling changes in the political line-up of big financial interests. New York has become the financial center of the world. Its international bankers in many cases have become far too interested in the industrial welfare of Europe to aid our own industries in any retaliatory effort to obtain higher tariff protection than they already have.

Unless there is an actual lowering of our own tariff wall, however, there can be but little fear of European competition within our own borders. It is in our foreign markets that there is cause for some anxiety. And it is not only possible tariff discrimination we have to worry about.

In the past, we have often lost to European competition by our unwillingness to find out exactly what was wanted. We have sought at times to impose our own standards upon possible customers who had standards of their own. We have learned some bitter lessons. Now when we send collars to South American countries we have sense enough to mark the sizes according to the South American system, not our own. We employ Chinese artists to design patterns for floor coverings that will be attractive for their purpose, not repellent, to our Chinese customers. We try to send abroad salesmen who are more than salesmen, men

who are at ease socially in cultured company. We send salesmen, too, who can speak the language of the country to which they are going. It is only a few years ago that we often failed to do all these things, and lost trade accordingly. Even now we have much to learn in these directions; and at present our foreign salesmen have the added obstacle of a wide-spread unfriendliness toward the United States. Fortunately, this unfriendliness is accompanied by a growing desire for some of the very things that the United States leads the world in manufacturing. The Americanization of the world goes on apace.

It remains to be seen, however, to what extent our own manufacturers will profit by this growing desire. Europe is adopting our methods of quantity production. Her engineers inspect our mines and factories and study our methods of creating and utilizing electric current. Her labor leaders and employers alike ponder the seeming paradox of our co-existing high wages and large profits.

This is all very complimentary; but it, too, forecasts far stiffer competition for our foreign trade than now exists. We shall have to gird up our loins to meet it.

During most of 1927, the factories of our own leading exponent of quantity production and ultra-modern efficiency were closed. No one fact accounts so largely for the slight slowing down of business during much of the year. The productivity of the Ford plants when operating at capacity is almost half that of all the automobile factories of the world. The humble Ford car as we have known it in the past possessed a Gargantuan appetite for steel, lumber, glass, textiles, coal, and rubber. For the satisfaction of this appetite, railroads and steamships toiled by day and by night.

It is an extraordinary tribute to the country's confidence

in Mr. Ford's genius that orders for several hundred thousand cars—many of them accompanied by cash deposits—should have been placed for the new models before the public had seen a sample car or even learned the specifications or price.

There is good reason to believe that the demands of this new model upon other industries will take up a large part of any general business slack that 1928 might otherwise witness. Other automobile manufacturers who have profited by the Ford company's many months of inactivity will, of course, suffer somewhat. But in view of the large number of advance orders received for the new models it would seem that instead of buying substitute cars the majority of Ford devotees simply made their old cars do a little longer.

Another aid in sustaining business and industrial activity during the coming year will be the rehabilitation of the flooded districts of the Mississippi Valley, together with such engineering projects as will be attempted to prevent future floods.

The flood itself had no important adverse effect upon the business life of the country. The sufferings of individual men and women and their personal property losses were appalling; but the devastated regions and the people inhabiting them were far removed from the complex and delicate mechanism of our modern industrial life.

The coming rehabilitation of this territory will undoubtedly be much more than the word connotes. Its people will establish themselves eventually in newer and better homes. The days of isolation and standing still that many of them have known for so many generations are over. The flood has brought them more than water and

desolation; it has brought them the twentieth century and progress.

The flood's most direct effect upon our national business welfare was to reduce considerably the year's cotton crop. It was not the sole cause of the upswing in cotton prices, of course, but it helped materially. The bumper crop of 1926 brought cotton down close to the level of ten cents a pound. The short crop of 1927 brought it back above twenty cents. At ten cents a pound most cotton growers stood to lose heavily. At twenty cents, their profits were substantial. All agitation for government aid in holding cotton of the market vanished. Those who owned the heavy carry-over from the previous year's crop found themselves blessed by fortune instead of cursed.

In the agricultural west, agitation for government subsidies of one kind or another still continues. But the farmer has improved his position materially this last year. The rise in the general level of commodity prices which set in during the summer was due in a large measure to increasing prices for a variety of farm products. During the last half of the year, grain prices as a whole compared very favorably with those prevailing the preceding year. At the same time, the total harvestings promised to be considerably larger. Cattle, too, brought much higher prices than in a long time.

Another reflection of the improved condition of agriculture was the increasing volume of business done by the farmer's favorite merchants—the mail order houses.

The slight decline in rents during 1927, so harped upon by the pessimists, is not worrying the average business man. On the contrary, and naturally, of course, he deems it to his benefit. Nor are legitimate, long-established real estate operating companies expressing any concern. The

decline has served to check the purely speculative building that has been going on. Too many buildings erected in recent years were planned by men who had no desire to operate them when completed. If possible, they sold out at a profit long before completion. There were countless cases of the ownership of such speculative buildings changing hands many times during the process of erection. The discouragement of this class of construction work is highly desirable. Rent reduction will have to go considerably further to interfere seriously with our real prosperity.

Perhaps the best concise summing up of the business year just closed would be to say that our most prosperous industries showed a slight tapering off in activity and profits while the most backward industries showed an improvement. Exceptions could be found, of course. The oil situation seems as bad as ever. On the other hand, chain stores again broke all previous sales records. But in the main the picture suggested is true. This double tendency is in line with the general tranquillizing of business that has been going on in the country ever since the depression of 1920.

No one individual has contributed so largely to the success of this process as the late Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation. It has been said of him since his death that his loss will be felt more by the steel industry as a whole than by the United States Steel Corporation itself.

Judge Gary's efforts and those of the men he chose to work with him squeezed the water out of the company he so long and ably directed. The United States Steel Corporation became an industrial triumph. Other men, however, have taken other watered companies and have

achieved similar success. But Judge Gary did far more than that. He sought at all times the ultimate welfare of the whole steel industry and all its allied lines. He was often in a position where, by cut-throat competition, his company could have easily forced competing companies to the wall. He never took advantage of that position to do so. On the other hand, he also refused repeatedly and with equal broad-mindedness to boost prices for all the traffic would stand. He wanted to see his own company, his own industry, and business as a whole proceed on an even keel. He relished a boom no more than he did a panic.

Only with the fact of Judge Gary's stabilizing influence in mind can it be understood why his death brought an immediate swift advance in the market price of the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation itself accompanied by a decline in the price of the common stocks of competing companies. Both price movements reflected professional Wall Street's appraisal of the effect of his death upon the steel industry. It remains to be seen whether professional Wall Street is right. It is habitually given to extravagances. Certainly there has been revealed to date of writing nothing that would indicate the intention of Judge Gary's successors to wander very far from the path he long ago chose and so wisely followed to the last.

If the pessimists are right in their predictions and there is serious trouble immediately ahead for the business and industry of this country, then such trouble is not of the making of the business men themselves. They have managed their affairs well this last year. They have permitted themselves few excesses—unlike their Wall Street friends. Their hand to mouth policy of buying has continued.

They have utilized the overflowing credit resources of the country to improve their financial position rather than to expand. High interest obligations have been refunded.

Unquestionably, however, the close of the year leaves us no such clear picture of the immediate future as did the close of 1926. Not even the pessimists are as definite in their predictions as in the past. They profess to see sore spots in the present, and difficulties arising in the future; but the exact nature of the calamity they allege awaits us they do not say. They even hesitate to call it a calamity at all. They speak in vague terms. Time was when the pessimists would openly predict bank runs, passing of dividends and bankruptcy on all sides. And sometimes many of their predictions so definitely made came to pass.

The truth is, there are many conflicting tendencies at work. During the year we had unparalleled stock market expansion accompanied by a slight contraction of business activity. On the books of many corporations we have had for some years a steady decrease in unfilled orders accompanied by a gradual increase in both volume of business and profits. We have become the great lending nation of the world; and yet vast quantities of gold have been poured into our own stock market by European investors and speculators. In more than one given industry we have had one company prospering beyond all past records while at the same time others were hovering on the threshold of receivership. Things often seem to be going two ways at once, of late, in the world of business.

Faced with such confusing facts, both pessimists and optimists are chary of making definite statements regarding the future. In both camps the oldtime business cycle theory is being discarded. Not the moon, nor the sun

spots, but man's own deeds and misdeeds have caused the great tidal movements of our business and financial history. Such, at least, is the business philosophy of most Americans to-day.

Business will continue to have its ups and downs; but the American business man cherishes the apparently justified belief that he has learned sufficient wisdom from the past to make them ripples and waves—not tides.

No doubt there are breakers ahead; but then, there always are. We see them more readily to-day because we are better equipped to see them. We are sailing on a good ship. We have sailed on far worse ones in past years and have skirted close to breakers in comparison to which the ones now visible ahead are scarcely breakers at all. All we need to escape serious trouble is a continuance of the same seamanship that has steered us so well through the past few years.

Ellison Hoover in *Life*

A CHAPLIN REVIVAL

Central Europe thinks our films are brutal, says Mr. Hovey.

FILMS THE WORLD OVER

by Carl Hovey

THE designation of this chapter, "Films the World Over," is not to be taken to mean that a review of the picture houses from Minneapolis to Madagascar or from San Francisco to Pekin is to follow.

Yet it would be interesting and it would be news; for although the tastes and the reactions of our own countrymen are very nearly the same wherever pictures are shown throughout the United States, the rest of the world takes its screen entertainment according to its kind, and some of the results are unexpected. For example, our Spanish atmosphere in pictures charms our fellow countrymen, but when the same films are shown in Madrid or Buenos Ayres the audiences do not feel quite at home. They complain that the Mexicans and Indians which Hollywood conveniently uses to play Spaniards are not a bit Spanish. It may have been a fair revenge for some of our scenes of English society that a British company sent us a Western of their own make with the cowboys wearing Tyrolean hats, feather and all.

Accuracy of detail is not, of course, the chief thing at stake when American films reach foreign audiences—more important are the differences between the local and the American way of living. The Germans, and indeed most European peoples, take out their animosities and antagonisms in good old-fashioned cursing and plenty of it; but a German will go through his whole life and

never see a blow struck. Consequently those whacks on the head and red-blooded he-man fist-fights which our pictures are full of make Central-European audiences profoundly unhappy. Such brutality! Their censors cut it out. Again, our expert Hollywood way of telescoping unessential action and getting quickly to the point of a scene quite frequently leaves foreign audiences in a daze for lack of understanding what it all means. We show a murder committed in a house, a character going to telephone—and in a few moments the police are coming down the street. When this scene is shown in Indianapolis the alert and picture-wise audience is with you, or even ahead of you, for they know what the symbols mean. But in any city of Central Europe, where the inhabitants do not have telephones in their houses and have never heard of calling up the police, the whole scene is a conundrum.

Yet they go to see our films; more and more they go to them in every country of the world.

This consciousness of a world market, penetrating the producing studios in Hollywood and the offices of bankers in New York, is having a sobering, almost a solemn, effect on the picture business. Hollywood is making the films of the world. An arresting thought. Nearly half of the gross business of our American films consists of receipts from foreign houses.

A chart has just been issued by the motion picture section of our Department of Commerce showing how theaters and seating are distributed in various parts of the globe:

Regions	*Population*	*Theaters*	*Seats*	*Capital Invested*
All America ...	207,000,000	25,000	11,000,000	$1,700,000,000
Europe	451,000,000	22,000	9,000,000	1,000,000,000
Australia	8,000,000	1,200	350,000	10,000,000
Africa	132,000,000	800	200,000	2,000,000
Asia	995,000,000	3,000	600,000	3,000,000
	1,793,000,000	52,000	21,150,000	$2,715,000,000

These unromantic numerals nevertheless suggest opportunities for golden ventures as simple and colossal as those of the days of the pioneer trading companies which penetrated and conquered the Orient and our own Northwest. Some one has to make the pictures to be shown in the fifty-two thousand theaters of the present, and that is only of this year; there will be more theaters and there must be more pictures to run in them. Now Hollywood has the call. Ninety per cent of the pictures shown in these theaters are made in the level stretch of blooming California desert that lies between Cahuenga Pass and the Culver City hills.

It seems strange, this building of theaters all over the world to show Hollywood pictures. It might be expected that picture entertainment would grow up with the country, would be conceived and executed locally, as books, plays, music, are.

As a matter of fact, pictures are made everywhere, but they are not made well or successfully except in Hollywood, in the by and large. From the curious films of China, in which the actors make up only the full face in front of the ears, so that a chance profile gives the effect of a mask, to the grandiloquent and overcostly German prints, or the staid and faithful but uninspired British war propaganda, films are produced in other countries than America only to find less favor with their own

audiences than those we make over here. What they like in our films is the action. American motion pictures move.

Germany has made a great effort; the reputation of Ufa, spread by such fine films as "Variety" and "The Last Laugh," has an impressiveness out of all proportion to the real accomplishment of the company. Ufa was started by Ludendorff in 1916 for the purpose of propaganda and received the joint backing of the government and the great Deutsche Bank. Money has been poured out by the millions and very little of it ever came back in the form of profit. Too many men in control were arty and theoretic; they shot over the heads of the public they sought to entertain. Few Ufa pictures made successes at the box-office even in Germany. "The Last Laugh" failed completely except in sophisticated centers like Berlin. The gigantic film "Metropolis" proved a failure: its creators shot at the moon, achieving reels and reels of tremendously expensive scenes without a coherent or an interesting story. Recently the Deutsche Bank accepted its losses and closed out its connection with Ufa and the company was sold to the proprietor of a chain of newspapers. There are other companies, less known and sometimes more successful, but the typical picture producer in Germany to-day is the small independent, than which the moth which flutters around the flame has no more uncertain hold on life.

Nevertheless, the present weakness of foreign films is not an augury of the future. In actual quantity Germany produced about half of the films that were shown last year to the home market. And it is being forcibly brought home to us by such aggressive governmental measures as the German Contingent and the British Film Quota,

acts which limit by the law the preponderance of American pictures, that we are not going to be permitted to hold our present position without a contest. The British Film Quota bill, which had been in discussion in Parliament since last spring, was finally passed in November. It provides that seven and a half per cent of all films rented and exhibited must be British. This percentage is to be increased two and one-half per cent annually until 1935, when the quota of British films will be twenty-five per cent. In order that there shall be no mistake about it, the bill carefully defines what the word "British" means as applied to the making of a picture: seventy-five per cent of all labor costs, with the exception of the salary of the star, must go to British subjects living in the British Empire.

The natural desire of foreign producers to control their own home market is one of the powerful forces in operation; the discovery that motion pictures are in a broad sense national business propaganda, that the trade follows the film, is another. Recently a picture was shown in the larger cities of China, in which the best-dressed woman character of the piece wore a feather boa. At once orders began to pour in through the foreign branch of an American department store for thousands of dollars' worth of feather boas like the one worn by the star. On the screen everywhere they see alluringly presented details of American clothes and luxuries, the hundred and one conveniences of life which are ordinary matters in the American home; an advertisement on a few spools of film initiates the inhabitants of the farthest corners of the world. Other countries can hardly continue to take this sort of thing lying down; they are, in fact, casting about for any and every means to meet what is so

often patriotically referred to as the "menace of American motion pictures."

One deadly weapon lies close at hand—censorship. Fifty foreign countries have these institutions, which are like gateways through which our pictures must pass in order to gain entrance into the country. A censor board has unlimited powers and may easily assume the functions of a court, with the ability to punish any company that offends, or is said by some one to offend. Already the more rabid opponents of American films are calling for official help from their local censors to keep them out and replace them with the home product.

Censorship has become the bugbear of the industry both at home and abroad. Our local censorship boards have increased to such numbers that they now cover thirty-five per cent of the entire exhibition territory in the United States. Whatever good they have done by eliminating coarseness from pictures has been more than offset by stupid rulings which spring from stodgy and unimaginative minds. It is not to the interest of the public who go to see motion pictures to have them edited after they leave the studio by comparatively uninformed and untrained outsiders. There were reasons for censorship in the beginning: lack of judgment, lack of taste and sense were shown from time to time by individual producers who possessed more energy than capacity for building up a public good-will. The time, however, has come when we should do away with the unfortunate practice of turning over the carefully wrought pictorial compositions of to-day to committees of amateur editors to do what they like with. The odd thing is that the expense of local censorship is borne by the picture industry itself; it costs millions each year.

Within the last few months the producers themselves have become aroused to the point of doing something to relieve the industry of this old man of the sea. They have placed at Hollywood an organization to handle censorship questions with the studios, and at the head of this group a first-rate man, Col. Jason Joy.

The aim of this move is to reduce the censorable elements in our films to a minimum and at the same time to create a means through which censor boards may be induced to listen to reason when their actions are unfair. The recognition of the need for something of the sort is characteristic of the canny state of mind which is penetrating all branches of the picture business.

All the while that the immense and bizarre factory of Hollywood has been turning out motion pictures, and many remarkable ones, there has been going on in rooms and meeting-places more or less removed from the roar of the machine a quiet examination of ways and means, a shrewd investigation of the possibilities of the future, and considerable penetrating criticism of the present organization of affairs. The business has grown so tremendously, it has attained a giant stature in such a very few years, it is now spreading so rapidly over the entire face of the globe, that motion pictures are ranked a commercial miracle of which bankers and governments are only too well aware.

A few years ago Cecil B. deMille was making flickers in a barn and motion pictures were a scarcely accredited gamble. Now, at a picture opening, arclights rend the sky and the police line up the crowds as for a coronation, and after it is over a wire goes to Wall Street telling how the picture was received. No one will be so foolish as to say that the old adventurous days of the movie are over,

but it is plainly true that the time of settling down to conservative methods such as are common to great industries has come. This is a picturesque and a long-time task. The wild growth of the business necessitated sketchy methods which got results; extravagance in money-spending was a sign of health and vigor. To tame the giant and make a gentleman of him without sapping his vitality is a task that needs genius—or superb common sense. The proof that the latter factor at least is in operation is that nobody has mentioned the words "efficiency expert."

The impossibility of standardizing and blue-printing the major portion of the processes of turning out motion picture entertainment is proved a hundred times in an hour on every picture lot, and it is because the human factor dominates all others. Also, just as it is impossible to reduce creative work, that of actors, directors, writers, to standard units of production, so it is equally unreasoning to look for exact results where such fickle matters as weather, location conditions and the rest of it are concerned. Each picture as started leaves on a set schedule, but its adventures on the way to completion and success resemble more one of the voyages of the old sailing ships than a modern steamer passage.

Now, what with the use of more expensive people and materials and the urge to produce finer and finer results, the cost of making pictures is on the increase to such an extent that the item threatens the profits. Early in the summer the financial powers in the East took up the subject of picture costs and decided that the time had come to reduce them. Under the leadership of Jesse Lasky, of Paramount, a ten per cent cut of all the salaries in the industry above fifty dollars a week was proposed, and partially put into effect. It was asked that the cut be

made voluntary, and leaders in the business led the way by reducing their own salaries ten per cent. In the Hollywood studios the news of the salary cut spread like a summer fog and hung over the picture lots like a pall.

A great many of the people, probably a majority of those on the studio pay-rolls, were willing to accept the cut and to give up their ten per cent without an argument. Their attitude was that the decision had been made and there was nothing to be done about it. But there were a number of high-priced actors and directors who refused to see the necessity for the cut. If pictures were getting too expensive, they argued, it was not their fault, but rather it was due to lack of economy in the planning and handling of the operations by the producers themselves. That there was room for improvement on the side of the producers no one could deny. It looked as though a pretty debate would take place, with the onlookers slackening off work while it went on. But the issue was wiped out overnight by the producers' decision to postpone the cut and turn the whole matter over to a new organization —the Motion Picture Academy—to discuss and settle.

The full name of the new institution is The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences and it is a sort of league composed of the staff members of the producing studios and classified in branches or guilds according to the class of work they do. There are five branches—producers, actors, directors, writers, and technicians. Each branch has a considerable membership made up of people who are rated important in their connection with the picture business. In fact as well as in intent the Academy represents the studios. Accordingly, when the question of the cut was passed on to the Academy the ensuing examination of studio methods was conducted by

persons who knew from daily working experience what they were talking about. Some of these meetings, which were held during the cool hours of windless Hollywood summer nights, had anything but a sub-tropical languor about them—they contained as many earnest confessions and deliverances of the soul as a Billy Sunday revival. When everything had been gone over and such wisdom as was forthcoming had been distilled from the flow of words and argument, the results were presented at a dress-coated dinner at a downtown hotel, where all branches were assembled. The actors, directors, writers and technicians severally presented their solutions of the problem of economy—and the producers received their pledges to carry them out. And from that moment everybody went back to work.

Leaving the economic and practical episodes of the year, we come to the artistic results; they have been exemplified by numerous striking pictures, as diversified and in some instances as impressive as any that have ever been made. The most important picture in the force of its impact on the public has been undoubtedly Cecil B. deMille's production of "The King of Kings," which opened at the Gaiety Theater in New York during April, and was still running on Broadway at the close of the year. Soon after its New York opening, "The King of Kings" was made the first picture in Sid Grauman's new Chinese Theater in Hollywood, and for several months it remained the focal picture attraction for Los Angeles and all the surrounding towns. The picture established itself at once as an eminently satisfying and beautiful screen version of the life of Christ, giving in full measure the simple pathos and tragic sublimity of the New Testament story. It is the one motion picture which nobody

must miss, and which probably everybody will see; no reasonable limit can be set to its life on the screen. The importance of the subject together with the masterly way the picture was made place it in a class apart. The action of the London County Council in suspending its rule forbidding a representation of Christ on the screen, and permitting the showing of "The King of Kings" by special license is an example of the kind of reception the picture has received the world over.

Two pictures made a strong impression on Hollywood, but were somewhat less favorably received elsewhere: Murnau's "Sunrise," and Frank Borsage's "Seventh Heaven." The Murnau picture aroused the admiration of Hollywood on account of the magic of its technique, the artistry of the telling of the story and the reflection of its mood on the screen. "Seventh Heaven" won its great applause through the simple and touching drama of an inimitably charming story ever so deftly done. It has been Borsage's triumph as a director—the vindication of the man who directed a big picture years ago, "Humoresque," but who in the interim between "Humoresque" and "Seventh Heaven" had accomplished little of real consequence. The almost demoralizing naïveté of the love story in "Seventh Heaven" has had an effect on screen writers, some of whom would like desperately to achieve the same tenderness in their stories.

Another picture has also brought imitators in its train: Hector Turnbull's production of a Ben Hecht story—"Underworld." This was directed by Von Sternberg, one of Hollywood's mystery men, whose career is a dramatic example of the mad ups and downs of the picture metropolis. Von Sternberg made a lugubrious but singularly effective picture called "The Salvation Hunt-

ers," with the help and interest of Charlie Chaplin. Metro-Goldwyn made him one of their directors and the result was a spotty but on the whole feeble production called "The Exquisite Sinner." Hollywood continued to discuss Von Sternberg and then forgot him, until along came a magnificently direct and forceful melodrama in "Underworld," which placed him at once among the directors of mark.

Another hit was made by Lewis Milestone, director of "Two Arabian Knights," a picture which was also a personal triumph for William Boyd and Louis Wolheim. It is the last word in clean-cut, straightaway picture craftsmanship, with a steady flow of comedy which delights audiences everywhere.

The Menjou picture, "A Gentleman of Paris," directed by Harry D'Arrast and produced by Ralph Block, is another specimen of accomplished picture-making, which shows the high point the art has reached in the comparatively short time since motion pictures were in their cradle.

So well is the technique now understood that a young camera man named Karl Brown, with the encouragement and assistance of the Lasky Company, was able to go down into the mountains of Kentucky and, with the help of the local rustics whom he used as actors, and with crude lighting contrivances of his own, to make a picture called "Stark Love" that was good enough to run in the Cameo Theater, New York, and to attract the attention of the critics everywhere. Brown's "Stark Love" was a singular achievement of the year; if it did not ultimately prove a popular picture with audiences in general, that is only because the story he told lacked the modernity of

style which the public has learned to expect in connection with a purely human-interest subject.

Pommer paved the way with Jannings in "The Last Laugh," showing how important simple human emotions could be made to appear; and among our American directors William K. Howard has accomplished the same thing. Howard followed his fine picture "White Gold" with another, last summer, entitled "The Main Event," a story of two prize fighters and a girl which he made interesting enough to run in the huge Roxy Theater in New York.

The pictures which make a large success usually have some outstanding element to drive them through, either the personality of the star or a certain pace or richness in the telling. Some other noteworthy pictures of the year are:

"The Way of All Flesh," "Captain Salvation," "Metropolis," "The Gaucho," "The Loves of Carmen," "The Cat and the Canary," "The Student Prince," "The Magic Flame," "Resurrection," "Flesh and the Devil," "Twelve Miles Out," "The Country Doctor," "Wings," "Sorrell and Son," "Dress Parade," "The Jazz Singer."

Among the players who have won acclaim are several of whom it may be said that, although they are not precisely new to Hollywood, their rise to fame has been sensational. Greta Garbo's performance in "Flesh and the Devil," Janet Gaynor's and Charles Farrell's in "Seventh Heaven," Vilma Banky's in "The Magic Flame," George Bancroft's in "Underworld," and Dolores Del Rio's in "Resurrection," provided excitement wherever films are discussed. And there is one young lady with a set of blonde curls that are all her own, a rangy figure and a smile of such natural and winning

exuberance that her presence on the screen is compelling, whatever she does—Phyllis Haver, who will soon be counted among the most vigorous personalities of the screen. Her work in "What Price Glory" and in the Jannings picture, "The Way of All Flesh," established her in demi-mondaine rôles, with the result that she was given the leading part in the deMille production of "Chicago."

This picture will undoubtedly be one of the screen excitements at the turn of the year. Based on a play which ridicules and exposes the public hysteria connected with criminal trials, the motion picture of "Chicago" goes the original drama one better, holding all of the satire of the play, but adding to it a depth of characterization which makes the story a great and affecting one.

Among others for which Hollywood is waiting expectantly are Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus"; King Vidor's "The Crowd"; Clarence Brown's "The Trail of '98"; William K. Howard's patriotic picture of emigrant life in New York, at present known as "His Country," and in which the great character actor Rudolph Schildkraut has a rôle worthy of his strength; and finally James Cruze's remarkable achievement in putting on the screen a wistful, macabre, poignantly beautiful romance of a faraway prison island from the story by John Russell entitled "The Red Mark."

Between the slow surge of the forces behind the picture business, gathering themselves for new movements in the future, and actual accomplishments on the screen, it has been a full year—with a carry-over of interesting promise.

SPEAKING OF SPORT *

by Charles E. Parker

WHETHER to expend his allowance of type on mature numbers or youthful figures—on cash customers or colorful contestants—is the problem of the reviewer of sport.

Certainly the mature numbers, supplied of and by cash customers during the year 1927, demand treatment. So, it is claimed, do many of the cash customers. In fact, the most expert psychopathic treatment has been strongly recommended for that strangely stupendous and stupendously strange stratum of sport society known as—(now don't giggle)—fight followers.

It is only fair to assume the latter came honestly by their designation. If there had been fights during the twelve months just ended, it is highly probable they would have followed them. As indication of such noble urge was the avidity with which they followed anything bearing the appellation, "fight."

Their attendance upon and monetary investment in the so-called heavyweight eliminations—a series in which egg met egg and hatched out a flock of fouls—was, to speak conservatively, noteworthy. Their patronage of the perennial Tunney-Dempsey bout surpassed anything in pugilistic or near pugilistic history.

The mature numbers—the number of dollars and the number of spectators—represented in that one gallery were, respectively, 2,658,600 and 145,000, although the

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Courtesy of *The Associated Newspapers* Cartoon by Ripley

BREAKING THE TAPE

America has been as successful in sport as in business, according to Mr. Parker.

penetrating eye and intellect will increase the quantity of dollars and reduce the quantity, qualitatively, of spectators.

The $2,658,600 was the sum arrived at in computing the official prices of the Soldier Field Stadium tickets—the amount of money in which the principals and promoters shared. Transportation fees, however, ran into hundreds of thousands; hotel and incidental expenses, including an unprecedented investment in binoculars, were equally great, and, with the speculators demanding $250 for $40 seats and other lecherous individuals doing a land office business in spurious tickets, thousands more were added to the astounding total contributed to encourage—(A-hem)—the manly art—(A-hem! A-hem!).

As for the 145,000 spectators: Any dictionary will tell you a spectator is an observer, a beholder, an eye-witness. But, according to rough estimate—and the Chicago spectators wax exceeding rough when they estimate—only about one in every one hundred actually observed, beheld or eye-witnessed what went on within the hempen strands.

There was something inspiring in their charge upon the Soldier Field arena—something which well might be compared, in its colossal dumbness, to the charge of the "valiant Six Hundred" at Balaklava.

Long before the day of the bout, and through the enterprise of *The World*—a measured diagram of the stadium was published—a diagram which showed a majority of the "ringside" seats situated from one to two city blocks from the ring and showed the cheaper seats extending back three blocks and even four blocks from the roped-in platform.

Long before the day of the bout, George L. "Tex" Rickard, the promoter, was moved to express publicly a

deep regret that the late Phineas T. Barnum had not lived beyond his allotted span. Phineas T., it will be recalled, took a lot of abuse when he voiced the immortal words, "There's a sucker born every minute," and "Tex" felt a view of the Chicago assemblage would have warmed the very cockles of the Barnum heart and enabled the famous circus man to guggle a gloating, "I told you so!" to his detractors.

But the fight followers only "seen" their duty and "done" it. Jeers to the right of them, sneers to the left of them, and measured diagrams in front of them failed to check their charge. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to pay and try—to see the thing they had paid for.

Nor are the mature numbers involved in the Tunney-Dempsey thing exhausted in the foregoing, for it was estimated that 50,000,000 listened in to Graham McNamee's radio-ed description of the bout and that the investment in B batteries alone compared favorably with the Rickard intake.

Yet that world's record "gate" of $2,658,600, the sea of unseeing gathered within the eight-block radius of the Chicago stadium, and the ear-cupping millions who sat before their radio sets provided only a few of the mature numbers associated with the sport of 1927.

On July 4 at Philadelphia, the turnstiles clicked 72,641 times to admit baseball's record gallery to the Yankee-Athletics double-header. The twenty-two games played between those two teams alone attracted more than a half million paid admissions and in both major leagues, and in several minor organizations, records in season attendance were shattered.

College football, despite the fact the Army-Navy annual was played at the Polo Grounds where the seating

capacity is not half so great as that of the Soldier Field Stadium, Chicago, where the game was played in 1926, never drew so many persons as during the recent season. Throngs of 50,000; 60,000; 70,000 and 80,000 were to be found at every big game, with upward of 100,000 sitting in on the Notre Dame-Southern California battle in Chicago, and the total gallery for the ten or twelve weeks ran into many millions. And, as admission fees were increased over those of 1926, the moneys handled by college athletic offices were correspondingly great.

Racing, with a new single-day attendance record of 48,000, brought out the mightiest season gallery in its history. Polo, with the International Cup series lending additional sparkle and additional appeal, also set a new attendance mark. So did tennis, golf, rowing, hockey, basketball and virtually every sport on the calendar.

And, although an exact and complete summation of the dollars and the devotees is not and probably never will be available, few will quibble over the assertion that sport and the following thereof has become the world's leading industry.

In turning from the mature numbers to the aforementioned youthful figures in the sport of 1927, we are moved to quote the late Fanny Kemble:

Said she:

"Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way:
The land of joy lies all before his eyes."

In that statement, made a half century ago, the late Fanny seems to have been rich in thought but rather poor in vision. Had she periscoped the curtain of time to the year just ended and checked up on various and sundry

swift-footed striplings whose names were to become by-words to the public and, in many instances, by-lines to the newspaper syndicates, she would have given pause—a good, long Victorian pause—before stetting her assertion, "The land of joy lies all before his eyes." For, the twelve months of 1927 saw Youth—not the gin-guzzling, sex-saturated moron of modern fiction, but wholesome Youth, glowing with the aura of healthy living and healthy thinking—blaze the way to Sportdom's land of joy, and, through thrilling conquest and astounding achievement, win full citizenship in and familiarity with that athletic Elysium.

During that period Eleanor Holm, thirteen years of age, set a new world's record for the 150-yard medley swim; the Zittenfeld twins, Phyllis and Bernice, thirteen, established a new mark in swimming the Hudson River from Albany to New York; Raymond Ruddy, fifteen, won the amateur long-distance swimming title; Betty Nuthall, sixteen-year-old English girl, vanquished Fräulein Cecilie Aussen, woman tennis champion of Germany, and Mrs. Molla Mallory, then tennis champion of America; and advanced to the final round of play in the American women's championship; and George Young, seventeen-year-old Canadian, swam the treacherous waters separating Catalina Island from the California mainland while more than one hundred older and more experienced rivals were forced from the race many miles short of the goal.

In that period a Columbia crew, manned in six positions by sophomores and averaging only nineteen years of age, tossed its backwash into the faces of the mighty eights of Washington, Navy, California and other institutions and won the Intercollegiate Rowing Association

championship; a Princeton crew of the same tender years brought to stunning conclusion a Yale varsity winning streak which had gone unbroken in five years; George Lott, nineteen, whipped William Tilden, ranking American tennis player, and Rene Lacoste, holder of the French and the American singles titles; Joe Wright, twenty-year-old son of the former Pennsylvania rowing coach, won the American single sculls championship, and Lloyd Waner, twenty, and in his first season as a major league ball player, set a new record in total singles for a single season.

In that period Helen Wills, twenty-one, scored an unparalleled tennis achievement in capturing the women's singles title at Wimbledon, England, and the national women's singles title of America, and completed a full year of tournament and championship play with the loss of only one set; Mrs. Miriam Burns Horn, twenty-one, won the women's golf championship from the strongest and most widely international field ever to compete for that prize; Paul Waner, twenty-two, led the National League in batting; Rene Lacoste, twenty-three-year-old Frenchman, drove his way to the tennis championships of France and America and led his youthful French team to victory in the Davis Cup challenge round; Jack Sharkey, twenty-three, showed a pronounced superiority over Jack Dempsey until questionable blows, unpenalized by the referee, checked his surge toward the heavyweight boxing championship; Lou Gehrig, twenty-four, and in his second season as a big league regular, crowded the redoubtable Babe Ruth for home run honors and set a new record for driving in runs; Bobby Jones, twenty-five, won the British open and the American amateur golf championships and universal acclaim as the greatest

golfer the world has known, and Tommy Hitchcock, twenty-seven—still several years short of the accepted prime in pony polo—led his forty and forty-six-year-old teammates in the successful defense of the International Cup, while the very youngest of the youthful list—Anita Peabody, a two-year-old filly—won the classic Futurity, and, in her first season of racing, earned a record amount of more than $100,000 for her owner.

In this rush of Youth to the heights of athletic achievement, however, Age was not completely mastered. In track and field athletics, forty-eight-year-old Pat McDonald clung tenaciously to his title as fifty-six-pound weight throw champion. In polo, forty-six-year-old Devereau Milburn retained his rating as the greatest back that game has known, while forty-two-year-old Watson Webb and forty-year-old Malcolm Stevenson rode youthful rivals out of the "Big Four" lineup. In baseball, forty-one-year-old Ty Cobb and forty-one-year-old Tris Speaker whacked out enough base hits to keep them among the leading batsmen of the year, while forty-year-old Joe Harris, after having been shunted out of the American League, was picked up by Pittsburgh and became a leading factor in the Pirate success. In swimming, forty-year-old Herr Ernst Vierkoetter, a German baker, won the $25,000 Chicago race. In marathon running, forty-year-old Clarence DeMar continued his amazing record by winning the celebrated Hopkinton-to-Boston event for the fifth time. And the thriving thirties were represented in those and every other form of athletic endeavor except tennis where William Tilden, William Johnston, R. Norris Williams, all former champions and Davis Cup winners, and Mrs. Molla Mallory, American woman champion, failed to hold their places.

Although the late Marquis of Queensbury, founder of modern boxing laws, and his progeny have been listed in Burke's Peerage, it is doubtful if the Count of Chicago—the late Marquis indirectly was responsible for the count—ever will be accorded official recognition in that tone of the titled. Yet no count ever attained such sudden and world-wide prominence.

The Count of Chicago was dubbed (the word is used advisedly) in the seventh round of "The Mill of the Millions" while James Joseph "Gene" Tunney, heavyweight champion, reclined awkwardly upon the resined canvas at Soldier Field Stadium. Just who "dubbed" the count—whether it was Dave Barry, the referee, or William Harrison "Jack" Dempsey, challenger—remains a much-debated issue.

When Tunney entered the Chicago ring, it was not with a desire or an intent to recline, either awkwardly or gracefully upon the canvas. When his befuddled brain began to function Tunney was very much surprised, not to say chagrined, to find himself in that position. But Dempsey, the so-called "hollow shell" of 1926, exploded a jumble of jabbing fists upon the Tunney jaw in the seventh round of their second engagement and Tunney's posture was the immediate result.

Under the laws laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury, a boxer may curl on the carpet only ten seconds before he is declared the victim of a knockout and the loser of the bout and such title as may be involved. According to the Count of Chicago, however, such is not the case!

When Tunney flopped, the timekeeper began tolling off the seconds, fourteen of which had registered on his watch before Tunney arose. The referee, on the other

hand, did not afford official notice to the passing of time until some seconds later. The reason given for his delay was Dempsey's tardiness in complying with a special clause in the Illinois boxing rules—a clause which stipulates that a boxer must retire to a neutral corner after sending his opponent to the floor. The challenger tried out two corners and used up much valuable time before the referee was satisfied.

Thus it was that Tunney, although the victim of a knockout under the laws of every State except Illinois, was permitted to rise and win the bout on points—which, one should add, he proceeded to do to the queen's, if not to the Queensbury, taste. And thus it is that debate and contention will continue until James Joseph "Gene" Tunney and William Harrison "Jack" Dempsey stage their third annual meeting before a still larger throng and a new record "gate"—for the Count of Chicago sired the most robust ballyhoo ever born.

A dabbler in statistics figured out that Tunney was earning $7,700 while reclining on the ring floor, and, inasmuch as his share of the purse was $990,000, few have disputed his figures. How much Dempsey earned while endeavoring to locate the proper corner has not been told, but his thirty minutes of give and take included the taking of $437,500—a fee slightly in excess of that paid our best bricklayers and plumbers for a similar period of service.

Except for the Tunney-Dempsey embroglio the fight followers had difficulty in persuing their calling. There was little or no action in the lighter divisions and such action as the heavyweight division produced was crude, cumbersome and uninspiring save to those who specialize in the production of vocal raspberries.

Baseball, under the mace-inations of Babe Ruth, aided and abetted by the lively ball, has changed from a pastime into a paste-time, and, during the season of 1927, this was indicated not only in the establishing of a new home run record by the Babe and higher batting averages in both major league circuits, but also in the fact that those impressive but rather tedious things, known as pitchers' battles, were fewer and further between and that, for the first time in many years, a major league season passed without a single no-hit game recorded.

It was a noteworthy season in several other respects, a majority of which can be ascribed to Babe Ruth and his Yankees.

The Babe, working under his new three-year contract which calls for $70,000, set out to show the world that he was really deserving of that yearly stipend, and before the season was far along he was leaping ahead of the day-to-day home run mark of his record year at bat. For a time even that failed to keep him out in front, for his youthful teammate, Lou Gehrig, caught Babe's busting habit and began reaching the bleachers with his lusty clouts. As a result of which the baseball world was entertained for three-quarters of the season with a home run duel between two members of one team, which gave it more thrills than any single season had produced. Often Gehrig was in the lead, but when he had registered his forty-seventh four-base hit he faded from the picture while Ruth went on to tally an even sixty and thus establish his new record.

With two men smashing the ball in that fashion and their teammates registering singles, doubles and triples a-plenty, the Yankees quickly took the lead in the American League race to win the pennant by the record margin

of nineteen games and then completed their amazing season's work by capturing the World's Series in four straight games.

Their opponents in the latter were the Pittsburgh Pirates, who barely squeezed home in front of three National League rivals in the intra-league fight and were so spent by their efforts that they played far below their normal game in the inter-league struggle.

The World's Series achievement of the Yankees matched a record set in 1914 when the Boston Braves vanquished the Philadelphia Athletics in straight games.

They attempted to elevate college football during 1927 and the results were most disconcerting.

The Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee sought to elevate it from the feet to the hands by introducing a lot of trick regulations. Others sought to elevate it ethically by adopting non-scouting agreements, *et cetera.* Still others worked along other elevating lines. And only those who devoted their time to the elevating of Southern and Southwestern football to the high plane previously attained by the East, Middle West and Pacific Coast were successful.

The Rules Committee set the goal posts back ten yards and virtually eliminated field goal kicking from the game, much to the disappointment of those who had gained their thrills in watching a deftly-booted pigskin soar through the air and between the uprights. The same body, in attempting to encourage lateral passing and to encourage the catching of kicks, ordered the field officials to make hair-line distinctions between muffs and fumbles on such plays, but there was no more lateral passing in 1927 than there had been in other years nor were there any more attempts to catch swerving kicks and the new

legislation brought only trouble and criticism, with games won or lost through always debatable decisions as to whether a ball had been muffed or fumbled before it was snatched up by an enemy player and turned into a winning touchdown.

The non-scouting agreements served only to breed suspicion and, in some cases, direct accusation that the agreements had been violated in spirit if not in fact.

Despite these unhappy phases the "elevators" did not succeed in spoiling the game for the greatest season's assemblage of gridiron enthusiasts. Many were disappointed by the trickiness of decisions or their inability to understand complicated rules which had been made still more complicated by the Rules Committee, but all rose, howling, to their feet at the sensational plays, of which there were many on every lime-lined field.

In the East, little Tufts College of Medford, Massachusetts, was the only team to win all its games. Pittsburgh, with a scoreless tie in its Washington and Jefferson game but with victories in all other encounters, achieved the best record among the major Eastern elevens. Yale, which suffered an early season defeat at the hands of Georgia, was generally ranked on a par with Pittsburgh, while Army, Dartmouth, Princeton and Georgetown, each having suffered a single defeat, and Washington and Jefferson, with two tie scores on its record, all received high rating on their season's work.

In the Middle West, Illinois with one tie and no defeats, and Minnesota, with two ties and no defeats, made the best records although there were many who opined the Nebraska eleven was stronger than either. The Western Conference championship was won by Illinois and the Missouri Valley Conference title, by Missouri.

In the Far West, the University of Southern California was regarded as the strongest eleven. In the Southeast, the Georgia eleven, which vanquished Yale, was the outstanding team. In the Middle South, the all-winning Centenary eleven held highest honors, and, in the Southwest, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College was undisputed champion.

The most remarkable record made by a single player during the season was that of Alton Marsters, sophomore triple-threat halfback of the Dartmouth eleven who, in the course of eight games, registered a total gain of 1,934 yards, or nearly 700 more than the record credited to "Red" Grange during his best season in 1924.

Very late in the year there came a definite break in Army-Navy football relations and there was some doubt whether the service game would be played in 1928.

The outstanding players, as assembled by this writer in his annual All-American elevens, were as follows:

POSITION	FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
END	Oosterbaan, *Mich.*	Matthews, *S. Meth.*	Cole, *Dartmouth*
TACKLE	Douds, *Wash. & Jeff.*	Hibbs, *So. California*	Randells, *Nebraska*
GUARD	Hanson, *Minnesota*	Drennon, *Ga. Tech.*	Blake, *Princeton*
CENTER	Howe, *Princeton*	Reitsch, *Illinois*	Butcher, *Tennessee*
GUARD	Webster, *Yale*	Smith, *Notre Dame*	Baer, *Michigan*
TACKLE	Raskowski, *Ohio St.*	Quarrier, *Yale*	Hake, *Pennsylvania.*
END	Born, *Army*	Jennings, *Centenary*	Nash, *Georgia*
QUARTER	Drury, *S. California*	Spears, *Vanderbilt*	Ellis, *Tufts*
HALFBACK	Welch, *Pittsburgh*	Hunt, *Tex. A. & M.*	Nork, *Georgetown*
HALFBACK	Marsters, *Dartmouth*	Presnell, *Nebraska*	Cagle, *Army*
FULLBACK	McCrary, *Georgia*	Amos, *Wash. & Jeff.*	Joesting, *Minnesota*

Others there were—many others—of almost equal merit, but the foregoing showed the better record for the full season of play.

The reviewer of golf for the year just ended writes not of the game but of Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia.

Down the long stretch of years since Scottish shepherds whiled away the dreary hours clubbing stones about the braes of their rugged homeland, there have come many talented manipulators of the driver, the mashie, the niblic and the putter, but it remained for Dixie to give to the time-gloried sport an absolute and unquestioned master.

The history of his golfing career since 1916 when, as a fourteen-year-old boy, he advanced to the third round of the American national amateur championship, has been too often told to need further repetition. It was not until 1927, however, that the land of golf's beginning was ready to acclaim him, without reservation, as the greatest ever.

This phœnix of the fairway failed to get away to a very impressive start, for he stuttered in the American open —stuttered badly—while Tommy Armour, a war-scarred native of Scotland, ironed his way to that title. Then, however, Bobby began playing the golf of which he alone is capable. He first played it on the famous St. Andrew course to win the British open title for the second successive year, and then returned here to show more of the same way-under-par play and win the American amateur crown and complete two national tournaments with the lowest total score in all golf's history.

The Net Results

France raised the greatest racquet in the tennis world during the twelve months just passed. Its youthful array of players—Rene Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Jacques Brugnon and Jean Borotra—had been threatening America's tennis supremacy for several years and, in 1926, although failing to win the Davis Cup challenge round, did walk

off with both the American indoor and the American turf court trophies.

Last year, with age taking its toll of strength and stamina from the once mighty "Bills"—"Big Bill" Tilden and "Little Bill" Johnston—there was none to halt the French drive and with Cochet's triumph at Wimbledon, Lacoste's second successive victory in the American national turf court championship, and the French triumph in the Davis Cup challenge round, all the principal honors in men's play went to the land of the Tricolor.

America was solaced to a degree, however, through the achievement of Miss Helen Wills, who, with victories at Wimbledon, at Forest Hills and elsewhere, was crowned undisputed queen of women's tennis.

The "setting down" of Earle Sande, most popular of all American jockeys, brought to an unhappy conclusion an otherwise delightful year of racing. In its course attendance records, track records and purse records were broken on every running course while Whiskery won the Kentucky Derby, Nimba emerged as the leading three-year-old, and Anita Peabody as the leading two-year-old and the big money winner of the year.

The latter filly joined the select circle of running horses to win more than $100,000, and she did it in a single season by capturing the $92,000 top money in the Futurity and picking up $20,000 or $25,000 in other races.

The crop of Man O' War colts which made their appearance failed to match the work of their older brothers and sisters, much to the disappointment of owners who had invested large sums in their purchase.

The year in track and field athletics was chiefly noteworthy for the establishing by Sabin Carr of Yale of a

new world's pole vault record of fourteen feet, and the establishing by DeHart Hubbard of Cincinnati of a new broad jump mark.

In swimming, George Young, seventeen-year-old Canadian, and Ernst Vierkoetter, forty-year-old, one-eyed German baker, won the two big professional long distance races; Johnny Weissmuller retained his place as the leading amateur star by setting his customary quota of new world's records, and Miss Martha Norelius and Miss Eleanor Garratti led in setting records in competition among women swimmers.

The triumph of the Columbia crew at Poughkeepsie and the defeats suffered by a hitherto all-conquering Yale varsity added color to the rowing season. Washington, Navy and California were joint favorites in the Poughkeepsie race, but the youthful Columbia eight, manned in six positions by sophomores, took command early and won easily. Yale's first defeat—incidentally the first defeat a Yale varsity eight had suffered in five years—came at Princeton when another youthful crew took early command of the race and held its lead to the finish. The second setback for the Elis was at New London where a Harvard eight broke the Blue spell on the Thames and sent the Crimson shell home in front for the first time in seven years.

Pony polo was featured with the international series in which the veteran "Big Four" of America swamped the invading British team in the opening game and won the second and deciding encounter with no great difficulty although the score was much closer.

A "WHO'S WHO" OF CONTRIBUTORS

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HERBERT ASBURY is one of the best known of the younger group of iconoclastic writers. He comes from Missouri and his people are Southerners. One of his ancestors was Bishop Francis Asbury of the Methodist Episcopal Church and another, the Rev. Daniel Asbury, who was one of the first presiding Methodist elders.

Mr. Asbury served in the World War as a lieutenant of infantry and was both wounded and gassed. He has been a newspaper writer since maturity and has a well rounded training on some of the leading metropolitan dailies—notably the New York *Herald,* the New York *Sun* and the New York *Tribune.* He is now on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Mr. Asbury is the author of "Up from Methodism" and "A Methodist Saint: The Life of Bishop Asbury." He has also written "The Devil of Pei-Ling," "The Tick of the Clock," both mystery novels, and "The Gangsters of New York," and informal history of the underworld. He is now engaged on a biography and also a dramatization of "The Devil of Pei-Ling."

When he isn't actually writing he is engaged in debate with such authorities as the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman on such subjects as the decline of protestantism.

LARRY BARRETTO comes from a Portuguese family that has lived in America since the late seventeenth century. He was christened Laurence Brevoort Barretto and is the son of Gerard Morris Barretto and Laura Brevoort. Educated in New York at the Hoosac School, he served in the World War in the American Ambulance Service and won the French War Cross. He is the author of several novels—notably "A Conqueror Passes" (1924), "To Babylon" (1925) and "Walls of Glass" (1926). For some time he was theatrical and art critic for *The Bookman,* running his articles under the title "The New Yorker." Mr. Barretto is a close personal friend of Louis Bromfield, whose tabloid biography follows.

LOUIS BROMFIELD has an international reputation as a novelist. He is the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his novel "Early

Autumn" and of the special prize in the O. Henry Memorial award for prize stories of 1927 chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences.

Mr. Bromfield's novels won instant recognition. "The Green Bay Tree" was followed by "Possession," then "Early Autumn" and then "A Good Woman," which is still attracting international attention and comment. He served through the war with the French Army in the American Ambulance Service and, like his friend, Larry Barretto (see above), won the French War Cross. For over two years he has been a resident of Paris, although in the past winter he has been lecturing extensively throughout the United States.

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY has recently won national distinction for a series of articles in *Harper's Magazine.*

She was born in Ottawa, Illinois, in 1896 and graduated from Northwestern University in 1917. In the following year she engaged in war work and then went on the staff of the Detroit *Free Press.* Later she entered book publishing and is now doing free-lance magazine writing. The articles that have attracted attention to her are "The Ethics of Alimony," "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," "Diogenes Looks at the Ladies," "Are Women a Success in Business" and "Feminist—New Style."

HENRY SHIPMAN BROWN is a New Englander. He was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1893 and after school in Northampton became assistant to the librarian of Amherst College. He has had a thorough training in newspaper work and experience in the packing industry in Chicago. During the World War he went to Washington to serve as chief accountant for the Alien Property Custodian and later went into Wall Street. Here he was statistician for Jesse Livermore. He then undertook for the United States Government the liquidation of a large block of stocks and bonds. He is counted an expert on business and financial conditions and his article in "Mirrors" on business to-day is significant.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD is the chief editorial writer for the Boston *Herald* and won the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial of the year. This happened to be about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It is partly on account of this (as well as on account of Mr. Bullard's wide journalistic experience) that the editor of "Mirrors" asked him to con-

tribute a special article on Sacco-Vanzetti to "Mirrors of the Year."

Mr. Bullard not only has been a newspaper man all his life, but has written for most of the leading magazines. He is also the author of "Famous War Correspondents" and the well-known "Tad and His Father" about Lincoln, on whom he is an authority. He was born in Wauseon, Ohio, and is a graduate of Wooster College, and a post graduate of Yale. He has been with the Boston *Herald* for twenty years and its chief editorial writer for seven years.

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U.S.N., needs no introduction to the American public or to any other public. He has flown to the North Pole, proposes to fly to the South Pole and has crossed the Atlantic in an aeroplane under perhaps the most trying and adverse conditions encountered by any of the transatlantic aviators. Commander Byrd comes from a famous old Virginia family and his brother is now the governor of Virginia. He is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, where he was a prominent football player. Recently he has contributed a number of significant articles on aviation to the magazines.

His achievements in aviation have brought him the highest honors from his own and foreign governments.

ELMER DAVIS, newspaper man, short-story writer, novelist, is well known to American readers. Like so many other prominent writers he was born in Indiana.

He took his B.A. from Franklin College (Indiana) in 1910 and his M.A. in 1911. Then he served for years on the staff of the New York *Times.* From 1924, when he was established as a writer of fiction, he has given his whole time to free-lance writing. His "Portrait of a Cleric," in *Harper's* about Bishop Manning, attracted national attention. His novels are: "Times Have Changed" (1923), "I'll Show You the Town" (1924), "The Keys of the City" (1925), "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (1925), "Strange Woman" and a book of essays called "Show Window." He has also conducted a book column for the New York *Herald Tribune.*

JOHN ERSKINE is a professor of Columbia University who lately became famous as the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." This was swiftly followed by "Galahad" and later by "Adam

and Eve." In addition to these notable successes he has written a large number of books, short stories, special articles, essays and treatises. He is a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor and a recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States Government for his war work.

CARL HOVEY is a Harvard graduate and has been associated with Lincoln Steffens in both newspaper and magazine writing. He has also written some books of biography, including the "Life of Stonewall Jackson." He entered the editorial field and worked with ex-President Roosevelt in connection with Roosevelt's campaign for preparedness, and his encounters on public affairs with Woodrow Wilson. Later Mr. Hovey allied himself with the *Hearst Magazine* interests and then went to Hollywood, where he is now doing editorial work for motion picture interests.

HENRY McBRIDE was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1867. He studied art at the Artist-Artisan Institute under John Ward Stimson; and at the Art Students' League. For seven years he was head of the art department in the Educational Alliance of New York City, and in that institution was first instructor of a number of artists now well known, including Jo Davidson, Samuel Halpert and Abram Walkowitz. Later, and for five years, he directed the School of Industrial Arts in Trenton, New Jersey. Since 1913 he has been the art critic of the New York *Sun* and *The Dial*.

CHARLES EDWARD PARKER was born in Westminster, Massachusetts, and is of an old Puritan family.

He began his newspaper career as a member of the city staff of the Boston *Post* in 1913, but, because of his reputation as an athlete and his wide knowledge and acquaintance in the field of sport, he was transferred to the Sports Department in 1914. Upon America's entry into the World War he enlisted as a private, was promoted through the grades to the rank of Captain, and served in the A.E.F. with the Seventy-sixth Division.

Following his discharge from the Army he joined the sports staff of the Boston *American* and in 1922 moved to New York to become the College Sports Editor of the *World*. When the Scripps-Howard organization purchased the New York *Telegram* Mr. Parker was

engaged as its expert on football, rowing, tennis and other college and amateur sports.

He is a recognized authority on those sports—so far as is known he is the only football writer whose All-America elevens have received the written endorsement of the late Walter Camp—and he has a thorough knowledge of baseball, boxing and professional athletics.

Mr. Parker is the author of "The Whipper Snapper," the first of a proposed series of sports novels; has been the contributor of sports stories and articles to *Liberty* and other magazines; has written several sports serials for leading newspaper syndicates, and has been their correspondent at Olympic games abroad and at the big sports events in this country. His daily column, The Sportsman, is one of the new features of the New York *Telegram*.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS is one of the best-known critics in this country, and is also the editor of the works of many authors. He has at least a score of books to his credit and for several years has been contributing a monthly feature to *Scribner's Magazine* entitled "As I Like It." Among his books are: "Teaching in School and College," "Essays on Books," "The Advance of the English Novel," "The Advance of English Poetry," "The Twentieth Century Theatre," "Human Nature in the Bible," "Essays on American Authors," etc.

Professor Phelps, himself a Yale graduate, has been allied with Yale University for many years and is looked on by Yale men as a Yale institution. His courses are eagerly sought after, he numbers his former pupils by thousands, and is held in affectionate regard by Yale men everywhere.

SCIENCE SERVICE is an institution in Washington, D. C., of which Edwin E. Slosson is the director. One of its objectives is the promotion and popularization of scientific research and discoveries and it is backed by wealthy men and distinguished writers and scientists. The present article, which was prepared for "Mirrors" by this institution, is a typical example of how this oganization puts the reading public in touch with the latest and most important scientific discoveries of the day.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD is a writer of fiction and of newspaper and magazine articles. He has had an adventurous career as a

newspaper man and magazine contributor. In Mexico he covered the Madero revolution and entered Mexico City with Madero himself. He also was in Mexico, and reported Huerta's downfall; and was with the U. S. Army at Vera Cruz. In Europe he has done newspaper work in every capital and with every army except the Turks, Bulgars and Rumanians. He also reported the Versailles Treaty and later wrote on reconstruction in Germany. He is now staff correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*.

Mr. Shepherd is the author of several books, including: "Confessions of a War Correspondent" (which he insists he is not), "The Scar That Tripled," "The Boy's Own Book of Politics" and "Great Preachers as Seen by a Journalist."

LOUIS SEIBOLD, who contributes "The Political Year" in this volume, is one of the best known and most widely quoted of chroniclers and analysts of political conditions in the United States. He has reported the presidential nominating conventions of all parties during the last thirty years. He knows and enjoys the confidence of the most important men in official and political life in every part of the country. He has visited and written extensively on political, economic, and diplomatic problems in European, South American and Far Eastern countries, for the New York *World,* the New York *Herald,* syndicated newspapers and the New York *Evening Post.* He is now the chief political writer of the *Evening Post.* He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize by Columbia University for his notable interview with the late Woodrow Wilson, which was regarded as the best example of newspaper reporting in 1920. He was a member of the staff of the New York *World,* which reported the Paris Peace Conference, and for several years represented that newspaper and the *Herald* at Washington and various state capitals.

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, a distinguished editor and playwright, was born in New Rochelle in 1896 and studied at Harvard. He left college to join the Canadian Army and served in the World War as a private in the Black Watch. He was gassed once and wounded once.

After the war Mr. Sherwood joined the editorial staff of *Vanity Fair.* Later he started work for *Life.* In 1920 he became *Life's* movie critic, and in 1924 *Life's* editor. He was also movie critic for

the New York *Herald* and he does a regular department on movies for *McCall's Magazine*. He has done a great deal of magazine writing and one of his short stories, "Extra, Extra," was included in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* last year.

His play, "The Road to Rome," opened in New York in January, 1927, and ran a year before taking the road. A new play, "The Love Nest," is opening in New York.

CARMEL SNOW is the fashion editor of *Vogue*.

EDITH WHARTON is so outstandingly well known as a novelist that reference to her in this light seems hardly necessary. She is an officer of the French Legion of Honor and of Leopold of Belgium, and has lived in France for a number of years. Among her more recent books are: "A Son at the Front," "New Year's Day," "Old Maid," "The Spark," "Mother's Recompense," "The Writing of Fiction," and "Twilight Sleep."

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